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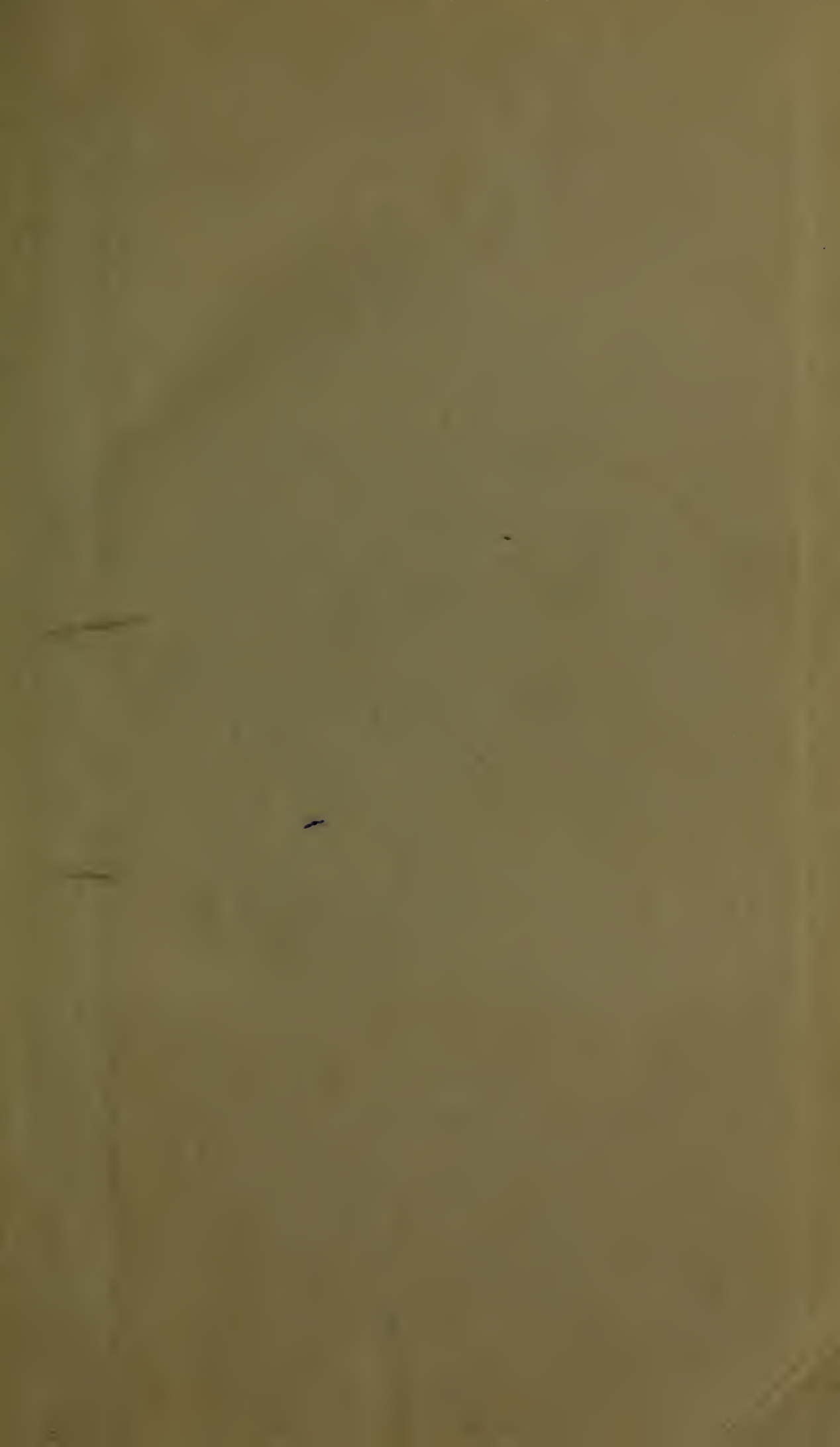
GIFT OF HIS CHILDREN.

JANUARY, 1896.

*Rebound Feb. 1938*

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L E T T E R S;

WRITTEN BY

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1703 TO 1740.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL.

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL. D.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

V O L U M E I.

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in Holborn; and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

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Letter

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T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
RICHARD EARL TEMPLE,  
VISCOUNT AND BARON COBHAM,  
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST  
HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL,  
AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE  
ORDER OF THE GARTER;  
THESE LETTERS,  
OF PERSONS  
EMINENT FOR THEIR RANK AND GENIUS,  
ARE INSCRIBED,  
AS A TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM AND VENERATION  
DUE TO  
A CHARACTER SO HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED,  
FOR PRIVATE AND PUBLIC VIRTUES;  
FOR THE DISPLAY OF AMIABLE QUALITIES  
AS A MAN,  
AND THE EXERTION OF GREAT ABILITIES  
AS A PATRIOT,  
BY  
HIS LORDSHIPS  
MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,  
THOMAS WILKES.







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## P R E F A C E.

THE letters here offered to the public were a present from the late Dr. *Swift* to Dr. *Lyon*, a clergyman of *Ireland*, for whom he had a great regard; they were obtained of Dr. *Lyon* by Mr. *Thomas Wilkes*, of *Dublin*, and of Mr. *Wilkes* by the booksellers for whom they are published.

As many of them mention persons who have been long dead, and allude to incidents not now generally known, they would have been too obscure to afford general entertainment or information, if they had not been elucidated by notes:

This necessary elucidation I have endeavoured to supply, at the request of the proprietors, from such knowledge of the Dean's connections and writings as I was able to acquire, when I revised twelve volumes of his works, which were published about ten years ago, with notes of the same kind, and some account of his life.

Many passages, however, occurred, which though they wanted explanation, I could not explain; these I made the subject of queries, which being shewn to the late reverend Dr. *Birch*, he furnished answers to most of them, which are distinguished from the other notes by inverted commas. The favour cost him some trouble; but he conferred it with that readiness and pleasure, which has made his character amiable, upon many occasions of much greater importance.



It has been thought best to print all the letters in order of time, without regarding by whom they are written ; for if all the letters of each person had been classed together, the pleasure of the reader would have been greatly lessened, by passing again and again through the same series, as often as he came to a new collection ; whereas the series is now preserved regular and unbroken through the whole correspondence. Those which, being of uncertain date, could not be brought into this series, are printed together in an appendix.

Three letters from the Dean to the late earl of *Bath*, general *Pulteney* was pleased to communicate to the editor, by the favour of the reverend Dr. *Douglas* ; two of these will be found in the appendix, the other had been already printed from a copy in the Dean's hand writing. In the appendix will also be found some letters between the Dean and Mrs. *Esther Vanhomrigh*, with a few others, which did not come to the hands of the proprietors till the rest of the work was printed \*.

Some letters of a private nature, and some that relate to persons who are still living, have been suppressed ; but the number is very small. Some are inserted that persons still living have written ; but they are such as would reflect no dishonour upon the highest character.

For the publication of letters, which certainly were not written for the public, I shall however

\* Several of these letters, which made part of the appendix in the first edition, are now inserted in their proper places.

make no apology in my own name, because the publication of them is not my own act, nor at my own option, but the act of those, to whom they had been sold for that purpose, before I knew they were in being.

It may, however, be presumed, that though the publication of letters has been censured by some, yet that it is not condemned by the general voice, since a numerous subscription, in which are many respectable names, has been lately obtained, for printing other parts of the Dean's epistolary correspondence, by a relation who professes the utmost veneration for his memory ; and a noble lord has permitted Mr. *Wilkes* to place this under his protection.

A recommendation of these volumes is yet less necessary than an apology ; the letters are indisputably genuine ; the originals, in the hand-writing of the parties, or copies indorsed by the Dean, being deposited in the *British Museum* ; except of those in the appendix, mentioned to have come to the proprietors hands after the rest were printed, the originals of which, are in the hands of a gentleman of great eminence in the law in *Ireland*.

They are all written by persons eminent for their abilities, many of whom were also eminent for their rank ; the greater part are the genuine effusions of the heart, in the full confidence of the most intimate friendship, without reserve, and without disguise. Such in particular are the letters between the Dean and Mrs. *Johnson* and Mrs. *Dingley*, lord *Bolingbroke*, and Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Lewis*, Mr. *Ford* and Mr. *Gay*.

They



They relate many particulars, that would not otherwise have been known, relative to some of the most interesting events that have happened in this century : they abound also with strains of humour, turns of wit, and refined sentiment : they are all strongly characteristic, and enable the reader “ to catch the manners living as they rise.” Those from the Dean to Mrs. *Johnson* and Mrs. *Dingley* are part of the journal mentioned in his life ; and from them alone a better notion may be formed of his manner and character than from all that has been written about him.

But this collection must not be considered as affording only entertainment to the idle, or speculative knowledge to the curious ; it most forcibly impresses a sense of the vanity and brevity of life, which the moralist and the divine have always thought an important purpose, but which mere declamation can seldom attain.

In a series of familiar letters between the same friends for thirty years, their whole life, as it were, passes in review before us ; we live with them, we hear them talk, we mark the vigour of life, the ardour of expectation, the hurry of business, the jollity of their social meetings, and the sport of their fancy in the sweet intervals of leisure and retirement ; we see the scene gradually change ; hope and expectation are at an end ; they regret pleasures that are past, and friends that are dead ; they complain of disappointment and infirmity ; they are conscious that the sands of life which remain are few ; and while we  
hear

hear them regret the approach of the last it falls, and we lose them in the grave. Such as they were, we feel ourselves to be; we are conscious to sentiments, connections, and situations like theirs; we find ourselves in the same path, urged forward by the same necessity, and the parallel in what has been, is carried on with such force to what shall be, that the future almost becomes present, and we wonder at the new power of those truths, of which we never doubted the reality and importance.

These letters will therefore, contribute to whatever good may be hoped from a just estimate of life; and for that reason, if for no other, are by no means unworthy the attention of the public.

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of the President of the United States since the year 1789.

George Washington  
John Adams  
Thomas Jefferson  
James Madison  
James Monroe  
John Quincy Adams  
Andrew Jackson  
Martin Van Buren  
Millard Fillmore  
Franklin Pierce  
Abraham Lincoln  
Andrew Johnson  
Ulysses S. Grant  
Rutherford B. Hayes  
James A. Garfield  
Chester A. Arthur  
Grover Cleveland  
Benjamin Harrison  
William McKinley  
Theodore Roosevelt  
Woodrow Wilson  
Warren G. Harding  
Calvin Coolidge  
Herbert Hoover  
Franklin D. Roosevelt  
Dwight D. Eisenhower  
John F. Kennedy  
Lyndon B. Johnson  
Richard M. Nixon  
Gerald R. Ford  
Jimmy Carter  
Ronald Reagan  
George H. W. Bush  
Bill Clinton  
George W. Bush  
Barack Obama  
Donald Trump

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of the Vice President of the United States since the year 1789.

John Adams  
Thomas Jefferson  
James Madison  
James Monroe  
John Quincy Adams  
Andrew Jackson  
Martin Van Buren  
Millard Fillmore  
Franklin Pierce  
Abraham Lincoln  
Andrew Johnson  
Ulysses S. Grant  
Rutherford B. Hayes  
James A. Garfield  
Chester A. Arthur  
Grover Cleveland  
Benjamin Harrison  
William McKinley  
Theodore Roosevelt  
Woodrow Wilson  
Warren G. Harding  
Calvin Coolidge  
Herbert Hoover  
Franklin D. Roosevelt  
Dwight D. Eisenhower  
John F. Kennedy  
Lyndon B. Johnson  
Richard M. Nixon  
Gerald R. Ford  
Jimmy Carter  
Ronald Reagan  
George H. W. Bush  
Bill Clinton  
George W. Bush  
Barack Obama  
Donald Trump

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of the Chief Justice of the United States since the year 1789.



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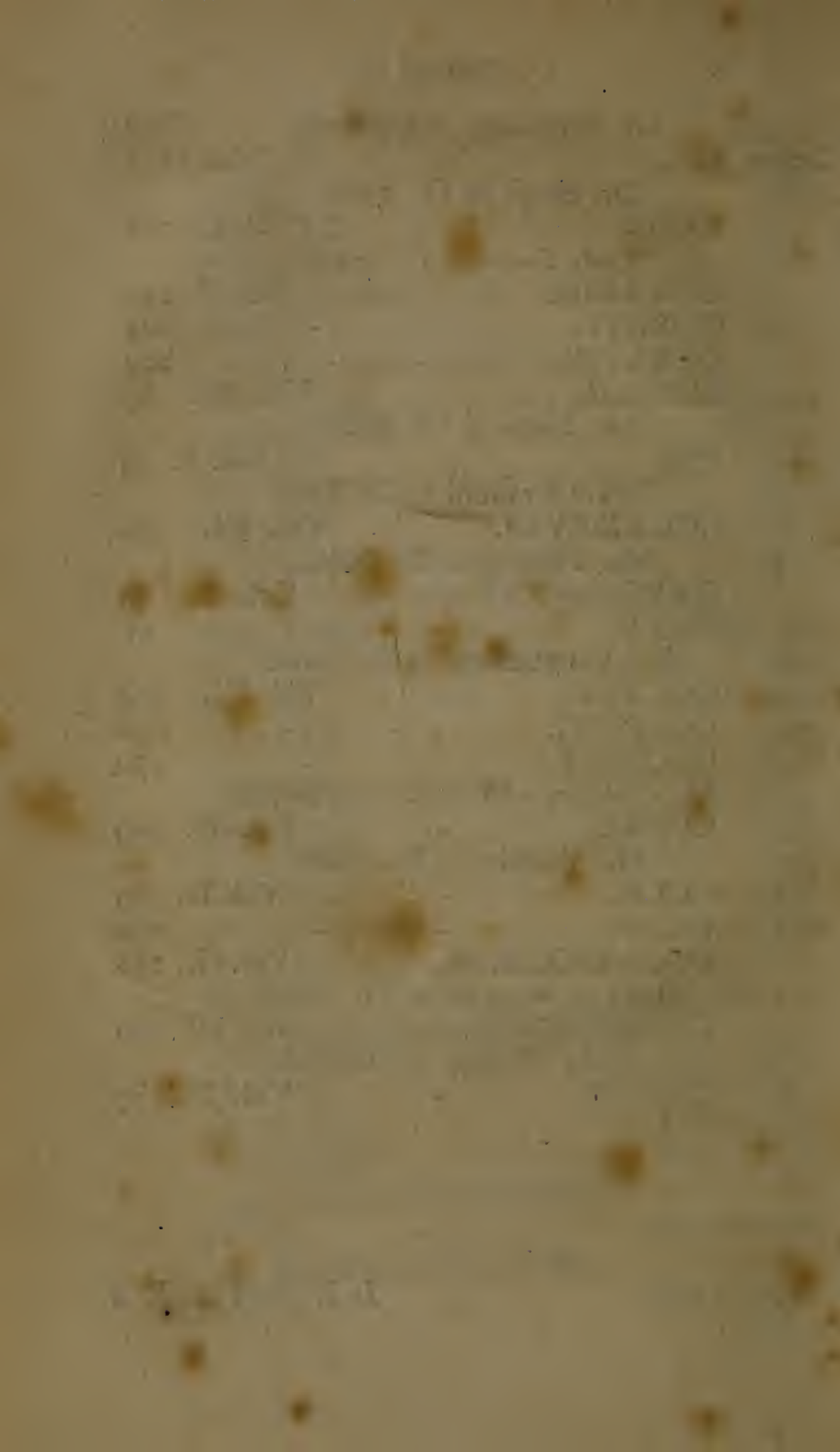


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L E T T E R S

FROM AND TO

DOCTOR SWIFT:

LETTER I.

Dr. SWIFT to a Gentleman, an intimate friend of  
Mrs. ESTHER JOHNSON, in *Ireland*.

London, December 16, 1703.

I PUT great violence on myself in abstaining all this while from treating you with politics. I wish you had been here for ten days, during the highest and warmest reign of party and faction that I ever knew or read of, upon the bill against occasional conformity, which, two days ago, was, upon the first reading, rejected by the lords. It was so universal, that I observed the dogs in the streets much more contumelious and quarrelsome than usual; and the very night before the bill went up, a committee of whig and tory cats had a very warm and loud de-

bate upon the roof of our house. But why should we wonder at that, when the very ladies are split asunder into high church and low, and, out of zeal for religion, have hardly time to say their prayers? The masks will have a crown more from any man of the other party, and count it a high point of merit to a member, who will not vote on their side. For the rest, the whole body of the clergy, with a great majority of the house of commons, were violent for this bill. As great a majority of the lords, amongst whom, all the bishops, but four, were against it: the court and the rabble (as extremes often agree) were trimmers. I would be glad to know mens thoughts of it in *Ireland*: for myself, I am much at a loss, though I was mightily urged by some great people to publish my opinion. I cannot but think (if mens highest assurances are to be believed) that several, who were against this bill, do love the church, and do hate or despise presbytery. I put it close to my lord *Peterborow* just as the bill was going up, who assured me in the most solemn manner, that if he had the least suspicion, the rejecting this bill would hurt the church, or do kindness to the dissenters, he would lose his right-hand rather than speak against it. The like profession I had from the bishop of *Salisbury*, my lord *Somers*, and some others; so that I know not what to think, and therefore shall think no more; and you will forgive my saying so much on a matter, that all our heads have been so full of to a degree, that, while it was on the anvil, nothing else was the subject of conversation. I shall return in two months,

in



in spite of my heart. I have here the best friends in nature, only want that little circumstance of favour and power ; but nothing is so civil as a cast courtier. Pray let the ladies know I had their letter, and will answer it soon ; and that I obeyed Mrs. *Johnson's* commands, and waited on her mother, and other friend : You may add, if you please, that they advise her clearly to be governed by her friends there about the renewing her lease, and she may have her mortgage taken up here whenever she pleases, for the payment of her fine ; and that we have a project for putting out her money in a certain lady's hands for annuities, if the parliament goes on with them, and she likes it.

I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. *Johnson* : it is a new-fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a bite. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some damned lye in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest : then cry you, Madam, there's a bite. I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in court, and every where else among the great people ; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain among you, and teach you a new refinement.

## L E T T E R II.

Dr. SWIFT to the same. (Part of a letter.)

London, Feb. 3, 1703-4.

I Have been so long and so frequently pursued with a little paltry ailment of a noise in my ears, that



I could never get humour and time to answer your letter. Pox on the dissenters and independents, I would as soon trouble my head to write against a louse or a flea. I tell you what, I wrote against the bill that was against occasional conformity ; but it came too late by a day : so I would not print it, but you may answer it, if you please ; for you know you and I are whig and tory. And, to cool your insolence a little, know you, that the queen and court, and house of lords, and half the commons almost, are whigs ; and the number daily encreases.

### L E T T E R III.

Dr. SWIFT to the same.

London, April 20, 1704.

Y E sterday coming from the country I found your letter, which had been four or five days arrived, and by neglect was not forwarded as it ought. You have got three epithets for my former letter, which I believe are all unjust: you say it was unfriendly, unkind, and unaccountable. The two first, I suppose, may pass but for one, saving (as Capt. *Fluellin* says) the phrase is a little *variations*. I shall therefore answer those two as I can ; and for the last, I return it you again by these presents, assuring you, that there is more unaccountability in your letter's little finger, than in mine's whole body. And one strain I observe in it, which is frequent enough ; you talk in a mystical sort of way, as if you would have me believe I  
had

had some great design, and that you had found it out: your phrases are, that my letter had the effect you judge I designed; that you are amazed to reflect on what you judge the cause of it; and wish it may be in your power to love and value me while you live, &c. In answer to all this, I might with good pretence enough talk starchy, and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obstructed your insinuations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours. In answer to all which, I will, upon my conscience and honour, tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before, that if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but her's; this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely, that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you; but I judged it would, perhaps, be a clog to your rising in the world; and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present; and by the assurances of *Eaton's* livings. I told you indeed, that your authority was not sufficient to make overtures to the mother, without the daughter's giving me leave under her own or her friend's hand, which, I think, was a right and a prudent step. However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advan-



tages you deserve. But the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other ; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune of losing so good a friend and companion as her prevail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry ; and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself, whether I was your friend or no in the whole concern ; though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequence, that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay, I went so far both to her mother, herself, and, I think, to you, as to think it could not be decently broken ; since I supposed the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always described her to you in a manner different from those, who would be discouraging ; and must add, that though it hath come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank, and of that sex, more than is usual to men of my level, and of our function ; yet I have nowhere met with a humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things, I mean here in *England* ; for as to the ladies of *Ireland*, I am a perfect stranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already ; and, if you resume your designs, and  
would

would have further intelligence, I shall send you a particular account.

I give you joy of your good fortunes, and envy very much your prudence and temper, and love of peace and settlement, the reverse of which hath been the great uneasiness of my life, and is like to continue so. And what is the result? *En queis consevimus agros!* I find nothing but the good words and wishes of a decayed ministry, whose lives and mine will probably wear out before they can serve either my little hopes, or their own ambition. Therefore I am resolved suddenly to retire, like a discontented courtier, and vent myself in study and speculation, till my own humour, or the scene here, shall change.

#### L E T T E R IV.

Earl of BERKELEY \* to Dr. SWIFT.

Cranford, Friday Night,

I Hope you continue in the mind of coming hither to-morrow; for, upon my sincerity, which is more than most people's, I shall be heartily glad to see you as much as is possible before you go for *Ireland*.

\* ' He had been envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General in 1689; and in 1699 and 1700, one of the lord justices of *Ireland*. He died *Sept. 24, 1710*. Dr. *Swift* had been chaplain to him. This letter is without date, but endorsed by Dr. *Swift* "about 1706, or 1707."



Whether you are or are not for *Cranford*, I earnestly intreat you, if you have not done it already, that you would not fail of having your bookseller enable the archbishop of *York* to give a book \* to the queen; for with Mr. *Nelson* †, I am entirely of opinion, that her majesty's reading of that book of the project for the increase of morality and piety, may be of very great use to that end.

I am entirely yours,

B.

## LETTER V.

MR. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Feb. 29, 1707-8.

MR. *Frowde* ‡ tells me, that you design me the honour of a visit to-morrow morning; but my lord *Sunderland* § having directed me to wait on him at nine o'clock, I shall take it as a particular favour, if

\* 'Dr. *Swift's Project for the Advancement of religion, and the Reformation of Manners.*'

† 'Robert *Nelson*, Esq; eminent for his pious writings.'

‡ 'Philip *Frowde*, Esq; son of *Asbburnham Frowde*, Esq; comptroller of the foreign office in the post-office. Mr. *Philip Frowde* was educated at *Magdalen college in Oxford*, and was pupil of Mr. *Addison*. He was author of two tragedies, *The fall of Saguntum*, represented at the theatre in *Lincoln's-inn-Fields* in 1727; and *Philotas*, acted at the same theatre, in 1731. He died at his lodgings in *Cecil-street* in the *Strand*, Dec. 19, 1738, equally lamented, as he had been beloved, for his genius, learning, and the amiableness of his character.'

§ 'To whom Mr. *Addison* was secretary.'

you

you will give me your company at the *George* in *Pall-mall* about two in the afternoon, when I may hope to enjoy your conversation more at leisure, which I set a very great value upon. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

Mr. *Steele* and *Frowde* will dine with us.

## LETTER VI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE, Dean of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*.

S I R,

London, April 15, 1708.

I Wonder whether, in the midst of your buildings, you ever consider that I have broke my shins, and have been a week confined, this charming weather, to my chamber, and cannot go abroad to hear the nightingales, or pun with my lord *Pembroke*. *Pug* is very well, and likes *London* wonderfully, but *Greenwich* better, where we could hardly keep him from hunting down the deer. I am told by some at court, that the bishop of *Kildare* \* is utterly bent upon a removal on this side, though it be to *St. Asaph*; and then the question must be, whether Dr. *Pratt* will be dean of *St. Patrick's*, minister of *St. Catherine's*, or provost? For I tell you a secret, that the queen is resolved the next promotion shall be to one of *Dublin* education: this she told the lord lieutenant.

\* Dr. *Wellbore Ellis*.

Your



Your new *Waterford* bishop \* franks his letters, which no bishop does that writes to me ; I suppose it is some peculiar privilege of that see. The dissenters have made very good use here of your frights in *Ireland* upon the intended invasion ; and the archbishop writes me word, that the address of *Dublin* city will be to the same purpose, which I think the clergy ought to have done their best to prevent, and I hope they did so. Here has the *Irish* speaker † been soliciting to get the *Test Clause* repealed by an act here ; for which I hope he will be impeached when your parliament meets again, as well as for some other things I could mention. I hope you will be of my opinion in what I have told the archbishop about those addresses. And if his grace and clergy of the province send an address, I desire I may present it, as one of the chapter, which is the regular way ; but I beg you will endeavour among you, that the church of *Ireland* gentlemen may send an address to set the queen and court right about the test which every one here is of opinion you should do ; or else I have reason to fear it will be repealed here next session ; which will be of terrible consequence, both as to the thing and the manner, by the parliament here interfering in things purely of *Ireland*, that have no relation to any interest of theirs.

If you will not use me as your book-buyer, make use of Sir *Andrew Fountain*, who sends you his hum-

\* Dr. *Thomas Milles*.

† *Allen Broderick*, Esq; afterwards lord chancellor of *Ireland*, and created lord *Middleton* of that kingdom.

ble service, and will carry over a cargo as big as you please towards the end of summer, when he and I intend my lord lieutenant \* shall come in our company without fail, and in spite of *Irish* reports, that say we shall come no more.

I reckon by this time you have done with masons and carpenters, and are now beginning with upholsterers, with whom you may go on as slow and soberly as you please.

But pray keep the garden till I come. I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

Direct the inclosed, and deliver it to the greatest person in your neighbourhood.

## L E T T E R VII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE.

S I R,

June, 1708.

I Writ to you some weeks ago, and inclosed (as now) a letter to your neighbour. But I fear it was kidnapp'd by some privateer, or else you were lazy or forgetful ; or, which is full as good, perhaps it had no need of an answer ; and I would not for a good deal, that the former had miscarried, because the inclosed was wonderfully politic, and would have been read to you, as this, I suppose, will, though it be not half so profound. Now are you

\* *Thomas, earl of Pembroke.*



gone some summer ramble, and will not receive this in a fortnight; nor send the inclosed in as much more. I have often begged you would let me buy you one fifty pounds worth of books; but now I have been here so long, I believe you will have reason to apprehend I may sink the money. Sir *A. Fountain*\* will never be satisfied till he gets into the little room, with the three *Ashes*, the bishop of *Killala* †, and myself, to be happy at the expence of your wine and conversation. Here is a sight of two girls ‡ joined together at the back, which, in the news-monger's phrase, causes a great many speculations; and raises abundance of questions in divinity, law and physic. The boys of our town are mighty happy, for we are to have a beheading next week ||, unless, the queen will interpose her mercy. Here is a long lampoon publicly printed, abusing, by name at length, all the young people of quality, that walk in the park. These are effects of our liberty of the press.

I long to know what is become of your new house, whether there is yet a union between that and the little one, or whether the work stops for want of money; and you pretend it is only, that the boards may have time to season. We are still in pain for Mr.

\* Dr. *Swift*, in 1708, used to lodge with Sir *A. Fountain*, when he was in *London*.

† Dr. *Lloyd*.

‡ ‘ There is a particular account of them in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. L. part 2. p. 311. for the year 1758.’

|| ‘ Of *Edward*, lord *Griffin*, who had been attainted by out-lawry for high treason, committed in the reign of king *William*, and was on the 15th of *May*, 1708, ordered for execution; but reprieved from time to time, till his death.’

*Dopping's*

*Dopping's* being in one of the packet-boats that were taken. He and many more have vowed never to return to *England* again; which, if they forget, they may properly be called vows written in water.

Pray, Sir, let me hear from you some time this hot weather, for it will be very refreshing; and I am confined by business in this ugly town, which, at this season of the year, is almost insufferable. I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

J. S.

## L E T T E R VIII.

ANTHONY HENLEY, Esq; \* to Dr. SWIFT.

Grange, Sept. 16, 1708.

Y Eſterday the weather-glaſs was at 28 inches, which is lower than ever I ſaw it; the wind was at eaſt, a very dull quarter; the garden ſo wet, there was no looking into it; and I myſelf, by conſequence, in the ſpleen. Before night, the glaſs roſe, the wind changed, the garden dried, I received your letter, and was as well as ever I was in my life, to my thinking, though perhaps you may think otherwiſe. The reaſon why your letter was ſo long a com-

\* ‘ Of the *Grange*, in the county of *Southampton*, member of parliament for *Melcomb Regis*. He was a perſon of great abilities and learning; who mixed humour in the moſt ſerious debates. He was father of the preſent *Robert*, earl of *Northington*, late lord high chancellor.’



ing to my hands was, its being directed to me near *Winchester*, and *Alresford* is the post-town nearest to me. If the officers should come to you, Doctor, if you want a security, that your children shan't be troublesome to the parish, pray make use of me. I'll stand 'em all, though you were to have as many as the *Holland* countess. We have had a tedious expectation of the success of the siege of *Lisle*: the country people begin to think there is no such thing, and say the news papers talk of it to make people bear paying taxes a year longer. I don't know how *Steele* \* will get off of it; his veracity is at stake in *Hants*. Pray desire him to take the town, though he should leave the citadel for a nest-egg. I ha'nt the honour to know colonel *Hunter* †; but I never saw him in so good company as you have put him, lord *Halifax*, Mr. *Addison*, Mr. *Congreve*, and the *Gazetteer*. Since he is there, let him stay there. Pray, Doctor, let me know whether writing letters be talking to one's self, or talking to other folks; for I think the world has settled it, that talking to one's self, which offends no body, is madness; and talking to other people, which generally is not quite so harmless, is wit, or good breeding, or religion, or—I won't write a word more till you have satisfied me what I have been doing all this while. I am sure one need not have writ two pages to introduce my assuring you, that I am your most affectionate humble servant,

H. HENLEY.

\* 'Who was writer of the *Gazette*.'

† See his letters dated *March* 1, and 14, 1712-13.

## L E T T E R IX.

ANTHONY HENLEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Nov. 2, 1708.

**T**Hough you won't send me your broomstick \*, I'll send you as good a reflection upon death as even *Adrian's* himself, though the fellow was but an old farmer of mine, that made it. He had been ill a good while; and when his friends saw him a going, they all came croaking about him as usual; and one of them asking him how he did? he replied, "In great pain. If I could but get this same breath out of my body, I'd take care, by G—, how I let it come in again." This, if it were put in fine *Latin*, I fancy would make as good a sound as any I have met with. I am your most affectionate humble servant,

A. HENLEY.

## L E T T E R X.

Mr. HENLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Εὐδαιμονεῖν καὶ Εὐπράττειν.

REVEREND SIR,

**I**T is reported of the famous *Regiomontanus*, that he framed an eagle so artfully of a certain wood, that upon the approach of the emperor *Maximilian* to the

\* Meditations on a broomstick, written by Dr. *Swift* about this time.



opulent city of *Neuremberg*, it took wing and flew out of the gates to meet him, and (as my author has it) appeared as though alive. Give me leave to attribute this excellent invention to the vehement desire he had to entertain his master with something extraordinary, and to say with the poet,

*Amor addidit alas.*

I am trying a like experiment, whether I cannot make this composition of old rags, galls, and vitriol fly to *Dublin*; and if (as the moving lion, which was composed by an *Italian* chymist, and opened his breast, and shewed the imperial arms painted in its heart) this could disclose itself, and discover to you the high esteem and affection I have for you, I should attain my end; and not only sacrifice an hecatomb, but cry out with extatic *Archimedes*, *Εὐρηκα*.

I should not have presumed to imagine, that you would deign to cast an eye on any thing proceeding from so mean an hand as mine, had I not been encouraged by that character of candour and sweetness of temper, for which you are so justly celebrated and esteemed by all good men, as the *Deliciæ humani generis*; and I make no question, but like your predecessor, an emperor again, you reckon every day as lost, in which you have not an opportunity of doing some act of beneficence. I was moreover emboldened by the adage, which does not stick to affirm, that one of the most despicable of animals may look upon the greatest of queens; as it has been proved to a demonstration by a late most judicious author, whom (as I take it) you have vouchsafed to immortalize

talize by your learned lucubrations \*. And as proverbs are the wisdom of a nation, so I take the naturalizing such a quantity of very expressive ones, as we did by the act of union, to be one of the considerablest advantages we shall reap from it: and I do not question but the nation will be the wiser for the future.

But I have digressed too far, and therefore resume my thread. I know my own unworthiness to deserve your favour; but let this attempt pass on my account for some merit.

*In magnis voluisse sat est.*

And tho' all cannot be sprightly like *F——d*, wise like *T——rs*, agreeable like *B——th*, polite like *P——r——de*, or, to sum up all, though there be but one *Phœnix*, and one *Lepidissimus Homuncio*, *T—p—m*; yet since a cup of cold water was not an unacceptable present to a thirsty emperor, I may flatter myself, that this tender of my services (how mean soever) may not be contemned; and, though I fall from my great attempt,

*Spero trovar pietà non che perdono,*

as that mellifluous ornament of *Italy*, *Franciscus Petrarcha*, sweetly has it.

Mr. *Crowder* I have often heard affirm, and the fine thinkers of all ages have constantly held, that much good may be attained by reading of history. And Dr. *Sloane* is of opinion, that modern travels are very behoveful towards forming the mind and in-

\* The lucubrations of *Isaac Bickerstaff*, in the *Tatler*.



larging the thoughts of the curious part of mankind.

Give me leave to speak a little from both these topics.

In the *Roman* triumphs, which were doubtless the most august spectacles that were ever seen, it was the constant custom, that the public executioner should be behind the conqueror, to remind him (says my author) from time to time, that these honours were transitory, and could not secure him from the severity of the laws.

Col. *Morrison* of the guards [he lives next door to *Tart-Hall*] his father was in *Virginia*, and being like to be starved, the company had recourse to a learned master of arts; his name was *Venter*: he advised them to eat one another *pour passer le tems*, and to begin with a fat cook-maid. She had certainly gone to pot, had not a ship arrived just in the nick with a quantity of pork, which appeased their hunger, and saved the wench's bacon.

To apply these; Did you never (when rioting in the costly dainties of my lord high admiral's \* table, when the polytasted wine excited jovial thoughts, and banished serious reflections) forget your frail mortal condition? Or when, at another time, you have wiped the point of a knife, or perhaps with a little spoon taken some *Attic* salt out of Mrs. *F*——'s cademat; and, as the poet sings,

*Qui sedens adversus identidem——  
Spectat et audit,*

\* *Thomas*, earl of *Pembroke*.

Did



Did you not think yourself *par deo*? Pray God you did not; Pray God you did not think yourself *superare divos*.

Confess the truth, Doctor, you did; confess it and repent of it, if it be not too late: but alas! I fear it is.

And now, methinks, I look down into that bog all flaming with bonnyclabber and usquebaugh; and hear you gnashing your teeth and crying, Oh! what would I give now for a glass of that small beer, I used to say was four! or a pinch of that snuff, which I used to say was the cursed'st stuff in the world! and borrow as much as would lie on a shilling the minute after. Oh! what would I give to have had a monitor in those moments to have put me in mind of the sword hanging by a twine-thread over my head, and to have cried in a voice as loud as *S—th—ll's*, *Memento, Doctor, quia Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris*.

Every man in the midst of his pleasures should remember the *Roman* executioner: and I have been assured, that had it not been for the unfortunate loss of his royal highness the Prince \*, Sir *Charles Duncomb* † would have revived that useful ceremony, which might be very properly introduced in the lord mayor's cavalcade.

I would not be mistaken, either in what has gone before, or in that which is to follow, as if I took you to be a belly-god, an *Apicius*, or him that wished his

\* Of *Denmark*, who died *October* 28, 1708.

† Lord mayor of *London*, in 1708.

neck as long as a crane's, that he might have the greater pleasure in swallowing. No, dear Doctor, far be it from me to think you *Epicuri de grege porcum*.

I know indeed you are *Helluo*, but it is *librorum*, as the learned Dr. *Accepted Frewen*, some time archbishop of *York*, was; and *ingenii*, as the quaint Dr. *Offspring Blackall*, now bishop of *Exeter*, is. Therefore let us return to the use which may be made of modern travels, and apply Mr. *Morrison's* to your condition.

You are now cast on an inhospitable island; no mathematical figures on the sand, no *vestigia hominum* to be seen; perhaps at this very time reduced to one single barrel of damaged biscuit, and short-allowance even of salt-water. What's to be done? Another in your condition would look about; perhaps he might find some potatoes; or get an old piece of iron, and make an harpoon, and if he found *Higgon* sleeping near the shore, strike him, and eat him. The western islanders of *Scotland* say, 'tis good meat; and his train oil, bottled till it mantles, is a delicious beverage, if the inhabitants of *Lapland* are to be credited.

But this I know is too gross a pabulum for one, who (as the camelion lives on air) has always hitherto lived on wit; and whose friends (God be thanked) design he should continue to do so, and on nothing else. Therefore I would advise you to fall upon old *Joan*; eat, do, I live to bid thee! Eat *Addison* \*;

\* Then secretary to the earl of *Wharton*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.



and when you have eat every body else, eat my lord lieutenant \* [he is something lean, God help the while;] and tho' 'twill, for aught I know, be treason, there will be nobody left to hang you, unless you should think fit to do yourself that favour, which if you should, pray don't write me word of it, because I should be very sorry to hear of any ill that should happen to you, as being, with a profound veneration, one of the greatest of your admirers.

T. B. or any other two letters you like better.

Pray direct your answer to me, at the *Serjeant's Head* in *Cornwall*; or at Mr. *Sentiment's*, a Potty Carrier, in *Common Garden*, in the *Phhs*.

## L E T T E R XI.

† WILLIAM, lord archbishop of *Dublin*; to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, Dublin, Nov. 20, 1708.

I Have yours of the 9th instant, and if the scheme of alteration holds, as represented, I despair of our twentieth parts in the present method; yet I can't think it proper to move in any new course till the declaration of what is intended be more authentic. I

\* Earl of *Wharton*.

† Dr. *William King*, archbishop of *Dublin*, author of the discourse on the *Origin of Evil*; of the *State of the protestants in Ireland*, and several other valuable pieces.



have no good ground for my doubt; and yet, in my own mind, I make some question, whether all things will be just as surmised. If I find this to be so in earnest, I will then endeavour to obtain an address to my lord treasurer, which, I suppose, has been hitherto wanting: but if the matter stick on any considerations not agreeable, there is an end of it. To deal freely, I have very little hope of succeeding any way; but it will not make things worse to try the experiment.

I understand some dissenters from hence will apply to the parliament of *England* this session, to obtain a repeal of the test, and for a toleration on a larger foot than in *England*; and that a fund is raised, and agents appointed to solicit their affairs, by the presbyters of the north. I have had some intimation, that all dissenters are not of a mind in this point; the other sects, if I am rightly informed, being as much afraid of them as of us; and that they would rather be as they are, than run the hazard of coming under the *jus divinum* of presbytery. Something pleasant enough is said to have happened on this occasion: a certain person endeavoured to comfort them, and remove their jealousy, by telling them they needed not to fear; for that the greatest friends to dissenters, and who would be most zealous for toleration, never designed to establish any church, but only to destroy that, which had the protection of the laws. Whether this will give them satisfaction I can't tell; but am certain, that if any have so wicked a design, they will fail in it.

I am

I am often alarmed with the fears of some good men, who would persuade me, that religion is in danger of being rooted out of the hearts of men; and they wonder to see me so sanguine in the cause. But I tell them, that I believe it is with religion as with paternal affection; some profligate wretches may forget it, and some may dose themselves so long with perverse thinking, as not to see any reason for it: but in spite of all the ill-natured and false philosophy of these two sorts of people, the bulk of mankind will love their children. And so it is, and will be, with the fear of God and religion: whatever is general hath a powerful cause, though every one cannot find it out.

But I have forgot my dissenters: the reason of their applying in *Great Britain* is, because they see little reason to hope for success here; and if I can judge of the sense of gentlemen that compose the parliament, they never seemed to be farther from the humour of gratifying them.

As to your own concern, you see hardly any thing valuable is obtained any otherwise than by the government; and therefore, if you can attend the next lord lieutenant, you, in my opinion, ought not to decline it. I assure myself that you are too honest to come on ill terms; nor do I believe any will explicitly be proposed. I could give several reasons why you should embrace this, though I have no exception against your secretaryship\*; except that

\* To the embassy at *Vienna*.



you may lose too much time in it, which, considering all things, you cannot so well spare at this time of the day.

As to my own part, I thank God, I was never much frightened by any alterations : neither king *James* nor the earl of *Tyrconnel* shocked me. I always comforted myself with the 112th psalm, 7th verse \*. I never was a favourite of any government, nor have I a prospect of being so, though I believe I have seen forty changes ; nor would I advise any friend to sell himself to any, so as to be their slave. I could write some other things, that you would desire to know ; but pen and ink are dangerous tools in some mens hands, and I love a friend with an appetite. I am, &c.

W. DUBLIN.

## LETTER XII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE.

S I R,

Nov. 30, 1708.

I Received a letter from you the Lord knows when, for it has no date ; but I conceive it to have been a month ago, for I met it when I came from *Kent*, where, and at *Epsom*, I passed about six weeks, to divert myself the sag end of the summer, which proved to be the best weather we had. I am glad you made so good a progress in your building ; but you had the emblem of industry in your mind, for

\* ‘ He shall not be afraid of evil tidings ; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.’



the bees begin at the top and work downwards, and at last work themselves out of house and home, as many of you builders do.

You know before this the great revolution we have had at court \*; and that Dr. *Lambert* is chaplain to the lord lieutenant: the archbishop of *Canterbury*, several other bishops, and my lord treasurer himself, would needs have it so. I made no manner of application for that post, upon certain reasons, that I shall let you know, if ever I have the happiness to see you again.

My lord *Sunderland* rallied me on that occasion, and was very well pleased with my answer, that I observed one thing in all new *ministries*: for the first week or two, they are in a hurry, or not to be seen; and when you come afterwards, they are engaged. What I have to say of the public, &c. will be inclosed, which, I suppose, will be shewn you, and you will please to deliver as formerly. Lord *Pembroke* takes all things mighty well, and we pun together as usual; and he either makes the best use, or the best appearance with his philosophy of any man I ever knew; for it is not believed he is pleased at heart upon many accounts.

Sir *Andrew Fountain* is well, and has either writ to you last post, or designs it soon.

Dr. *Pratt* † is buying good pennyworths of books for the college, and has made some purchases that

\* On the 25th of *November*, 1708, the earl of *Pembroke* was made lord high admiral, the earl of *Wharton* lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, and lord *Sommers* lord president of the council.

† A senior fellow of the university of *Dublin*, soon after made provost, and afterwards dean of *Down*.

would set you a longing. You have heard our mighty news is \* extreamly dwindled in our last pacquets. However we expect a very happy end of the campaign, which this sudden thaw and foul weather, begun here yesterday, will soon bring to an issue. I am, &c.

### L E T T E R XIII.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dublin, Feb. 10, 1708.

I Received yours of last *January* the 6th, and you will find but a sorry correspondent of me. I have been confined near two months this winter, and forbid pen and ink by my physician ; though, I thank God, I was more frightened, as it happened, than hurt. I had a cholic about the year 96, that brought me to extremity, and all despair'd of my life, and the news-letters reported me dead. It began at the same time of the year, and the same way it did then, and the winters were much alike ; and I verily believe had I not had the assistance of my old physician, Sir *Patrick Dun* †, I should have run the same course, which I could not have supported. But with a little physic, and the *Spaw* and *Bath* waters, I escaped

\* On the 11th of *November*, 1708, the duke of *Marlborough* and prince *Eugene* obliged the elector of *Bavaria* to raise the siege of *Brussels*.

† This gentleman founded three professorships in the university of *Dublin*, viz. theory and practice of physic, chirurgery and midwifery, and pharmacy and the *Materia Medica*.



without other hardships, than keeping at home; and so much for private affairs.

As to the public, I had a letter from my lord *Pembroke*, wherein he told me the first fruits and twentieth parts were granted \*, and that my lord lieutenant will bring over the queen's letter for them. I returned him my thanks, and as soon as the order comes, he will have a public acknowledgement.

I have seen a letter †, that passes as from a member of the house, &c. I think your judgment concerning it is very just. But pray by what artifice did you contrive to pass for a whig? As I am an honest man, I courted the greatest whigs I knew, and could not gain the reputation of being counted one.

But you need not be concerned; I will engage

\* It appears from a letter of the archbishops and bishops of *Ireland*, to Dr. *Hartstonge*, bishop of *Offory*, and Dr. *Lindsey*, bishop of *Killaloe*, inserted in this collection, that *Swift* was engaged to solicit the queen to exonerate the clergy of *Ireland* from paying the twentieth parts and first fruits, upon which his acquaintance with Mr. *Harley* began. The process of his application may be traced by these letters, and he at length obtained a grant of the queen, which is dated *February 7, 1710*. The information, that the grant was obtained at the time this letter was written, 1708, though from lord *Pembroke*, was premature.

† ' In the third volume of the octavo edition of Dr. *Swift's* works, published by *Bathurst* at *London*, in 1754, is a letter from a member of the house of commons in *Ireland*, to a member of the house of commons in *England*, concerning the sacramental test, written in the year 1708, and republished in *Ireland* in 1715.

you



you will lose nothing by that paper. I wish some facts had been well considered before vouched: if any one matter in it prove false, what do you think will come of the paper? In short, it will not be in the power of man to hinder it from a warm entertainment.

As to the test, I believe that matter is over for this season. I was much for dissolving this present parliament, and calling a new one this spring. I had a pretty good account of the future elections, which, as far as my acquaintance reached, were settled; and I was sure, that, without great force and artifice, the new members would never have repealed the test; but I did not know what the influence of a lord lieutenant\* (when well acquainted in the kingdom, and who knew how to take his measures justly,) might have effected, and we know very well what force management and timing matters have; and there is hardly any thing but powerful persuasions, terror, and ostentation of interest may effect, especially in popular elections. And to confess the truth to you, I am not altogether easy in that matter yet, especially if things take any new turn in *England*. It is whispered, but I know not by what authority, that the queen herself was at the bottom of what passed in the house of commons with you; and that the ministry screened her in that affair, for reasons that may be guessed at.

I am wonderfully pleased at the good character

\* ‘*Thomas, earl of Wharton, had been appointed to that post on the 25th of November, 1708.*’

yon give Mr. *Addison* \*. If he be the man, that you represent him to be, (and I have confidence in your judgment,) he will be able to serve his lord † effectually, and procure himself love and respect here. I can't say it will be in my power to do him any service; but my good wishes and endeavours shall not be wanting.

Mr. *Stoughton* preached a sermon ‡ here on the 30th of *January*, king *Charles's* martyrdom, that gives great offence: the government heard it, but I was ill at home, which dean *Sterne* will needs have a providence. If the representation I have of it be true, I am sure I should have suspended him, if it had cost me both my reputation and interest. I have represented what I have heard of it, and have discoursed my lord chancellor || about it, and told him of what consequence I think it to be, both to him and us,

\* *Swift's* friendship for *Addison* continued inviolable during the administration of *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*, and with as much kindness, as when they used to meet at lord *Halifax's*, or lord *Sommers's*.

† The earl of *Wharton*, then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

‡ 'Dr. *Swift*, in answer to this letter dated *March 6, 1708-9*, printed in his works, writes thus: "Mr, *Stoughton* is recommended for a chaplain to the lord lieutenant. His sermon is much recommended by several here. He is a prudent person, and knows how to time things: others of somewhat better figure are as wise as he. A bold opinion is a short, easy way to merit, and very necessary for those, who have no other." It appears from *Boyer's Political State*, Vol. II. p. 639, that this sermon had been preached on the 30th of *January, 1705-6*, at *Christ Church, Dublin*; and that it was burnt by the hands of the common hangman *November 9, 1711*.'

|| 'Sir *Richard Cox*.

and



and that it should not pass without censure. I have not as yet seen my lord primate. Wise men are doing all they can to extinguish faction; and fools and elves are throwing fire-brands. Assure yourself this had an ill effect on the minds of most here; for though they espouse the revolution, they heartily abhor forty-one. And nothing can create the ministry more enemies, and be a greater handle for calumny, than to represent them, and those that espoused them, to be such, as murdered king *Charles I.* and such are all, that approve or excuse it.

As to our own affairs, I wish you could have come over chaplain as I proposed; but since a more powerful interest interposed, I believe you had best use your endeavours there; but if nothing happens before my lord lieutenant comes over, you had best make us a visit. Had you been here, I believe something might have been done for you before this. The deanry of *Down* is fallen, and application has been made for it to my lord lieutenant, but it yet hangs, and I know not what will become of it: but if you could either get into it, or get a good man with a comfortable benefice removed to it, it might make present provision for you. I have many things more to say; but they are so much of a piece with these I have writ already, that you may guess at them all by this sample. God be with you: Amen.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.



## L E T T E R XIV.

Mr. LE CLERC a Mr. ADDISON\*.

A Amsterdam, le 12 de Fevrier, 1709.

JE m'étois donné l'honneur de vous écrire, Monsieur, dès le commencement de cette année, pour vous prier sur tout d'une chose, qu'il me seroit important de savoir au plûtôt. Cependant je n'ai reçu aucune de vos nouvelles. J'ai appris seulement, que vous quittiez le poste, où vous étiez, pour aller en Irlande en qualité de secretaire de my lord *Wharton*. Je m'en réjouis avec vous, dans la supposition, que ce dernier emploi vaut mieux que le précédent, quoique je sente bien, que je perdrai par votre éloignement. Je ne lasse, pas de vous souhaiter toute sorte de satisfaction dans votre nouvel emploi, & de prier Dieu, qu'il vous donne un heureux succès en tout ce que vous entreprendres. Je vous avois prie, Monsieur, de m'envoyer le nom propre & les titres de my lord *Halifax*, & de lui demander même, si vous le trouviez à propos, la permission de lui dedier mon *Tite-Live*. Comme vous m'aviez marqué par Mr. *Philips*, que vous aviez oublié la feuille, qui me manquoit de recueil de Mr. *Rymer*, je vous avois mandé, que c'est la feuille 10 T. ou les 4 pages, qui précédent immédiatement l'indice des noms, dans le tome I. Si vous l'avez eüe depuis, faites, moi la grace de l'envoyer à Mess. *Toutton* & *Stuiguer*, bien enveloppée, & de mettre mon adresse au-dessus. Je suppose,

\* A translation of the *French* letters will be found at the end of the work.

pose, Monsieur, que cette lettre vous trouvera encore à *Londres*, parce qu'on dit, que my lord *Wharton* ne partira que vers le mois d' *Avril*. Il ne se passe rien de nouveau ici dans la republique des lettres, qui merite de vous être mandé. Les *Jesuites* de *Paris* ont condamné en termes très-fort, les sentimens du P. *Hardouin*, & l'ont contraint de les retracter d'une maniere honteuse. On verra quelle en sera la suite. Je voudrois pouvoir vous être utile ici à quelque chose : vous verriez par là, combien je suis, Monsieur, vôtre très humble & très obeïssant serviteur,

J. LE CLERC.

## LETTER XV.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dublin, March 12, 1708.

THE business of the twentieth parts and first-fruits is still on the anvil. We are given to understand, that her majesty designs, out of her royal bounty, to make a grant of them for charitable uses, and that it is designed this grant should come over with his excellency the lord lieutenant. The bishops in this town at present thought it reasonable to apprise his excellency of the affair, and to address him for his favour in it, which accordingly is done by this post. We have sent with this address the representation made at first to her majesty about it; the



the reference to the commissioners of the revenue here, and their report, together with the memorial to the lord *Pembroke*. In that there is mention of the state of the diocese of *Dublin*; as a specimen of the condition of the clergy of *Ireland*, by which it will appear how much we stand in need of such a gift. This we could not well send to his excellency, because it is very long, and we apprehend, that it might be improper to give him so much trouble at first, before he was any way apprised of the matter; but if you think, that his excellency may judge it agreeable, that it should be laid before him, I entreat the favour of you to apply to my lord *Pembroke's* secretary, with whom it is, for the original, or a copy of it, and present it to my lord lieutenant, or leave it with his secretary. I have engaged for you to my brethren, that you will be at this trouble; and there is a memorial to this purpose, at the foot of the copy of the representation made to the earl of *Pembroke*, transmitted with the other papers. What charges you are at upon this account, will be answered by me.

The good impression you have given me of Mr. *Addison*, my lord lieutenant's secretary, has encouraged me to venture a letter to him on this subject, which I have inclosed, and make you the full and sole judge, whether it ought to be delivered. I can't be competently informed by any here, whether it may be pertinent or no; but I may and do depend on your prudence in the case, who, I believe, will neither omit what may be useful, nor suffer me to do



an officious or improper thing. I mix no other matter with this, besides what agrees with all occasions, the tender of the hearty prayers and wishes for you, of, sir, your, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

The reversal of my lord *Slane's* \* outlawry makes a mighty noise through this kingdom: for aught I can remember, the destroying of our wollen manufactory did not cause so universal a consternation.

## L E T T E R XVI.

Dr. SWIFT to the lord primate of *Ireland* †.

MY LORD,

London, March 24, 1708-9.

I Am commanded by his excellency the lord lieutenant to send the inclosed to your grace, in answer to a letter his excellency lately received from your grace, and several bishops, relating to the first-fruits of *Ireland*. This will spare your grace and their

\* *Christopher Fleming*, baron of *Slane*, having taking up arms for king *James* in 1688 in *Ireland*, where he was colonel of a regiment of foot, afterwards lost his estate, and was outlawed, till queen *Anne* reversed his attainder; upon which the house of commons of *Ireland*, on the 3d of *June*, 1709, unanimously resolved, that an address be made to the queen, "setting forth  
" the fatal consequences of reversing the outlawries of per-  
" sons attainted of treason for the rebellions in 1641 and  
" 1688." Lord *Slane* was in *November*, 1713, created by her majesty viscount *Longford*.

† Dr. *Narcissus Marsh*.

lordships

lordships the trouble of any farther account from me. I shall therefore only add, that his excellency commands me to assure your grace of his hearty inclination in favour of the church of *Ireland*; and am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful, and most obedient servant,

J. SWIFT.

## L E T T E R XVII.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT\*.

DEAR SIR,

Dublin, April 22, 1709.

I Am in a very great hurry of business, but cannot forbear thanking you for your letter at *Chester*, which was the only entertainment I met with in that place. I hope to see you very suddenly, and will wait on our friend the bishop of *Clogher* † as soon as I can possibly. I have had just time to tell him, *en passant*, that you were well. I long to see you, and am, dear sir, your most faithful, and most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

We arrived yesterday at *Dublin*.

\* Mr. *Addison* at this time was secretary to the earl of *Wharton*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

† Dr. *St. George Ashe*.

## L E T T E R XVIII.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, June 25, 1709.

I AM heartily glad to hear you are so near us. If you will deliver the inclosed to the captain of the *Wolf*, I dare say he will accommodate you with all in his power. If he has left *Chester*, I have sent you a bill, according to the bishop of *Clogher's* desire, of whom I have a thousand good things to say. I do not ask your excuse about the yacht, because I don't want it, as you shall hear at *Dublin*: if I did, I should think myself inexcuseable. I long to talk over all affairs with you, and am, dear sir, yours most entirely,

J. ADDISON.

P. S. The yacht will come over with the acts of parliament and a convoy about a week hence, which opportunity you may lay hold of, if you do not like the *Wolf*. I will give orders accordingly.

L E T-



## L E T T E R XIX.

- Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,      Nine o'clock, Monday morning\*.

I Think it is very hard I should be in the same kingdom with Dr. *Swift*, and not have the happiness of his company once in three days. The bishop of *Clogher* intends to call on you this morning, as will your humble servant in my return from *Chappel Iz-zard*, whither I am just now going. I am your humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

## L E T T E R XX.

Earl of HALIFAX † to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

October 6, 1709.

OUR friend Mr. *Addison* telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away without telling you how much I am concerned to find them returned without you. I am

\* This letter has no date: but it must have been written soon after Dr. *Swift's* arrival in *Dublin*, which happened on the 30th of *June*, 1709. He set sail from *Liverpool* for *Ireland* on the 29th of *June*, and landed at *Ringsend* the next day; and on the 8th of *September* following, Mr. *Addison* returned to *England* with the lord lieutenant.

† *Charles*, earl of *Halifax*: he was auditor of the exchequer.

quite ashamed for myself and my friends, to see you left in a place so incapable of tasting you; and to see so much merit, and so great qualities, unrewarded by those, who are sensible of them. Mr. *Addison* and I are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the pursuit, nor to cease reminding those who can serve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to shine\*. Dr. *South* holds out still †, but he cannot be immortal. The situation of his prebend would make me doubly concerned in serving you. And upon all occasions, that shall offer, I will be your constant solicitor, your sincere admirer, and your unalterable friend. I am your most humble and obedient servant,

H A L I F A X.

\* Dr. *Swift* wrote thus on the back of the letter, *I kept this letter as a true original of courtiers and court promises:* and in the first leaf of a small printed book, intitled, *Poesies Chretiennes de Monsr. Jolli-vet*, he wrote these words, “ Given me by my lord *Hallifax*, May 3, 1709. I begged it of him, and desired him to remember it was the only *favour* I ever received from him or his party.”

† ‘ He was prebendary of *Westminster*; but did not die till July 8, 1716.’

L E T-

## L E T T E R XXI.

Mr. STEELE to Dr. SWIFT.

Lord Sunderland's Office, October 8, 1709.

DEAR SIR,

MR. secretary *Addison* went this morning out of town, and left behind him an agreeable command for me, *viz.* to forward the inclosed, which lord *Halifax* sent him for you. I assure you, no man could say more in praise of another, than he did in your behalf at that noble lord's table on *Wednesday* last. I doubt not but you will find by the inclosed the effect it had upon him. No opportunity is omitted among powerful men, to upbraid them for your stay in *Ireland*. The company that day at dinner were lord *Edward Russel*, lord *Essex*, Mr. *Maynwaring*, Mr. *Addison*, and myself. I have heard such things said of that same bishop of *Clogher* with you, that I have often said he must be entered *ad eundem* in our house of lords. Mr. *Phillips* \* dined with me yesterday; he is still a shepherd, and walks very lonely through this unthinking crowd in *London*. I wonder you do not write sometimes to me.

\* *Ambrose Phillips*, the author of the *Distressed Mother*, a tragedy, and some pastorals, &c.



The town is in great expectation from *Bickerstaffe*\*; what passed at the election for his first table being to be published this day sevensnight. I have not seen *Ben Tooke* † a great while, but long to usher you and yours into the world. Not that there can be any thing added by me to your fame, but to walk bare-headed before you. I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

## LETTER XXII.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

St. James's Place, April 11, 1710.

I Have run so much in debt with you, that I do not know how to excuse myself, and therefore

\* *Isaac Bickerstaffe* was the name assumed by the author of the *Tatler* of which the Dean wrote No. 66, on eloquence and action, and the numbers 67, 74 and 81, on the chamber of Fame, in which were to be three tables: the first to contain twelve persons, the second twenty, and the third one hundred. The election here alluded to is of the twelve persons for the first table, public notice having been given from the *Grecian* coffee-house, in the *Tatler* of the 29th of *September* 1709, that on *Saturday* the 15th of *October* next, the author would settle his first table of Fame, requesting all, that had competent knowledge, to send in lists of such twelve persons as they imagined to be qualified for that pre-eminence. The twelve selected by the author are, *Alexander, Homer, Julius Cæsar, Socrates, Aristotle, Virgil, Cicero, Hannibal, Pompey, Cato of Utica, Augustus, and Archimedes.*

† The bookseller.

shall

shall throw myself wholly upon your good nature; and promise, if you will pardon what is passed, to be more punctual with you for the future. I hope to have the happiness of waiting on you very suddenly at *Dublin*, and do not at all regret the leaving of *England*, whilst I am going to a place, where I shall have the satisfaction and honour of Dr. *Swift's* conversation. I shall not trouble you with any occurrences here, because I hope to have the pleasure of talking over all affairs with you very suddenly. We hope to be at *Holyhead* by the 30th instant. Lady *Wharton* stays in *England*. I suppose you know, that I obeyed yours, and the bishop of *Clogher's* commands, in relation to Mr. *Smith*; for I desired Mr. *Dawson* to acquaint you with it. I must beg my most humble duty to the bishop of *Clogher*. I heartily long to eat a dish of bacon and beans in the best company in the world. Mr. *Steele* and I often drink your health.

I am forced to give myself airs of a punctual correspondence with you, in discourse with your friends at St. *James's* Coffee-House, who are always asking me questions about you, when they have a mind to pay their court to me, if I may use so magnificent a phrase. Pray, Dear Doctor, continue your friendship towards me, who love and esteem you, if possible, as much as you deserve. I am ever, dear Sir, yours entirely,

J. ADDISON.

L E T-



## L E T T E R XXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE, (with a proxy for his appearance as prebendary of *Dunlavin*, at the archbishop's visitation.)

SIR,

Laracor, April 17, 1710.

YOU have put me under a necessity of writing you a very scurvey letter, and in a very scurvy manner. It is the want of horses, and not of inclination, that hinders me from attending on you at the chapter. But I would do it on foot to see you \* visit in your own right; but if I must be visited by proxy, by proxy I will appear. The ladies of St. *Mary's* delivered me your commands; but Mrs. *Johnson* had dropped half of them by the shaking of her horse. I have made a shift, by the assistance of two civilians, and a book of precedents, to send you the jargon annexed, with a blank for the name and title of any prebendary, who will have the charity to answer for me. Those two words, *gravi incommodo*, are to be translated, the want of a horse. In a few days I expect to hear the two ladies lamenting the flesh-pots of *Keweenaw-street* †. I advise them, since they have given up their title and lodgings of St. *Mary's*, to buy each of them a palfry, and take a 'squire, and seek adventures. I am here quarrelling with the frosty weather, for spoiling my poor half dozen of blossoms. *Spes*

\* Dr. *Sterne* was then vicar-general of the diocese of *Dublin*, and was to visit the clergy in the absence of the archbishop.

† The deanry house,



*anni collapsa ruit* : Whether these words be mine, or *Virgil's*, I cannot determine. I am this minute very busy, being to preach to-day before an audience of at least fifteen people, most of them gentle, and all simple.

I can send you no news ; only the employment of my parishioners may, for memory-sake, be reduced under these heads : Mr. *Percival* is ditching ; Mrs. *Percival* in her kitchen ; Mr. *Wesley* switching ; Mrs. *Wesley* stitching ; Sir *Arthur Langford* riching, which is a new word for heaping up riches. Well, Sir, long may you live the hospitable owner of good bits, good books, and good buildings. The bishop of *Clogher* would envy me for those three B's\*. I am your most obedient, humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

## L E T T E R XXIV.

Sir ANDREW FOUNTAIN to Dr. SWIFT.

June 27, 1710,

I Neither can nor will have patience any longer ; and, *Swift*, you are a confounded son of a——. May your half acre turn to a bog, and may your willows perish ; may the worms eat your *Plato*, and may *Parzifole* † break your snuff-box. What ! because there is never a bishop in *England* with half the wit of *St. George Ashe*, nor ever a secretary of state with a quarter of *Addison's* good sense ; therefore

\* ‘ *Viz.* bits, books, and buildings.’

† Dr. *Swift's* steward.

you can't write to those, that love you, as well as any *Clogher* or *Addison* of them all. You have lost your reputation here, and that of your bastard, the *Tatler*, is going too; and there is no way left to recover either, but your writing. Well! 'tis no matter; I'll e'en leave *London*. *Kingsmill* is dead, and you don't write to me. Adieu.

## LETTER XXV.

Mr ADDISON to Dr SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Dublin-Castle, July 23, 1710.

ABOUT two days ago I received the inclosed, that is sealed up, and yesterday that of my friend *Steele*, which requiring a speedy answer, I have sent you express. In the mean time I have let him know, that you are out of town, and that he may expect your answer by the next post. I fancy he had my lord *Halifax*'s authority for writing. I hope this will bring you to town. For your amusement by the way, I have sent you some of this day's news; to which I must add, that Drs. *Byssé* \* and *Robinson* † are likely to be the bishops of *Bristol* and *St. David's*: that our politicians are startled at the breaking off the negotiations, and fall of stocks; in-

\* 'Philip, first made bishop of *St. David's*, and then of *Hereford*.'

† 'John: he was consecrated bishop of *Bristol*, November 19, 1710, and translated to the see of *London* in March 1713-14.'



ſomuch that it is thought they will not venture at diſſolving the parliament in ſuch a criſis. I am ever, dear Sir, yours entirely.

J. ADDISON.

Mr. *Steele* deſires me to ſeal yours before I deliver it; but this you will excuſe in one, who wiſhes you as well as he, or any body living can do.

## L E T T E R XXVI.

IRISH BISHOPS to the biſhops of Oſſory and  
KILLALOE.

Dublin, Aug. 31, 1710.

OUR VERY GOOD LORDS,

**W**Hereas ſeveral applications have been made to her majeſty about the firſt fruits and twentieth parts, payable to her majeſty by the clergy of this kingdom, beſeeching her majeſty, that ſhe would be graciouſly pleaſed to extend her bounty to the clergy here, in ſuch manner, as the convocation have humbly laid before her majeſty, or as her majeſty ſhall, in her goodneſs and wiſdom, think fit; and the ſaid applications lie ſtill before her majeſty; and we do hope, from her royal bounty, a favourable answer.

We do therefore intreat your lordſhips, to take upon you the ſolicitation of that affair, and to uſe ſuch proper methods and applications, as you in your prudence ſhall judge moſt like to be effectual. We have likewiſe deſired the bearer, Dr. *Swift*, to

concern



concern himself with you, being persuaded of his diligence and good affection: and we desire, if your lordships occasions require your leaving *London* before you have brought the business to effect, that you would leave with him the papers relating to it, with your directions for his management in it, if you think it adviseable so to do. We are your lordships most humble servants and brethren,

NARCISSUS ARMAGH.

WILL. DUBLINIENSIS.

W. CASSEL.

W. MEATH.

W. KILDARE.

WILLIAM KILLALA.

To the Right Rev. fathers in God, *John* lord bishop of *Ossory*, and *Thomas* lord bishop of *Killaloe*.

## LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY\*.

Chester, Sept. 2, 1710.

*JOE* will give an account of me till I got into the boat, after which the rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship; but in half an hour we got to the yatch, for the ships lay by to wait for my lord lieutenant's steward.

\* Mrs. *Dingley* was a relation of Sir *William Temple*, who accompanied Mrs. *Johnson* to *Ireland*, when she went thither by *Swift's* invitation, about the year 1701.

We made our voyage in fifteen hours just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on *Monday*: the first man I met in *Chester* was Dr. *Raymond* \*. He and Mrs. *Raymond* were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from *Park-gate* but no hurt; the horse understanding falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the bishop of *Clogher* †. I saw him returning from *Dunlary*; but he saw not me. I take it ill he was not at convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your resolution of going to *Trim*, and riding there as much as you can. Let the bishop of *Clogher* remind the bishop of *Kil-lala* to send me a letter, with one inclosed to the bishop of *Litchfield* ‡. Let all, who write to me, inclose to *Richard Steele*, Esq; at his office at the *Cockpit*, near *Whitehall*. My lord *Mountjoy* is now in the humour, that we should begin our journey this afternoon, so that I have stole here again to finish this letter, which must be short or long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs *Wesley*, and will tell her, that I have taken care she may have her bill of one hundred and fifteen pounds whenever she pleases to send for it; and in that case I desire you will send it her inclosed and sealed. God almighty bless you, and for God's sake be merry and get your health. I

\* Vicar of *Trim*.

† 'Dr. St. George *Ashe*.'

‡ 'Dr. *John Hough*.'



am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission, whether it succeeds or no. I never went to *England* with so little desire in my life. If Mrs. *Curry* makes any difficulty about the lodgings, I will quit them.

The post is just come from *London*, and just going out, so I have only time to pray to God to bless you, &c.

## L E T T E R XXVIII.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR,      Dublin, Sept. 16. 1710.

**I** Received yours, by the last packets, of *September* the 9th; and because you have missed the two bishops, I send you, with this, the papers relating to the first fruits and twentieth parts. I send them in two bundles, being two big for one letter. The bishops, so far as I can learn from the bishop of *Offory*, have not made any step since I left *London*. I will endeavour to get you a letter from the bishops to solicit that affair. In the mean time, open the letter to the two bishops, and make use of it as occasion shall serve. The scheme I had laid for them is crossed by my lord treasurer's \* being out; though, perhaps that would not have done; but her majesty's promise I depended on, and I had engaged the archbishop of *York* in it. When he comes to *London*, I

\* The earl of *Godolphin* had resigned his staff, *August* 8, 1710.

will



will give you a letter to him. I can likewise find means, I believe, to possess my lord *Shrewsbury* and Mr. *Harley*, with the reasonableness of the affair. I am not courtier enough to know the properness of the thing; but I had once an imagination to attempt her majesty herself by a letter, modestly putting her in mind of the matter; and no time so proper, as when there is no lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, which perhaps may be soon; but this needs advice.

There are great men here as much out of humour, as you describe your great *visitee* \* to have been; nor does the good news from *Spain* † clear them. I believe, however, they are glad at it, though another would have served their occasions as well.

I do not apprehend any other secret in all this affair, but to get whigs out of all these places of profit and trust, and to get others in them. As for peace, it must be on no other terms than the preliminaries; and you'll find a tory parliament will give money as freely, and be as eager to prosecute the war, as the whigs were, or they are not the wise men I take them to be. If they do so, and take care to have the money well disposed of when given, they will break the king of *France's* heart, and the whigs

\* 'Probably the earl of *Godolphin*, who was, perhaps, much visited by his friends and party, after the resignation of his staff of lord treasurer.'

† 'Probably of the battle near *Saragoza*, in which king *Charles* of *Spain* gained a compleat victory over his competitor king *Philip*, on the of 10th *August* 1710.'

together, and please the nation \*. There's an ugly accident, that happens here in relation to our twentieth parts and first fruits: at *Midsummer*, 1709, there was ready money in the treasury, and good solvent debts to the queen, to the value of 70000*l*. Now I am told, by the last week's abstract, there is only 223*l*. in the treasury, and the army unpaid, at least uncleared for a year; and all others, except pensioners, in the same condition. Now the great motive to prevail with her majesty to give the clergy the bounty petitioned for, was the clearness of the revenue here; but if that be anticipated, perhaps it may make an objection. I will add no more, but my prayers for you. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

## LETTER XXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE.

SIR,

London, Sept. 26, 1710.

ONE would think this an admirable place from whence to fill a letter; yet when I come to examine particulars, I find they either consist of news, which you hear as soon by the public papers, or of persons and things, to which you are a stranger, and are the wiser and happier for being so. Here have been great men every day resigning their places; a resignation as sincere, as that of an usurer on his death-

\* This opinion of so great and good a man as Dr. King deserves particular attention.



bed. Here are some, that fear being whipt, because they have broken their rod ; and some that may be called to account, because they could not cast one up. There are now not much above a dozen great employments to be disposed of, which, according to our computation, may be done in as many days. *Patrick* \* assures me, his acquaintance are all very well satisfied with these changes, which I take for no ill symptom ; and it is certain the queen has never appeared so easy or so chearful. I found my lord *Godolphin* the worst dissembler of any of them, that I have talked to ; and no wonder, since his loss and danger are greater, besides the addition of age and complexion. My lord lieutenant † is gone to the country, to bustle about elections. He is not yet removed ; because they say it will be requisite to supersede him by a successor, which the queen has not fixed on ; nor is it agreed whether the duke of *Shrewsbury* or *Ormond* ‡ stand fairest. I speak only for this morning, because reports usually change every twenty-four hours. Mean time the pamphlets and half sheets grow so upon our hands, it will very well employ a man every day from morning till night to read them ; and so out of perfect despair I never read any at all. The whigs, like an army beat three quarters out of the field, begin to skirmish but faintly ; and deserters daily come over. We are amazed to find

\* *Dr. Swift's* servant.

† ' *Earl of Wharton.*'

‡ The duke of *Ormond* was appointed lord lieutenant, *October* 26, 1710.



our mistakes, and how it was possible to see so much merit where there was none, and to overlook it where there was so much. When a great minister has lost his place, immediately virtue, honour, and wit fly over to his successor, with the other ensigns of his office. Since I left off writing, I received a letter from my lord archbishop of *Dublin*, or rather two letters, upon these memorials. I think immediately to begin my soliciting, though they are not very perfect; for I would be glad to know, whether my lord archbishop would have the same method taken here, that has been done in *England*, to settle it by parliament: but, however, that will be time enough thought of this good while.

I must here tell you, that the dean of *St. Patrick's* lives better than any man of quality I know; yet this day I dined with the comptroller \*, who tells me, he drinks the queen's wine to-day. I saw collector *Sterne* †, who desired me to present his service to you, and to tell you he would be glad to hear from you, but not about business; by which, I told him, I guessed he was putting you off about something you desired.

I would much rather be now in *Ireland* drinking your good wine, and looking over, while you lost a crown at penny ombre. I am weary of the caresses of great men out of place. The comptroller \* expects every day the queen's commands to break his

\* Sir *John Holland*, Bart.

† *Enoch Sterne*, Esq; collector of *Wicklow*, and clerk of the house of lords in *Ireland*.

staff. He is the last great household officer they intend to turn out. My lord lieutenant is yet in, because they cannot agree about his successor. I am your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XXX.

A Memorial of Dr. SWIFT to Mr. HARLEY,  
about the First-fruits.

Oct. 7, 1710.

**I**N *Ireland*, hardly one parish in ten hath any glebe, and the rest very small and scattered, except a very few; and these have seldom any houses.

There are in proportion more impropriations in *Ireland* than in *England*, which, added to the poverty of the country, make the livings of very small and uncertain value, so that five or six are often joined to make a revenue of 50*l. per annum*: but these have seldom above one church in repair, the rest being destroyed by frequent wars, &c.

The clergy, for want of glebes, are forced, in their own or neighbouring parish, to take farms to live on at rack rents.

The queen having some years since remitted the first-fruits to the clergy of *England*, the bishop of *Cloyne*, being then in *London*, did petition her majesty for the same favour in behalf of the clergy of *Ireland*, and received a gracious answer. But this affair, for want of soliciting, was not brought to an



issue during the governments of the duke of *Ormond* and earl of *Pembroke*.

Upon the earl of *Wharton*'s succeeding, Dr. *Swift* (who had solicited this matter in the preceding government) was desired by the bishops of *Ireland* to apply to his excellency, who thought fit to receive the motion as wholly new, and what he could not consider till he were fixed in the government, and till the same application were made to him as had been to his predecessors. Accordingly an address was delivered to his lordship, with a petition to the queen, and a memorial annexed from both houses of convocation; but a dispute happening in the lower house, wherein his chaplain was concerned, and which was represented by the said chaplain as an affront designed to his excellency, who was pleased to understand and report it so to the court, the convocation was suddenly prorogued, and all farther thoughts about the first-fruits let fall as desperate.

The subject of the petition was to desire, that the twentieth parts might be remitted to the clergy, and the first-fruits made a fund for purchasing glebes and impropriations, and rebuilding of churches.

The twentieth-parts are twelve pence in the pound, paid annually out of all ecclesiastical benefices, as they were valued at the reformation. They amount to about 500*l. per annum*; but of little or no value to the queen, after the officers and other charges are paid, though of much trouble and vexation to the clergy.

The first-fruits paid by incumbents upon their promotion



motion amount to 450*l. per annum*; so that her majesty, in remitting about 1000*l. per annum* to the clergy, will really lose not above 500*l.*

Upon *August* 31, 1710, the two houses of convocation being met to be farther prorogued, the archbishops and bishops, conceiving there was now a favourable juncture to resume their applications, did, in their private capacities, sign a power to the said Dr. *Swift*, to solicit the remitting the first-fruits and twentieth parts.

But there is a greater burden than this, and almost intolerable, upon several of the clergy in *Ireland*; the easing of which, the clergy only looked on as a thing to be wished, without making part of their petition.

The queen is impropriator of several parishes, and the incumbent pays her half-yearly a rent, generally to the third part of the real value of the living, and sometimes half. Some of these parishes, by the increase of graziers, are seized on by the crown, and cannot pay the reserved rent. The value of all these impropriations are about 2000*l. per annum* to her majesty.

If the queen would graciously please to bestow likewise these impropriations to the church, part to be remitted to the incumbent, where the rent is large, and the living small, and the rest to be laid out in levying glebes and impropriations, and building of churches, it would be a most pious and seasonable bounty.

The utmost value of the twentieth-parts, first-

fruits, and crown-rents, is 3000*l. per annum*, of which about 500*l. per annum* is sunk among officers; so that her majesty, by this great benefaction, would lose about 2500*l. per annum*.

## LETTER XXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Archbishop KING.

MY LORD,

O<sup>c</sup>t. 10, 1710.

I Had the honour of your grace's letter of *September* 16, but I was in no pain to acknowledge it; nor shall be at any other time, till I have something that I think worth troubling you, because I know how much an insignificant letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise the memorial, &c. in another packet; and I beg your grace to inclose whatever packet you send me in a paper directed to Mr. *Steele*, and not for me at Mr. *Steele's*. I should have been glad the bishops had been here; though I take bishops to be the worst solicitors in the world, except for themselves. They cannot give themselves the little trouble of attendance that other men are content to swallow, else I am sure their two lordships might have succeeded easier than men of my level are likely to do.

As soon as I received the packet from your grace, I went to wait upon Mr. *Harley*. I had prepared him by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last ministry, after some obligations, because I refused to go certain  
lengths



lengths they would have had me. This happened to be, in some sort, Mr. *Harley's* own case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest marks of kindness and esteem, as I was whispered he would, and the more upon the ill usage I had met with. I sat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone, where I told him my business, and gave him the history of it, which he heard as I could wish, and declared he would do his utmost to effect it. I told him the difficulties we met with by lord lieutenants and their secretaries, who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me entirely, and said, neither they nor himself should have the merit of it, but the queen, to whom he would shew my memorial with the first opportunity, in order, if possible, to have it done in this *inter-regnum*. I said, the honour and merit, next to the queen, would be his; that it was a great encouragement to the bishops that he was in the treasury, whom they knew to be the chief adviser of the queen to grant the same favour in *England*; that consequently the honour and merit were nothing to him, who had done so much greater things; and that, for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of *Ireland*, for giving him an opportunity of gratifying the pleasure he took in doing good to the church. He took my compliments extremely well, and renewed his promises. Your grace will please to know, that, besides the first-fruits, I told him of the crown-rents, and shewed the nature and value of them; but said, my opinion was, that the convocation had not mentioned them in their pe-



petition to the queen, delivered to lord *Wharton* with the  
 address, because they thought the times would not then  
 bear it; but that I looked on myself to have a discre-  
 tionary power to solicit it in so favourable a juncture.  
 I had two memorials ready of my own drawing up,  
 as short as possible, shewing the nature of the thing,  
 and how long it had been depending, &c. One  
 of these memorials had a paragraph at the end re-  
 lating to the crown-rents; t'other had none. In  
 case he had received the motion of the crown-rents,  
 I would have given him the last; but I gave him the  
 other, which he immediately read, and promised to  
 second both with his best offices to the queen. As I  
 have placed that paragraph of the crown-rents in my  
 memorial, it can do no harm; and may possibly do  
 good. However, I beg your grace to say nothing of  
 it; but, if it dies, let it die in silence, and we must  
 take up with what can be got. I forgot to tell your  
 grace, that when I said I was empowered, &c. he  
 desired to see my powers; and then I heartily wished  
 them more ample than they were; and I have since  
 wondered what scruple a number of bishops could  
 have, to empower a clergyman to do the church and  
 them a service, without any imagination of interest  
 for himself. Mr. *Harley* has invited me to dine  
 with him to-day; but I shall not put him upon this  
 discourse so soon. If he begins it himself, I shall add  
 it at the bottom of this. He says, Mr. secretary *St.*  
*John* desires to be acquainted with me, and that he  
 will bring us together. That may be a further help,  
 though I told him I had no thoughts of applying to  
 any but himself, wherein he differed from me, and  
 desired

desired I would speak to others, if it were but for form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of being thought to do such a thing alone. But an old courtier, with whom I consulted (an intimate friend), advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations, and credit with the queen. I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lies in my memory; but perhaps it may give your grace a truer idea how matters are than if I had writ in more order.

## L E T T E R XXXII.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, Dublin, Oct. 16, 1710.

I Have before me yours of the 4th instant, which I received two posts ago. It was very grateful to me, and I hope it will have a good effect as to the church in general, and be of use to you in particular, which I heartily wish. My lord primate is out of town, and I have not seen him since I received yours, nor do see any haste to communicate it to him; but in due time there will be no need to make a secret of it. I durst not have said any thing of it, if you had not given me the caution, lest any accident should intervene, to which all matters of this nature are liable. It puts a man out of countenance to raise expectations, if he should not be able to satisfy them. I understand that her majesty designed this should be her own act; but the good instruments, that have been subservient, ought not to



be forgot ; and, with God's help, I will do my endeavour that they shall not. I shall be impatient to see the accomplishment of this charitable work.

We are here in as great a ferment about chusing parliament men, on a supposition that this parliament will be dissolved as soon as yours in *England*. And it is remarkable, that such as design to betray their country, are more diligent to make votes than those that have some faint intentions to serve it. It would prevent a great deal of needless charges and heats, if we certainly knew whether we should have a new parliament or no.

All business in chancery, and in truth all public business, is at a stand, by the indisposition of my lord chancellor. I would tell you, that I am engaged most unhapily this night to execute this short letter ; but the plain truth, I think, will do as well ; which is, that I have no more to say but my prayers for you, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

## L E T T E R XXXIII.

Power from the LORD PRIMATE and the  
ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN.

S I R,

Oct. 24, 1710.

WE directed a letter to the bishops of *Ossory* and *Killaloe* last *August*, desiring and empowering them to solicit the affair of our first-fruits and twentieth parts with her majesty, which has depended so long, notwithstanding her majesty's good inclinations, and  
several



several promises of the chief governors here, to lay our addresses before her majesty in the best manner. We were then apprehensive, that those bishops might return from *England* before the business could be effected ; and therefore we desired them to concern you in it, having so good assurance of your ability, prudence, and fitness to prosecute such a matter. We find, the bishops returned before you came to *London*, for which we are very much concerned ; and judging this the most proper time to prosecute it with success, we intreat you to take the full management of it in your hands, and do commit the care of soliciting it to your diligence and prudence; desiring you to let us know from time to time what progress is made in it: and, if any thing farther be necessary on our part, on your intimation we shall be ready to do what shall be judged reasonable. This, with our prayers for you, and the good success of your endeavours, is all from, sir, your affectionate humble servants and brothers,

NARCISSUS ARMAGH.  
WILL. DUBLIN.

## L E T T E R XXXIV.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR,

Dublin, Nov. 2, 1710.

THE declaration of his grace the duke of *Ormond* to be our lord lieutenant, has stopped our further letters of recommendation designed to be sent to you, because

because the bishops were unwilling to solicit the affair of the first-fruits and twentieth parts by any other hand. I gave them some account how far you had been concerned in it ; and they ordered a letter to Mr. *Southwell*, to give him an account, that the papers were in your hands, and to desire you to wait on him with them, and take your own measures in soliciting the affair. I am not to conceal from you, that some expressed a little jealousy that you would not be acceptable to the present courtiers, intimating that you were under the reputation of being a favourite of the late party in power \*. You may remember I asked you the question before you were engaged in this affair, knowing of what moment it was ; and by the coldness I found in some, I soon perceived what was at the bottom. I am of opinion, that this conjuncture of circumstance will oblige you to exert yourself with more vigour ; and if it should succeed, you have gained your point ; whereas, if you should fail, it would cause no reflections, that having been the fate of so many before you.

I can be very little useful to you at this distance ; but if you foresee any thing, wherein I may be serviceable to the business or yourself, you may command, sir, yours, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

\* Dr. *Swift* recommended himself to Mr. *Harley*, to whom he applied on that occasion, by getting himself represented as a person who had been extremely ill used by the last ministry, because he would not go certain lengths which they would have had him ; this being in some sort Mr. *Harley*'s own case. See his letter of Oct. 10, 1710.



## L E T T E R XXXV.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR,

Dublin, Nov. 30, 1710.

I Received yours of the 23d, by the last packet. I was aware of what you observed, when the letter to his grace was signed ; but it was before I received yours of the 4th instant, wherein you tell me, that the business was in effect done ; nor could I have any certain prospect that it would be done from any intimation that I had before from you. You must know, that this was not the only thing displeased me in the letter ; it was drawn and signed by some before I saw it. I looked on it as a snare laid in my way ; nor must you wonder that some are better at making their court than serving the church, and can flatter much better than vote on the right side. Those, that had rendered themselves justly obnoxious by deserting his grace's \* friends and interest in notorious instances, think they have salved all by this early application, and perhaps it may prove so.

But if the matter be done, assure yourself it will be known, by whom and what means it was effected.

In the mean time, God forbid you should think of slackening your endeavours to bring it to perfection. I am yet under an obligation not to say any thing of the matter from your letter ; and whilst so, it would be hard for me to refuse to sign such a letter as that

\* ' The duke of Ormond, who was declared lord lieutenant of Ireland, Oct. 19, 1710.'



you mention, or find a pretence for so doing : but when the business is done, the means and methods will likewise be known, and every body have their due that contributed to it.

I shall reckon nothing done till the queen's letter come here. You may remember how we were borne in hand in my lord *Pembroke's* time \*, that the queen had passed the grant, which, after a whole year's expectation and solicitation, proved only a mouthful of moonshine. But, if it succeeds better now, we must owe it, next to the queen's goodness and bounty, to the great care of the great man to whom you have applied, and to your management. It is seven or eight years since we first attempted this affair, and it passed through several hands ; yet no progress was made in it, which was certainly due to the ill methods taken to put it forward ; which, in truth, instead of promoting, obstructed it. At the very first motion, it was promised, and in a fair way ; but the bishops here, out of their abundant deference to the government, made the same wrong step they would have done now ; and we could never make the least progress since till now, and I pray God we have not put it back again.

You must not imagine, that it is out of any disaffection to you, or any distrust of your ability or diligence, that the bishops here were so cold in their employing you : but they reckoned on party ; and though several knew what you were, yet they imagined, and some vouched, that you were looked on

\* See letter of *Feb.* 10, 1708, and the note.

at court as engaged on the other side ; and you cannot do yourself a greater service than to bring this to a good issue to their shame and conviction. I heartily recommend you and your business to God's care. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

## LETTER XXXVI.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Dulin, Dec. 6, 1710.

**T**His is to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 20th instant, which came not to my hands till *Thursday* last, by reason of winds, that kept the packets on the other side.

I find the matter of our first-fruits, &c. is talked of now. I reckon on nothing certain till her majesty's letter comes in form : and quære, why should you not come and bring it with you ? It would make you a very welcome clergyman to *Ireland*, and be the best means to satisfy mankind how it was obtained, although I think it will be out of dispute. I am very well apprised of the dispatch you gave this affair, and well pleased, that I judged better of the person fit to be employed, than some of my brethren. But now it is done, as I hope it is effectually, they will assume as much as their neighbours, which I shall never contradict.

Things are taking a new turn here as well as with you ; and I am of opinion, by the time you come here, few will profess themselves whigs. The greatest



danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the fury and indiscretion of some of our own people, who never had any merit, but by embroiling things; they did, and I am afraid will yet do mischief. You will soon hear of a great conspiracy discovered in the county of *Westmeath*. I was used to so many discoveries of plots in the latter end of king *Charles's* time, and the beginning of king *James's*, that I am not surprised at this discovery. I must not say any thing of it, till all the witnesses be examined: so many as have deposed are not decisive. The design of it is to shew all the gentlemen of *Ireland* to be a pack of desperate whigs, ready to rise up in arms against her majesty for the old ministry, associating to that purpose. Whether it be for the interest of *Ireland* to have this believed you may judge; and sure there must be good evidence to make any reasonable man believe it. Mr. *Higgins* \* has drawn up the narrative, and sent it to *England*, and will pawn all he is worth to make it good. I heartily recommend you to God's favour, and am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN. †

\* ‘*Francis Higgins*, M. A. an *Irish* clergyman, extremely vehement against the whig party.’

† The archbishop, in another letter, gives this short account of the plot: That four or five gentlemen of small fortunes are said to have signed an association to fight up to the knees in blood against the new ministry. The discoverer is one *Langton*, who swore to it: he was a converted priest. Several of the gentlemen were his parishioners. Mr. *Meares*, Mr. *Jones*, Mr. *Shoarn*, and Capt. *Newstead*, are in the number. This informer was a servant of Mr. *Mears's*, who told him, that Capt. *Newstead's* son brought the paper or parchment containing this association



## L E T T E R XXXVII.

Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN \* to Dr. SWIFT.

Sunday, past twelve, Jan. 7, 1710.

There are few things I would be more industrious to bring about than opportunities of seeing you. Since you was here in the morning, I have found means of putting off the engagement I was under for to-morrow; so that I expect you to dine with me at three o'clock. I send you this early notice, to prevent you from any other appointment. I am ever, Rev. Sir, your obedient humble servant,

H. ST. JOHN.

## L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN.

SIR,

Jan. 7. 1710.

Though I should not value such usage from a secretary of state, and a great minister; yet when I consider the person it comes from, I can endure it no longer. I would have you to know, sir, that if the

as he believes; for he neither saw it nor heard it read. The servant being examined denies he ever saw any such paper, or knows any thing of it, or ever told Mr. *Langton* any such thing. This, with some seditious words spoken by some of those gentlemen at dinner in their cups, or conversation, so far as I can remember, is the sum of the evidence for the plot. A commission of oyer terminer went down to the country to find bills against the gentlemen; but the grand jury would not find the bills upon that evidence.

\* Then principal secretary of state for the southern provinces.

queen gave you a dukedom and the garter to-morrow, with the treasury just at the end of them, I would regard you no more than if you were not worth a groat. I could almost resolve, in spite, not to find fault with my victuals, or be quarrelsome to-morrow at your table: But if I do not take the first opportunity to let all the world know some qualities in you, that you take most care to hide, may my right hand forgets its cunning. After which threatning, believe me, if you please, to be with the greatest respect, sir, your most obedient, &c.

## L E T T E R XXXIX.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR,                      Dublin, Jan. 9. 1710.

I Received yours of *December* the 30th by the last packets: it found me in the extremity of the gout, which is the more cruel, because I have not had a fit of it for two years and a half. I strain myself to give you an answer to-night, apprehending that as both my feet and knees are already affected, my hands may perhaps be so by the next post; and than, perhaps I might not be able to answer you in a month, which might lose me some part of the praise you give me as a good correspondent.

As to my lord primate, he is much better since he was put into the government; and I reckon his life may be longer than mine; but, with God's help, hereafter I will say more on this subject.

As to what is reported of Mr. *Stanhope's* obstinacy I demur, till satisfied how far the kindness to him, as a manager, influences the report.

We



We have received an answer from his grace the duke of *Ormond* to our letter. It is in a very authentic and solemn form, *that his grace will take a proper time to lay our request before her majesty, and know her pleasure on it.* By which I conclude two things; first, that his grace is not informed of any grant her majesty has made; for if he had, he would have applied immediately, and sent it; and then it would have passed for his, and he would have had the merit of it. Secondly, that his grace is in no haste about it. And therefore let me beseech you to solicit and press it, and get the letter dated, as when first it was promised; but I confess I have still some scruple in my mind about it.

I acknowledge you have not been treated with due regard in *Ireland*, for which there is a plain reason, *prægravat artes infra se positas, &c.* I am glad you meet with more due returns where you are; and as this is the time to make some use of your interest for yourself, do not forget it.

We have published here a character of the earl of *Wharton* \*, late lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. I have so much charity and justice as to condemn all such proceedings. If a governor behave himself ill, let him be complained of and punished; but to wound any man thus in the dark \* \* \* \* to them before the funds are found and agreed on. When this is over, they may do what they please; and sure it will please them to see the crow stripped of her rappareed feathers.

\* ' One by Dr. *Swift*, dated at *London*, August 30, 1710, is printed in his works, vol. XIII. first published in 1762.



thers. We begin to be in pain for the duke of *Marlborough*.

I hear an answer is printing to the earl of *Wharton*'s character. Pray was their ever such licentiousness of the press as at this time? Will the parliament not think of curbing it? I heartily recommend you, &c.

WILL DUBLIN.

## LETTER XL.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

June. 13, 1710.

MY gout gives me leave yet to answer yours of the 4th instant, which was very acceptable to me; because I find by it some farther steps are made in our business. I believe it will take up some time and thoughts to frame a warrant, and much more a patent for such an affair. Except your lawyers there be of another humour than ours here, they will not write a line without their fees; and therefore I should think it necessary some fund should be thought of to fee them. If you think this motion pertinent, I can think of no other way at present to answer it, than, if you think it necessary, to allow you to draw upon me; and my bill to this purpose, less than an 100*l*. shall be punctually answered. I write thus, because I have no notion how such a thing should pass the offices without some money; and I have an entire confidence in you, that you will lay out no more than what is necessary.

I think your ministers perfectly right to avoid all enquiry, and every thing that would embroil them.

To appeal to the mob, that can neither enquire nor judge, is a proceeding, that, I think, the common sense of mankind should condemn. Perhaps he may deserve this usage; but a good man may fall under the same.

We expect a new parliament, and many changes; but I believe some we hear of will not be.

Your observation of the two sentences is just. You will pardon this disjointed letter. I believe my respects are better than the expressions here. I am, &c.

W. DUBLIN.

## LETTER XLI.

Mr. NELSON to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR,

Ash-Wednesday,  
Feb. 22, 1710-11.

I Beg leave to put you in mind of the inscription, which you are to prepare for the earl of *Berkeley's* monument. My lady dowager has determined to have it in *Latin*; so that I hope you want no farther directions towards the finishing of it. The workman calls upon me for it, which is the reason of this trouble given you, by Rev. sir, your most humble servant,

ROBERT NELSON.



On the back of this letter is the following inscription in the hand-writing of Dr. *Swift*:

H. S. E.

CAROLUS comes de *Berkeley*, vicecomes de *Duresly*, baro *Berkeley* de castro de *Berkeley*, dominus *Moubray*, *Segrave*, et *Bruce*; dominus locum tenes comitatus *Glocestriæ*; civitatis *Glocestriæ* seneschallus; guardianus de foresta de *Dean*; custos rotulorum comitatus de *Surrey*; et reginæ *Annæ* à secretioribus consiliis. Ob fidem spectatam, linguarum peritiam et prudentiam, a rege *Gulielmo III.* legatus et plenipotentarius ad ordines *Fœderati Belgii* per quinque annos arduis reipublicæ negotiis feliciter invigilavit. Ob quæ merita ab eodem rege (vivente adhuc patre) in magnatum numerum adscriptus et consiliarius a secretis factus; et ad *Hiberniam* secundus inter tres summos justiciarios missus; denique legatus extraordinarius designatus ad *Turcarum* imperium: et postea, regnante *Anna*, ad *Cæsarem* ablegatus: quæ munia, ingravescente valetudine et senectute, obire nequii.

Natus *Londini*, 1640.

Obiit, 1710.

Ætatis 62.

## LETTER XLII.

Archbishop KING to Dr SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dublin, March 17, 1710-11.

I Return you thanks for yours of the 8th instant. I do not wonder, that you were in some confusion when you wrote it; for I assure you I read it  
with



with great horror, which such a fact is apt to create in every body, that is not hardened in wickedness. I received several other letters with narratives of the same, and seen some, that came to other hands; but none so particular, or that could be so well depended upon. I observe, that, among them all, there is no account of the matters laid to *Guiscard's* charge, of his design, or how he came to be discovered. I suppose those are yet secrets, as it is fit they should be. I do remember something of this *Guiscard*, and that he was to head an invasion; and that he published a very foolish narrative\*; but neither remember exactly the time, or under what minister it was, or who were his patrons. It seems convenient, that these should be known, because it is reported, that Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John* were those, who chiefly countenanced him, and he their peculiar favourite†. One would think this should convince the world, that Mr. *Harley* is not in the *French* interest, but it has not yet had that effect with all: nay, some whisper the case of *Fenius Rufus*, and *Scevinus* in the 15th book of *Tacitus*, *accensis indicibus ad prodendum Fenium Rufum, quem eundem conscium et inquisiterem non tolerabant*. Mr.

\* ‘The Marquis de *Guiscard's* *Memoirs* were published with a dedication to queen *Anne*, dated at the *Hague*, May 10, 1705.’

† See an account of *Guiscard* in the *Examiner*, No. xxxii. May 15, 1711, and a note, Vol. VIII. of *Bathurst's* edition of *Swift* in 1755. He was a *Frenchman*, and employed by the whig ministry, in the beginning of the queen's reign, and commanded an unsuccessful expedition against *France*. He afterwards endeavoured to make his peace at home, by acting here as a spy, and was detected.

*St. John* is condemned for wounding *Guiscard*; and had he killed him, there would not have wanted some to suggest, that it was done on purpose, lest he should tell tales.

We had a strange piece of news by last packet, that the address to her majesty met with but a cold reception from one party in the house of commons; and that all the lords, spiritual and temporal, of that party, went out when it passed in the lords house. But I make it a rule, never to believe party news, except I have it immediately from a sure hand.

I was in hopes to have heard something of our first-fruits and twentieth parts; but I doubt that matter sleeps, and that it will be hard to awaken it.

You will expect no news from home. We eat and drink as we used to do. The parties are tolerably silent, but those for the late ministry seem to be united, keep much together, and are so wise as not to make much noise; nor have I heard any thing of their sentiments of late, only what has happened on this accident. I heartily recommend you to God's care. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.



## L E T T E R XLIII.

Lord PETERBOROW to Dr. SWIFT.

For the Rev. Dr. SWIFT, Bishop of, or Dean  
of, &c.

S I R,

Vienna, April 18, 1711.

I Have often with pleasure reflected upon the glorious possibilities of the *English* constitution; but I must apply to politics a *French* expression, appropriated by them to beauty: there is a *je ne sçai quoi* amongst us, which makes us troublesome with our learning, disagreeable with our wit, poor with our wealth, and insignificant with our power.

I could never despise any body for what they have not, and am only provoked, when they make not the right use of what they have. This is the greatest mortification to know the advantages we have by art and nature, and see them disappointed by self-conceit and faction. What patience could bear the disappointment of a good scheme by the *October* club?

I have with great uneasiness received imperfect accounts of disagreement amongst ourselves. The party we have to struggle with has strength enough to require our united endeavours. We should not attack their firm body like *Hussars*. Let the victory be secure before we quarrel for the spoils; let it be considered whether their yoke were easy, or their burden light. What! must there ever be in *St. Stephen's* chapel, a majority either of knaves or fools?

But



But seriously I have long apprehended the effects of that universal corruption, which has been improved with so much care, and has so fitted us for the tyranny designed, that we are grown, I fear, insensible of slavery, and almost unworthy of liberty.

The gentlemen, who give you no other satisfaction in politics than the appearances of ease and mirth, I wish I could partake with them in their good humour; but Tokay itself has no effect upon me while I see affairs so unsettled; faction so strong, and credit so weak; and all services abroad under the truest difficulties by past miscarriages, and present want of money; but we are told here, that in the midst of victory, orders are given to sound a parly, I will not say a retreat. Give me leave to tell the churchmen, there is not in \* \* \* \*

I have rid the resty horse you say they gave me, in ploughed lands, till I have made him tame. I wish they manage the dull jades as well at home, and get them forwards either with whip or spur. I depend much upon the three you mention; if they remember me with kindness, I am theirs, by the two strongest ties, I love them, and hate their enemies.

Yet you seem to wish me other work. It is time the statesmen employ me in my own trade, not theirs. If they have nothing else for me to subdue, let me command against that rank whiggish puppet-show. Those junto pigmies, if not destroyed, will grow up to giants. Tell *St. John* he must find me work in the old world or the new.

I find Mr. *Harley* forgets to make mention of the most important part of my letter to him; which was  
to

to let him know, that I expected immediately for one Dr. *Swift*, a lean bishoprick, or a fat deanry. If you happen to meet that gentleman at dinner, tell him, that he has a friend out of the way of doing him good, but that he would if he could, whose name is

PETERBOROW,

## L E T T E R XLIV.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dublin, April 19, 1711.

I Had the favour of yours of the 10th instant, by which I understand how much I am obliged to you for the justice you did me as to the report, you let me know, was about to be printed in the Post-boy relating to Mr. *Harley*.

I think there is no man in this kingdom, on which such a report could be fixed with less colour of truth, having been noted for the particular regard I have always had for him. I have suffered in some cases too, for my zeal to defend him in the worst of times; for I confess I never could, with patience, bear the treatment he met with in *Gregg's* affair\*. The

\* *William Gregg* was an under-clerk to Mr. secretary *Harley* in 1708, and was detected in a treasonable correspondence. When he was indicted, he pleaded guilty; which gave occasion to Mr. *Harley's* enemies to insinuate, that he was privy to *Gregg's* practices, and had, by assurances of pardon, prevailed upon him to plead guilty, in order to prevent the examination of witnesses. When *Gregg* was at length executed, he left a paper behind him, in which Mr. *Harley* was fully and particularly justified.



truth is, when I received the news of this last barbarous attempt made on him ; I with indignation insulted some, with whom I used to dispute about the former case, and asked them, whether they would now suspect that he was in the conspiracy to stab himself? The turn they gave it was what I wrote to you, that they imagined he might be in it notwithstanding that ; and that his discovering *Guiscard*, and pressing so hard on the examination, was the thing that provoked the man to such a degree of rage, as appeared in that villainous act. And they instanced the story of *Piso* in *Tacitus*, and the passage of *Rufus*. I know very well, that they did not believe themselves, and amongst other things I applied that passage of *Hudibras*, he, that beat out his brains, &c. \* I believe I have told this passage to several as an example, to shew into what absurdities the power of prejudice, malice, and faction will lead some men, I hope with good effect ; and added, as several gentlemen that heard me can witness, that it was a strange thing, that Mr. *Harley* should discover *Gregg*, and have him hanged, and yet be suspected to be partaker of his crime ; but altogether unaccountable, that in a cause, wherein his life was so barbarously struck at, it was a thousand to one if he escaped, he should still be under the suspicion of being a party with his murderer ; so that I could never imagine, that any one should report, that I spoke my own sense in a matter wherein I expressed

\* But he that hangs, or beats out's brains,  
The devil's in him if he feigns.



so great an abhorrence, both of the fact, and the vile comment made upon it.

As to any speech at the meeting of the clergy, or any reprimand given me by any person on this account, it is all, assure yourself, pure invention.

I am sensible of the favour you did me, in preventing the publishing of such a false report, and am most thankful to Mr. secretary *St. John* for stopping it. I have not the honour to be known to him, otherwise I would give him the trouble of a particular acknowledgement. As to Mr. *Harley*, I have had the happiness to have some knowledge of him, and received some obligations from him, particularly on the account of my act of parliament, that I obtained for the restitution of *Seatown* to the see of *Dublin*. I always had a great honour for him, and expected great good from his known abilities, and zeal for the common interest; and, as I believe he was the principal instrument of settling things on the present foot; so I believe every one, that wished well to these kingdoms, is satisfied, that there is not any man, whose death would be a greater loss to the public than his. The management of this parliament has, if not reconciled his worst enemies to him, at least silenced them; and it is generally believed, that his misfortune has much retarded public affairs.

I partly can guess who writ the letter you mention: it must be one of two or three, whose business it is to invent a lye, and throw dirt, ever since I was obliged by my duty to call them to account for their negligence and ill practices: they have published and dispersed several libellous prints against  
me,

me, in one of which I marked forty-three downright falsehoods in matters of fact. in another, it is true, there was only one such ; the whole and every part of it, from beginning to end being pure invention and falshood. But, to my comfort, they are despised by all good men ; and I like myself nothing less for being the object of their hate. You will excuse this long letter, and I hope I may, by next, apprise you with something of consequence. In the mean time, I heartily recommend you, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

I held my visitation on the 9th instant, where you were excused, as absent on the public business of the church \*.

## LETTER XLV.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dublin, May 15, 1711.

I Had the favour of yours of the 10th instant, by the last packets, and cannot return you sufficient acknowledgement for your kind and prudent management of that affair so much to my advantage. I confess that I did not much fear that such a vile report would do me any great injury with Mr. *Harley* ; for I was persuaded he was too wise to believe such an incredible story. But the publishing it to the world might have influenced some to my disadvan-

\* Dr. *Swift* had then two livings in *Ireland*, *Laracor* and *Rathbeggin*, both in the diocese of *Meath*.



tage; and no man can be well pleased to be the subject of a libel, though it often happens to be the fate of honest men.

I doubt not but you will hear of an unlucky contest in the city of *Dublin* about their mayor. You may remember (I think, whilst you were here, that is, in 1709) alderman *Constantine*, by a cabal, for so must I call it, lost his election; and a junior alderman, one *Forrest*, was elected mayor for the ensuing year. *Constantine* petitioned the council-board not to approve the election; for you must know, by the new rules, settled in pursuance of an act of parliament, for the better regulation of corporations, their chief officers must be approved of by the governor and council after they are elected, before they can enter into any of their respective offices; and, if not approved of in ten days, the corporation that chose them must go to a new election. Now alderman *Constantine*, upon the corporation's return of *Forrest*, complained of it as wrong, and desired to be heard by counsel; but my lord *Wharton*, then lord lieutenant, would not admit it. This past on to the year 1710, and then the present mayor was chosen, alderman *Eccles*, another junior alderman; and this year one alderman *Barlow*, a taylor, another junior. *Constantine*, finding the government altered, supposed he should have more favour, and petitions again of the wrong done him. The city replied, and we had two long hearings. The matter depended on an old bye-law, made about the 12th of queen *Elizabeth*; by which the aldermen, according to their ancientry, are required to keep their mayoralty, not-

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withstanding any licences or orders to the contrary. Several dispensations and instances of contrary practices were produced; but with a salvo, that the law of succession should stand good; and some aldermen, as appeared, had been disfranchised for not submitting to it, and holding their mayoralty. On the contrary, it was urged, that this rule was made in a time when the mayoralty was looked upon as a great burthen, and the senior aldermen got licences from serving it, and by faction and interest got it put on the junior and poorer; and most of the aldermen were then papists, and being obliged, on accepting the office to take the oath of supremacy, and come to church, they declined it, but the case was now altered, and most were ambitious of it; and a rule or bye-law, that imposed it as a duty and burthen, must be understood to oblige them to take it, but could not oblige the electors to put it on them; that it was often dispensed with, and, as alledged, altogether abrogated by the new rules, that took the election out of the city, where the charter places it, and gave it to the aldermen only; that since those rules, which were made in 1672, the elections have been in another manner, and in about 36 mayors, eight or nine were junior aldermen. On the whole, the matter seemed to me to hang on a most slender point; and being archbishop of *Dublin*, I thought I was obliged to be for the city, but the majority was for the bye-law, and disapproved alderman *Barlow*, who was returned for mayor. I did foresee that this would beget ill blood, and did not think it for my lord duke of *Ormond's* interest to clash with the city;



city; and I went to several of his grace's friends, whom I most trust, before the debate in council, and desired them to consider the matter, and laid the inconveniency I apprehended before them, and desired them to take notice, that I had warned them; but they told me, that they did not foresee any hurt it would be to his grace. And I pray God it may not; though I am afraid it may give him some trouble.

The citizens have taken it heinously; and, as I hear, met to-day, and in common council repealed the bye-law, and have chosen alderman *Barlow* again. I think them wrong in both, and a declaration of enmity against the council and government, which feud is easier begun than laid. It is certain the council must disapprove their choice, it being against the new rules, as well as good manners: and what other steps will be made to correct them, I cannot say; whereas if they had appointed a committee to view and report what old obsolete bye-laws were become inconvenient, and repealed this among the rest, it would not have given offence; and if they had chosen another instead of *Barlow*, I believe he would have been approved, and there had been an end of the contest.

You must know this is made a party affair, as *Constantine* sets up for a high-churchman, which I never heard he did before: but this is an inconveniency in parties, that whoever has a private quarrel, and finds himself too weak, he immediately becomes a zealous partizan, and makes his private a public quarrel.

Perhaps it may not be ungrateful, nor perhaps altogether useless to you, to know the truth of this matter ; for I imagine it will be talked of.

I believe, the generality of the citizens and gentlemen of *Ireland* are looked on as friends to the whiggish interest. But it is only so far as to keep out the pretender, whom they mortally fear with good reason ; and so many villainous papers have been spread here, and so much pains taken to persuade them that the tories design to bring him in, that it is no wonder they are afraid of them ; but, God be thanked, this ministry and parliament has pretty well allayed that fear by their steady and prudent management. And if his grace the duke of *Ormond* prosecutes the same measures the ministry doth in *Britain* (as I believe he will), I persuade myself, that the generality here will be as zealous for this as any ministry we ever had.

The death of the earl of *Rochester* is a great blow to all good men, and even his enemies cannot but do justice to his character. What influence it will have on public affairs, God only knows. I pray let me have your thoughts on it, for I have some fears, that I do not find affect other people : I was of opinion that he contributed much to keep things steady ; and I wish his friends may not want his influence. I conclude with my prayers for you,

WILL. DUBLIN.



## L E T T E R XLVI.

Lord P E T E R B O R O W to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Hanover, June 21, 1711.

**Y**OU were returning me to ages past for some expressions in my letter. I find matter in yours to send you as far back as the golden age. How came you to frame a system (in the times we live in) to govern the world by love?

I was much more surprized at such a notion in your first, than to find your opinion altered in your last letter. My hopes were founded more reasonably upon the contrary principle. I wish we could keep ourselves steady by any; but I confess it was the hatred and contempt so justly conceived against our late governors, that gave me some little expectations we might unite at least, in order to prevent a relapse.

The consequences of places not given were apparent; the whole party were then dissatisfied; and when given, those are only pleased who have them. This is what the honest management of past administrations has brought us to: but I should not yet despair, if your loving principle could but have its force amongst three or four of your acquaintance. Never persons had more reason to agree; nor was it ever in the power of a few men to bring greater events to bear, or prevent greater inconveniencies; for such are inevitable, without the nicest management; and

I believe no person was ever better prepared to make this out than myself.

I wish, before I left *England*, that I had met, either in your letters or discourse, any thing like what you hint in your last ; I should have found great ease, and you some satisfaction ; for had you passed these six months with me abroad, I could have made you sensible, that it were easy to have brought the character and influence of an *English* peer equal to that of a senator in old *Rome*. Methinks I could have brought it to that pass, to have seen a levee of suppliant kings and princes expecting their destinies from us, and submitting to our decrees ; but if we come in politics to your necessity of leaving the town for want of money to live in it, Lord, how the case will alter !

You threaten me with law, and tell me I might be compelled to make my words good. Remember your own insinuations : what if I should leave *England* in a week's time, and summon you in quality of chaplain and secretary, to be a witness to transactions perhaps of the greatest importance, so great, that I should think you might deserve the bishopric of *Winchester* at your return. Let me know, in a letter directed to *Parson's-Green*, the moment you receive this, whether you are ready and willing ; but you must learn to live a month, now and then, without sleep. As to all other things, we should meet with no mortifications abroad, if we could escape them from home.



But, without raillery, if ever I can propose to myself to be of any great use, I foresee this will be the case. This is so much my opinion, that I conclude, if it falls out otherwise, I shall never concern myself in any public business in *England*; that I shall either leave it for a better climate, or marry in a rage, and become the hero of the *October* club.

Yours,

PETERBOROW.

## LETTER XLVII.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dublin, July 25, 1711.

YOU must not wonder, that I have been so ill a correspondent of late, being, as I find, in debt to you for yours of *June* the 8th, and *July* the 12th. This did not proceed from any negligence: but from the circumstances of things here, that were such, that I could not return you any satisfactory answer.

We have now got over the preliminaries of our parliaments and convocation; that is to say, our addresses, &c. and as to the parliament, so far as appears to me, there will be an intire compliance with her majesty's occasions, and my lord duke of *Ormond's* desires; and that funds will be given for two years from *Christmas* next; by which we shall have the following summer free from parliamentary attendance, which proves a great obstruction both

to church and country business. As to the convocation, we have no licence as yet to act. I have heard some whispers, as if a letter of licence had come over, and was sent back again to be mended, especially as to direction about a president. I may inform you, that that matter is in her majesty's choice: we have on record four licences; the first directed to the archbishop of *Dublin* in 1614; the other three, that are in 1634, 1662, and 1665, directed to the then lords primates. I have not at present the exact dates; but I have seen the writs, and find the convocations sat in these years.

His grace the duke of *Ormond*, in his speech to the parliament (which I doubt not but you have seen) mentioned the remittal of the twentieth parts, and the grant of the first-fruits, for buying impropriations; but did not assume to himself any merit in the procuring of them; nor, that I can find by any intimation, so much as insinuated, that the grant was on his motion; notwithstanding, both in the house of lords and convocation, some laboured to ascribe the whole to his grace; and had it not been for the account I had from you, his grace must, next to her majesty, have had the entire thanks. You'll observe, from the lords address and convocation, that his grace is brought in for a share in both. But if the case should be otherwise, yet his grace is no way to be blamed. The current runs that way; and perhaps neither you nor I have bettered our interest here at present, by endeavouring to stop it.

The conclusion was, that all the archbishops and bishops agreed to return thanks to my lord treasurer



treasurer of *Great Britain*, by a letter, which all in town have signed, being convinced, that, next to her majesty's native bounty, and zeal for the church, this favour is due to his lordship's mediation.

But they have employed no agent to solicit the passing the act through the offices, believing his lordship will take care of that of his own mere motion, as he did of the grant. This is meant as an instance of the great confidence of his lordship's concern for them, which makes it needless that any should intermeddle in what he has undertaken.

If his lordship thinks fit to return any answer to the bishops, I wish he would take some occasion to mention you in it; for that would justify you, and convince the bishops, some of whom, perhaps, suspect the truth of what you said of the first-fruits and twentieth parts being granted before his grace the duke of *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

I can't at present write of several matters, that perhaps I may have opportunity to communicate to you. I have sent with this the lords and the convocation's address to my lord duke.

If it may be proper, I would have my most humble respects to be laid before my lord treasurer. You may be sure I am his most humble servant, and shall never forget the advantages he has been the author of to the church and state; and yet I believe, if it please God to prolong his life, greater things may be expected from him; my prayers shall not be wanting.

As

As for yourself, I will say more some other time :  
and for the present shall only assure you, that I am,  
sir, your affectionate humble servant, and brother,

WILL. DUBLIN.

## LETTER XLVIII.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

Liffenhall, July 28, 1711.

SINCE my lord duke of *Ormond*'s arrival, I have been so continually hurried with company, that I retired here for two or three days. The preliminaries of our parliament are now over ; that is to say, addresses, &c. and I find the usual funds will be granted ; I think unanimously for two years from *Christmas* next, which is all the duke of *Ormond* desires. I do not see much more will be done. You will observe several reflections are in the addresses on the late management here, in which the earl of *Anglesey* and I differed. If we could impeach, as you can in *Great Britain*, and bring the malefactors to account, I should be for it with all my endeavour ; but to shew our ill-will, when we can do no more, seems to be no good policy in a dependent people, and that can have no other effect, than to provoke revenge, without the prospect of redress ; of which we have two fatal instances. I reckon, that every chief governor, who is sent here, comes with a design to serve first those who sent him ; and that our good only must be so far considered, as it is subservient to the main design.



design. The only difference between governors, as to us, is to have a good-natured man, that has some interest in our prosperity, and will not oppress us unnecessarily; and such is his grace. But I doubt, whether even that will not be an objection against him on your side of the water: for I have found, that those governors, that gained most on the liberties of the kingdom, are reckoned the best; and therefore it concerns us to be on our guard against all governors, and to provoke as little as we can. For he, that cannot revenge himself, acts the wise part, when he dissembles, and passes over injuries.

In my opinion, the best that has happened to us, is, that the parliament grants the funds for two years; for by these means we shall have one summer to ourselves, to do our church and country business. I have not been able to visit my diocese *ecclesiastim*, as I used to do, the last three years, for want of such a recess. I hope the parliament of *Great Britain* will not resume the yarn bill whilst they continue the same. The lords have not sat above four or five days, and are adjourned till *Monday* next; so we have no heads of bills brought into our house as yet: but if any be relating to the church, I will do my endeavour to give you satisfaction.

Our letter is come over for the remittal of the twentieth parts, and granting the first-fruits for buying impropriations, and purchasing glebes, which will be a great ease to the clergy, and a benefit to the church. We want glebes more than the impropriations; and I am for buying them first, where wanting; for without them, residence is impossible;  
and,

and, besides, I look upon it, as a security to tithes, that the laity have a share in them; and therefore I am not for purchasing them, but where they are absolutely necessary.

We shall, I believe, have some considerations of methods to convert the natives; but I do not find, that it is desired by all, that they should be converted. There is a party amongst us, that have little sense of religion, and heartily hate the church: these would have the natives made protestants; but such as themselves are deadly afraid they should come into the church, because, they say, this would strengthen the church too much. Others would have them come in, but can't approve of the methods proposed; which are, to preach to them in their own language, and have the service in *Irish*, as our own canons require. So that between them, I am afraid that little will be done. I am, sir, yours, &c.

## LETTER XLIX.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Swords, Sept. 1. 1711.

I Have before me yours of the 15th and 21st, for which I return you my hearty thanks. I perceive you have the votes of our commons here, and I suppose the address of the lords, that gave occasion to them. I must let you know, that I was very positive against the clause that provoked them, and kept the house in debate about it at least an hour,  
and



and spoke so often, that I was ashamed of myself; yet there were but three negatives to it. I used several arguments against the lords concurring with their committee, and foretold all that has happened upon it. Upon which I was much out of favour with the house for some time; and industry has been used, as I was informed, to persuade my lord duke, that what I did was in opposition to his interest: but when I had the opportunity to discourse his grace last, he was of another opinion. And, in truth, my regard to his grace's interest was the principal reason of opposing a clause, that I foresaw might embarrass his business here.

There happened another affair relating to one *Langton*, of whom I formerly gave you some account. The commons found him on the establishment for a small pension; and having an ill notion of him and his informations, they took this occasion to examine his merits. In order to which, they sent up a message to the lords, to desire leave for judge *Coste*, who had taken his examinations, and those of his witnesses, to come down, and inform the committee: and this seemed the more necessary, because the examinations taken by the council were burned: but the lords refused to let the judge go down, as desired, and passed a vote to take the examination of the matter into their hands. This, I foresaw, might prove another bone of contention, and did oppose it, but with the same success as the former. *Langton* pleaded privilege, as chaplain to the bishop of *Osfory*, and refused to appear before the commons; on which they passed the angry resolves you will find  
in

in their votes. The examination of this matter has employed much of the lords time to very little purpose. My opposing this was made an objection against me by some, that wish now my advice had been taken.

The business of the city of *Dublin*, of which I gave you an account formerly, embroils us very much. We have at the council rejected four mayors and eight sheriffs, all regularly elected by the city, some of them the best citizens in the town, and much in the interest of the government. We begin to be sick of it, and I am afraid, that it may beget ill blood, and come into parliament here. We have rejected the elected magistrates in four other corporations, which adds to the noise. I own there were good reasons for rejecting some of them; but I can't say the same for *Dublin*. I wish this may not prove uneasy to us.

There was a motion made at the sessions for the county of *Dublin* at *Kilmainham*, for an address of thanks to her majesty for sending his grace the duke of *Ormond* to be our chief governor. Nine of the justices, that is, all that were then present, agreed to it, and an address was ordered to be drawn, which was brought next morning into court, and then there were above a score, that seemed to have come on purpose, and promised, that it should be rejected by a majority; for this reason only, that it would entail a necessity on them to address in favour of every new lord lieutenant, or disoblige him. For which reason it was rejected also in my lord *Wharton's* time. This no ways concerns his  
grace



grace himself; but in my opinion, ought to lessen the esteem of some persons management, that attempt things, which would be better let alone, where they cannot be carried without opposition.

The house of commons seem to have received ill impressions of some. They reckon my lord duke's advisers, as if they were secretly his enemies, and designed to betray him. They generally seemed persuaded, that his grace is a sincere honest man, and most in the interest of the kingdom of any chief governor they can ever expect; and that, therefore, they ought to support him to the utmost of their power, and declare, that the quarrels his enemies raise, shall not hinder them from doing whatever he shall reasonably desire from them, or her majesty's service require; and as an instance of their sincerity in this, they have granted funds for two years from *Christmas* last; whereas at first they intended only two years from the 24th of *June* last.

I have been preaching a doctrine that seems strange to some: 'tis, that her majesty, and the ministry, will be inclined to employ such as may be a help and support to their interest, and not a clog. I mean, that these subalterns should, by their prudence and dexterity, be able to remove any misunderstandings, that may be between the government and the people, and help to beget in them a good notion of the ministry; and, by all means, avoid such things, as may embarrass or beget jealousies; so that the burden or odium may not fall on the ministry, where any harsh things happen to be done: that it seems to me to be the duty of those in  
posts,

posts, to avoid unnecessary disputes, and not to expect, that the ministry will interpose to extricate them, when they, without necessity, have involved themselves. But some are of a different opinion, and seem to think, that they have no more to do, when they meet with difficulties, perhaps of their own creating, than to call in the ministry, and desire them to decide the matter by power: a method that I do not approve, nor has it succeeded well with former governors here: witness lord *Sydney* and lord *Wharton*, in the case of the convocation.

There really needs but one thing to quiet the people of *Ireland*, and it is to convince them, that there is no eye to the pretender. Great industry has been, and still is, used to bugbear them with that fear. I believe it is over with you: but it will require time and prudent methods to quiet the people here, that have been possessed for twenty-two years with a continual apprehension, that he is at the door, and that a certain kind of people designed to bring him in. The circumstances of this kingdom, from what they saw and felt under king *James*, make the dread of him much greater than it can be with you.

As to our convocation, a letter came from her majesty to give us licence to act; but it no ways pleased some people, and so it was sent back to be modelled to their mind, but returned again without alteration. It came not to us till the day the parliament adjourned. I was at that time obliged to attend the council, there being a hearing of the quakers against a bill for recovering tithes. In my



absence, they adjourned till the meeting of the parliament, without so much as voting thanks, or appointing a committee. The things that displeased some in the licence were, first, that my lord primate was not the sole president, so as to appoint whom he pleased to act in his absence. The second was, the consideration of proper methods to convert the natives, against which some have set themselves with all their might. The third is, what concerns pluralities, and residence, which some have not patience to hear of. The lower house seem to have the matter more at heart ; for they have appointed committees during the recess, and are doing something.

I can't but admire, that you should be at a loss to find what is the matter with those, that would neither allow you, nor any one else, to get any thing for the service of the church, or the public. It is, with submission, the silliest query I ever found made by *Dr. Swift*. You know there are some, that would assume to themselves to be the only churchmen and managers, and can't endure that any thing should be done but by themselves, and in their own way ; and had rather that all good things proposed should miscarry, than be thought to come from other hands than their own, whose business it is to lessen every body else, and obstruct whatever is attempted, tho' of the greatest advantage to church and state, if it be not from their own party. And yet, so far as I have hitherto observed, I do not remember any instance of their proposing, much less prosecuting with success, any thing for the public good. They seem to have a much better hand at obstructing

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others, and embarrassing affairs, than at proposing or prosecuting any good design.

These seem as uneasy that more alterations are not made here, as those you mention are with them. The reason is very plain, they would fain get into employments, which can't be without removes ; but I have often observed, that none are more eager for posts, than such as are least fit for them. I do not see how a new parliament would much mend things here ; for there is little choice of men : perhaps it might be for the worst, *rebus sic stantibus* ; though I always thought the honest part, is to allow the people to speak their sense on the change of affairs by new representatives. I do not find, that those that have embarrassed the present, designed a new one ; but they thought the commons so passive, that they might carry what they pleased, whatever their design might be. If they prosecute the present measures, I believe they will make new ones necessary, when there shall be occasion to have a new session.

I pray most heartily for her majesty, and her ministers ; and am inclined to believe, that it is one of the most difficult parts of their present circumstances, to find proper instruments to execute their good intentions, notwithstanding the great crowds that offer themselves ; particularly, my lord treasurer's welfare is at heart with all good men : I am sure, with none more than, reverend sir, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.



## L E T T E R L.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Swords, Sept. 1, 1711.

I Got a little retirement here, and made use of it, to write to you by the present packet. I promised to say something as to your own affairs; and the first thing is not to neglect yourself on this occasion, but to make use of the favour and interest you have at present, to procure you some preferment that may be called a settlement. Years come on; and after a certain age, if a man be not in a station that may be a step to a better, he seldom goes higher. It is with men as with beauties, if they pass the flower, they grow stale, and lie for ever neglected. I know you are not ambitious; but it is prudence, not ambition, to get into a station, that may make a man easy, and prevent contempt when he grows in years. You certainly may now have an opportunity to provide for yourself, and I intreat you not to neglect it.

The second thing that I would desire you to consider, is, that God has given you parts and learning, and a happy turn of mind; and that you are answerable for those talents to God: and therefore I advise you, and believe it to be your duty, to set yourself to some serious and useful subject in your profession, and to manage it so, that it may be of use to the world. I am persuaded, that if you will apply yourself this way, you are well able to do it; and that

your knowledge of the world, and reading, will enable you to furnish such a piece, with such uncommon remarks, as will render it both profitable and agreeable, above most things that pass the press. Say not, that most subjects in divinity are exhausted; for if you will look into Dr. *Wilkins's* Heads of Matters, which you will find in his *Gift of Preaching*, you will be surprized to find so many necessary and useful heads, that no authors have meddled with. There are some common themes, that have employed multitudes of authors; but the most curious and difficult are in a manner untouched; and a good genius will not fail to produce something new and surprizing on the most trite, much more on those that others have avoided, merely because they were above their parts.

Assure yourself, that your interest, as well as duty, requires this from you; and you will find, that it will answer some objections against you, if you thus shew the world, that you have patience and comprehension of thought, to go through with such a subject of weight and learning.

You'll pardon me this freedom, which I assure you proceeds from a sincere kindness, and true value that I have for you. I will add no more, but my hearty prayers for you. I am, Dr. *Swift*,  
yours,

WILL. DUBLIN.

L E T-



## LETTER LI.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dublin, Oct. 27, 1711.

I Have before me yours of the 1st instant, but have been so employed with attending parliament, convocation and privy council, that I could neither compose my thoughts to write, nor find time. Besides, our business is all in a hurry; and I may say in fine, that things admit of no perfect account. On *Wednesday* the corn bill, which the commons seemed to value most, was thrown out; because it reserved a power to the lord lieutenant and council here, to prohibit or permit the transportation of grain at any time. There was a design to fall on the privy council upon this occasion; but gentlemen would not come into it; which shewed they had some wit in their anger. And I am still of opinion, that, with tolerable good management, this would have been as quiet a session as has been in *Ireland*: but the *Dublin* business, the address of the lords, \* *Langton's*

\* ‘*Dominic Langton*, clerk, formerly a fryar, had accused *Lewis Mears*, esq; and other protestant gentlemen of the county of *West-Meath*, of entering into an association against the queen and her ministry: upon which the house of commons in *Ireland*, on the 6th of *August*, 1711, voted several strong resolutions against the said *Langton*, declaring his charge against Mr. *Mears*, &c. to be false, groundless and malicious; and resolved, that an address should be presented to the lord lieutenant, the duke of *Ormond*, to desire, that her majesty would order the said *Langton* to be struck off the establishment of *Ireland*.’

affair and now *Higgins's* \*, have exasperated the commons to such a height, that will, as you observe, make this parliament to be impracticable any longer. It is true, the lords address might have been interpreted to aim at lord *Wharton*, and was partly so intended; but it was ill expressed to bear that sense; and, besides, what did it signify for us to shew our resentment, when it could only provoke a great man to revenge, and could not reach him?

As to the first-fruits, and twentieth parts no body here dare say, that any body, beside the duke of *Ormond*, procured them, but his grace himself; who, for ought I can learn, never assumed, either publicly or privately, any such merit to himself: and yet, I confess, it is not amiss, that it should be thought he did those things. For he could not think of governing the kingdom, if it be not believed, that he has great interest at court; and if that did not appear by some favours of moment obtained for the kingdom, none would suppose it. He is truly a modest, generous, and honest man; and

\* ‘*Francis Higgins*, M. A. prebendary of *Christ-church*, in *Dublin*, and rector of *Balruddery*, in that county, mentioned in a former note, p. 66. He had been presented by the grand jury of the county of *Dublin*, on the 5th of *October*, 1711, as a sower of sedition, and groundless jealousies, amongst her majesty’s Protestant subjects. And on the 10th of the same month, *Henry* lord *Santry* presented a petition to the lord lieutenant and privy-council of *Ireland*, desiring, that Mr. *Higgins* might be turned out of the commission of peace. But, after several hearings of the case, before the lord lieutenant and council, he was, on the 19th of *November* following, cleared; though the archbishop of *Dublin* voted in the negative against him.’



assure yourself, that whatever disturbance he has met with, proceeds from his sticking too close to his friends. It is a pity, such a fault should hurt a man. I send you, enclosed, the papers that relate to Mr. *Higgins*. Lord *Santry* was heard against him, before the lord lieutenant and council, *October 27* : he was allowed only to prove the articles in his petition, that are marked with P, and he seemed to prove them pretty fully ; but Mr. *Higgins* not having yet made his defence, I can give no judgement. By the testimony of the lower house of convocation, in his favour, you will see how heartily they espouse him. And surely both pains and art have been used to screen him : with what effect you shall hear when the matter is concluded. I wish every good man may meet with as good and as fast friends as he hath done. I send you likewise the votes, that kept the commons in debate, from eleven in the morning till seven at night. The question was carried in the negative, by two accidents ; the going out of one member, by chance, to speak to somebody at putting the question ; and the coming in of another in his boots, at the very minute. If either had not happened, it had gone the other way. The personal affection to the duke of *Ormond* divided the house. If they could have separated him from some others, the majority had been great. You may easily, from this, see what way the bent of the kingdom goes ; and that garbling corporations no way pleases them.

We have several printed accounts of preliminaries of the peace ; but I believe them all amusements ; for, I imagine, none of the common scribblers know

any thing of them at all. I pray God they may be such as may secure us from a new war ; though, I believe, the death of the emperor makes a lasting peace much more difficult than before. That depends on a ballance, and to that three things seem so necessary, than any two may stop the third ; but now all is reduced to two. I reckon, as soon as the peace is settled, the dauphin will be taken out of the way, and then *France* and *Spain* will fall into one hand : a surmise I have had in mind ever since *Philip* got *Spain*, and I was of opinion, that if we could have been secured against this accident, there had been no need of a war at all.

As to the convocation, I told you formerly how we lost all the time of the recess, by a precipitate adjournment made by five bishops, when the archbishop of *Tuam*, and as many of us as were of the privy-council, were absent, attending at the board, upon a hearing of the Quakers against the bill for recovery of tithes. Since the meeting of the parliament, after the recess, we have attended pretty closely, have drawn up and agreed to six or seven canons, and have drawn up a representation of the state of religion, as to infidelity, heresy, impiety, and popery. We have gone through likewise and agreed to, a great part of this ; but I doubt we shall not be able to finish it. We have also before us the consideration of residence, and the means of converting papists. This last sent up from the lower house. But I reckon it not possible to finish these things this session. I need not tell you, that my lord primate's indisposition is a great clog to dispatch ;  
but



but he is resolved none else shall have the chair. So we dispense with many things, that otherwise I believe we should not. We had only two church-bills this time; one for unions, which was thrown out in our house; and another for recovery of tithes, which I understand will be thrown out by the commons. Our session draws near an end, and every body is tired of it.

WILL. DUBLIN.

## LETTER LII.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 31, 1711.

TO-Day we had another hearing at council, concerning Mr. *Higgins's* business. Some of his witnesses were examined. So far as we have yet heard, it doth not appear to me, that they have cleared him of tampering with witnesses, shifting recognizances, or compounding felonies; but, it is said, these things are common in the country; and, perhaps, that will save him. And I know not how far his other witnesses, that are yet to be examined, may clear him. The hearing lasted above three hours. I was unwilling to make this packet too large, so I have inclosed the other prints in another. I want some affidavits of gentlemen, in which they depose Mr. *Higgins's* case to contain many falsehoods. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LET-

## L E T T E R LIII.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dublin, Nov. 1, 1711.

I Have considered that part of your letter that relates to your own concerns. I find you, in earnest, very indifferent as to making your fortune; but you ought not to be so, for a weighty reason you insinuate yourself, that you cannot, without a settlement, be master of your time in such manner, as to apply yourself to do something that may be useful to the church. I know it is not in your power to do it when you please; but yet something may be done towards it. Get but a letter to the government, from my lord treasurer, for the first good preferment; and you will, at the same time, fill it with a good man, and perhaps prevent a bad one from getting into it. Sure there is no immodesty in getting such a recommendation. Consider that years grow upon you; and, after fifty, both body and mind decay. I have several things on the anvil, and near finished, that perhaps might be useful, if published: but the continual avocation, by business, the impositions on me by impertinent visits, and the uneasiness of writing, which grows more intolerable to me every day, I doubt, will prevent my going any farther. Therefore lose no time: *Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.* I am sure, you are able to do good service; and give me leave to be importunate with you to go about it. *Cæsar* wrote his Commentaries under the hurry and fatigues



fatigues of a general; and perhaps a man's spirit is never more awakened, nor his thoughts better, than in the intervals of a hurry of business. Read *Erasmus's* life, and you'll find it was almost a continual journey. You see how malicious some are towards you, in printing a parcel of trifles, falsely as your works. This makes it necessary that you should shame those varlets, by something that may enlighten the world, which, I am sure, your genius will reach, if you set yourself to it. If I had the honour to have any correspondence with my lord treasurer, I would certainly complain of you to him, and get his lordship to join in this request, which, I persuade myself, he would readily do, if put in mind. I do not in the least fear that you will be angry with me for this, since you cannot suspect my sincerity and kindness in it: and though I should be angry with you, if you neglect yourself and interest, yet it shall go no farther, than to be a trouble to myself, but no abatement of the real friendship of yours, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

## L E T T E R LIV.

Archbishop KING to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1711.

PERhaps it will not be ungrateful to you, to know our session of parliament ended on *Friday* last. We threw out, in the house of lords, two bills;  
that

that against fines in the city of *Dublin*, and about quit-rents; and voted an address, in opposition to the commons address about revolution principles. We likewise burned Mr. *Stoughton's* sermon, preached at *Christ-church* on the 30th of *January*, some years ago. The house were pleased to vote me thanks for prosecuting him, which, you may remember, I did in a difficult time, notwithstanding the opposition I had from the government, and his protection by lord *Ikerin*, which he pleaded in court: and yet I followed him so close, that I forced him out of his living. After this, we burned Mr. *Boyse's* book of *A Scriptural Bishop* \*; and some Observators †. Our address was brought in yesterday; in which sure we are even with the commons. I forgot to tell you, we agreed to another address against dissenting

\* 'It was printed in 4to. at *Dublin*, under the title of, *The Office of a Christian Bishop described, and recommended from 1 Tim. ch. iii. ver. 1. An ordination-sermon. With an appendix to it, and a postscript, containing an apology for the publication of it. The appendix and postscript were added to the second edition of the sermon. The author was an eminent dissenting minister, at Dublin.*'

† 'Papers published under that title, by *John Tutchin, Esq;* who had been severely sentenced by lord chief justice *Jeffreys* in king *James the second's* reign. He was, at last, attacked in the night, for some offence, which he had given by his writings, and died in consequence of the violence used towards him. *Dr. Swift*, in his *Examiner*, No. 15. for November 16, 1710, speaks of this writer, and of *Daniel de Foe*, author of *The Review of the State of the British Nation*, as two stupid illiterate scribblers, both of them fanatics by profession, p. 300.'

ministers,



ministers, and their twelve hundred pounds \* *per annum*. The commons made an address to my lord lieutenant, in which they bring him in for revolution principles. The memorial of the church of *England* † was reprinted here, and dedicated to my lord lieutenant. This was brought into the house of commons; and, I doubt, would not have escaped, if the usher of the black rod had not called them up to the prorogation. *Langton's* business came likewise into the house of lords, and when the house was full of ladies, an offer was made to receive the report of the committee, which contained many sheets of paper. A great debate happened upon it; but at last it was waved, and ordered to be laid before the lord lieutenant.

In short, we parted in very ill humour; and, I apprehend, that the minds of the generality are not easy. My lord duke of *Ormond*, so far as I could take it, made a very modest and healing speech; and his grace seemed, in it, to be altogether disinterested in parties. All these you have in public; and, if you think it worth while, I will take care to send them as they are printed.

\* ‘ This address was agreed upon *November 9, 1711*. The twelve hundred pounds *per annum* was originally a bounty to those ministers from king *Charles* the second, confirmed by king *William*, and continued by queen *Anne*.’

† ‘ Published at first in 1705, 4to. under this title, *The Memorial of the Church of England, humbly offered to the consideration of all true Lovers of our Church and Constitution*. This libel, upon its first publication, having been presented as such by the grand jury of *London and Middlesex*, on the 31st of *August, 1705*, was burnt by the common hangman.’

As to our convocation, those, who had loitered and done nothing before last week, pressed on the representation of the state of religion, as to infidelity, heresy, impiety, and popery: it will, in some time, be printed. I had many reasons, but insisted only on two; first, its imputing all vices to us, as if we were the worst of people in the world; not allowing any good amongst us. Secondly not assigning it a cause of the natives continuing Papists, that no care was ever taken to preach to them in their own language, or translating the service into *Irish*. You will find the matter in *Heylin's Reformation*, 2d *Eliz.* 1560, p. 128. I was forced to use art to procure this protest to be admitted, without which they would not have allowed me to offer reasons, as I had cause to believe.

Both the parliament and convocation have been so ordered, as to make us appear the worst people in the world, disloyal to her majesty, and enemies to the church; and I suspect, with a design to make us appear unworthy to have any countenance or preferment in our native country. When the representation is printed, I will, if you think it worth your while, send you my protest. We agreed likewise in some canons of no great moment, and some forms of prayer, and forms of receiving Papists and sectaries; which, I think, are too strait. I brought in a paper about residence; but here was no time to consider it, nor that which related to the means of converting Papists. I did not perceive any zeal that way. A great part of our representation relates to sectaries; and many things, in the whole,



whole, seem to me not defensible. I told you before, how we lost six weeks, during the adjournment of the parliament; and since it sat, we could only meet in the afternoon, and I was frequently in council; so that I was neither present when it was brought into the house, when it passed for the most part, or was sent down in parcels, in foul rased papers, that I could not well read, if I had an opportunity; and never heard it read through before it past.

I believe most are agreed, that if my advice had been taken, this would have been the peaceablest session ever was in *Ireland*; whereas it has been one of the most boisterous. I believe it was his grace the duke of *Ormond*'s interest to have it quiet; but then the managers conduct has shewed themselves to be necessary. I have wearied myself with this scrawl, and perhaps you will be so likewise. I am, &c.

W. DUBLIN.

## L E T T E R LV.

Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN to Dr. SWIFT.

Hampton Court, Nov. 16, 1711.

I Return you the sheet \*, which is, I think, very correct. *Sunday* morning I hope to see you. I am sincerely your hearty friend, and obedient servant,

H. ST. JOHN.

I have a vile story to tell you of the moral philosopher *Steele*.

## L E T T E R LVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. STERNE.

SIR,

London, Dec. 29, 1711.

THE reason I have not troubled you this long time with my letters, was, because I would not disturb the quiet you live in, and which the greatest and wisest men here would envy, if they knew; and which it is one part of your happiness that they do not. I have often sent the archbishop † political letters, of which I suppose you have had part. I

\* ' Probably of the conduct of the allies, which was published on the twenty-seventh of *November*, 1711.'

† ' Archbishop of *Dublin*, Dr. *King*.'



have some weeks ago received a letter from his grace, which I design to acknowledge in a short time (as I desire you will please to tell him) when things here come to some issue; and so we expect they will do in a little time. You know what an unexpected thing fell out the first day of this session in the house of lords \*, by the caprice, discontent, or some worse motive of the earl of *Nottingham*.

In above twenty years, that I have known something of courts, I never observed so many odd, dark, unaccountable circumstances in any public affair. A majority against the court, carried by five or six depending lords, who owed the best part of their bread to pensions from the court, and who were told by the public enemy, that what they did would be pleasing to the queen, though it was openly levelled against the first minister's head; again, those, whose purse-strings and heart-strings were the same, all on a sudden scattering their money to bribe votes: a lord † who had been so far always a tory, as often to be thought in the pretender's interest, giving his vote for the ruin of all his old friends, caressed by those whigs, who hated and abhorred him: the whigs

\* 'The earl of *Nottingham* proposed, in the house of lords, a clause to be inserted in the address of thanks to the queen for her speech, to represent to her majesty, as the humble opinion and advice of the house, that no peace could be made safe or honourable to *Great Britain* or *Europe*, if *Spain* or the *West-Indies* were to be allowed to any branch of the house of *Bourbon*. Which motion was carried by a majority of sixty-one votes to fifty-five.'

† 'Earl of *Nottingham*.'

all chiming in \* with a bill against occasional conformity; and the very dissenting ministers agreeing to it, for reasons that nobody alive can tell †; a resolution of breaking the treaty of peace, without any possible scheme of continuing the war: and all this owing to a doubtfulness, or inconstancy, in one certain quarter, which, at this distance, I dare not describe. Neither do I find any one person, though deepest in affairs, who can tell what steps to take. On *January* the second, the house of lords is to meet,

\* ‘ One of the conditions upon which the earl of *Nottingham* was said to have entered into strict engagements with the lords of the moderate party, was their concurrence with him in a bill to prevent *occasional conformity*, which he had formerly urged, and now designed to bring into the house of lords, though under another title, and with such clauses, as would, in some measure, enlarge the toleration of dissenters, and be a farther security to the Protestant succession, in the house of commons. Accordingly, on *Saturday, December 15, 1711*, his lordship brought into the house of lords *a bill for preserving the Protestant religion, by better securing the church of England, as by law established; and for confirming the toleration granted to the Protestant dissenters, by an act, intituled, An Act for exempting their Majesties Protestant Subjects, dissenting from the church of England, from the penalties of certain Laws; and for the supplying the defects thereof; and for the farther securing the Protestant succession, by requiring the practisers of the law, in North Britain, to take the oaths, and subscribe the declaration therein mentioned.* His lordship was supported by the earls of *Scarborough* and *Wharton*, and several other lords; so that the bill was received, and read the first time without any opposition; and on the 18th of *December*, it passed the house of lords, as it did that of the commons on the 20th of that month.’

† It is said the dissenters consented to be kept out, that the Papists might not be let in.

and,



and, it is expected, they will go on in their votes and addresses against a peace.

On the other side, we are endeavouring to get a majority, and have called up two earls sons to the house of peers; and I thought six more would have been called, and, perhaps, they may before *Wednesday*. We expect the duke of *Somerset* and lord *Cholmondley* will lose their places, but it is not yet done, and we wish for one more change at court, which you must guess. To know upon what small circumstances, and by what degrees, this change has been brought about, would require a great deal more than I can or dare write.

There is not one, which I did not give warning of to those chiefly concerned, many months ago; and so did some others, for they were visible enough. This must infallibly end either in an entire change of measures and ministry, or in a firm establishment of our side. Delay, and tenderness to an inveterate party, have been very instrumental to this ill state of affairs. They tell me, you in *Ireland* are furious against a peace; and it is a great jest to see people in *Ireland* furious for or against any thing.

I hope to see you in spring, when travelling weather comes on. But I have a mind to see the issue of this session. I reckon your hands are now out of mortar, and that your garden is finished: and I suppose you have now one or two fifty pounds \* ready for

\* Dr. *Sterne* made a large collection of books, and placed them in the upper part of the deanry-house (then built by him) which

books, which I will lay out for you, if you will give me directions.

I have increased my own little library very considerably; I mean as far as one fifty pounds, which is very considerable for me. I have just had a letter from the *St. Mary* ladies, &c.\* I thought they were both dead; but I find they sometimes drink your claret still, and win your money. I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

You know *who*.

P. S. I had sealed my letter, but have broke it open, to tell you, and all that love the church and crown, that all things are now well. The queen has turned out the duke of *Somerset*, and has created twelve new lords, of which three are peers eldest sons, the rest new created; so that a majority is past dispute. We are all in the greatest joy imaginable to find her majesty declare herself so seasonably.

he fitted up for this purpose, in one great room, with a fire-place at each end. He enlarged this collection very much in the subsequent part of his life, and when he died bishop of *Clogher*, in *June 1745*, he bequeathed such books out of it, to the trustees of the public library in *Dublin*, founded by primate *Marsh*, as they wanted. The remainder he directed to be sold, and the money to be divided amongst the curates of his diocese: but as those gentlemen chose rather to have the books divided amongst them, their request was complied with by the bishop's executors; and all the books, being a great number, were divided into lots as nearly equal as possible in value, and nailed up in boxes, that were numbered. Duplicates of these numbers were written on pieces of paper, and the curates drew for them.

\* 'Mrs. *Johnson* and Mrs. *Dingley*.'

L E T



## LETTER LVII.

Dr. SACHEVERELL \* to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, Southwark, Jan. 31, 1711-12.

SINCE you have been pleased to undertake the generous office of soliciting my good lord treasurer's favour in my behalf, I should be very ungrateful, if I did not return you my most hearty thanks for it, and my humblest acknowledgements to his lordship for the success it has met with.

I received last *Monday* a message by my pupil, Mr. *Lloyd*, representative of *Shropshire*, from Mr. *Harley*, by his lordship's order, to enquire what my brother was qualified for. I told him, having failed in his trade, he had been out of business for some years, during which time I had entirely maintained him and his family: that his education had not qualified him for any considerable or nice post; but that if his lordship thought him an object of his favour, I entirely submitted him to his disposal, and should be very thankful to his goodness to ease me of part of that heavy burthen of my family, that required more than my poor circumstances could allow of.

I am informed also, that I am very much indebted to my great contryman, Mr. secretary

\* This gentleman's trial, upon an impeachment, is well known. *Swift* says, it arose from a foolish passionate pique of the earl of *Godolphin*, whom he was supposed in a sermon to have reflected on, under the name of *Volpone*. See *Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry*, in volume XV. of *Swift's Works*.

*St. John*, for his generous recommendation of this matter to his lordship. I should be proud of an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to that eminent patriot, for whom no one, that wishes the welfare or honour of his church or country, can have so great a veneration.

But for yourself, good Doctor, who was the first spring to move it, I can never sufficiently acknowledge the obligation. I should be glad, if you will command me, in any time or place to do it, which will be a farther favour conferred on, reverend sir, your most faithful servant,

H. SACHEVERELL.

P. S. I am told there is a place in the custom-house void, called the *searcher's*; which, if proper to ask, I would not presume; but rather leave it to his lordship's disposal.

## LETTER LVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON\*.

Feb. 9, 1711.

I Dined to-day with Sir *Michael Dudley*, who is newly turned out of the commission of the customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity

\* Mrs. *Johnson* was a lady; with whom *Swift* became acquainted, while he lived with Sir *William Temple*. She was the daughter of his steward; and when he died, he left her a thousand pounds, in consideration of her father's faithful services. She was about 18 when she went to *Ireland*; and after a most intimate friendship of more than 16 years, she was, in 1716, married to the Dean, by Dr. *Ashe*, then bishop of *Clogher*, to whom he had been a pupil in *Trinity College, Dublin*, though it is not known that they



of whiggery, which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little, while he kept in employment. We can get no pacquets from *Holland*. I have not been with any of the ministry these two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpose, for a certain reason, for some time, tho' I must dine with the secretary \* to-morrow. The choosing of the company being left to me, I have engaged lord *Anglesey* † and lord *Carteret* ‡, and have promised to get three more; but I have a mind, that none else should be admitted. However, if I like any body at court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad.

10th, I saw prince *Eugene* at court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides. The court was very full, and people had their birth-day cloaths. No pacquets from *Holland* yet. Here are a parcel of drunken whiggish lords, like your lord *Santry*, who come into chocolate-houses, and rail aloud at the tories, and have challenges

they ever cohabited. This, and the following letters, are part of the journal, which, in the life of *Swift*, prefixed to *Bathurst's* edition, he is said to have written, and sent to this lady every fortnight. The letters are addressed, sometimes to Mrs. *Johnson*, and sometimes to Mrs. *Dingley*; and seem to be considered as written not to one, but both; for they are frequently addressed jointly; "are you housewives? are you readers;" See his letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, dated *March 22, 1711-12*.

\* *St. John*.

† *Arthur Annesley* earl of *Anglesey* in *Wales*, and lord viscount *Valencia* in *Ireland*.

‡ *John* lord *Carteret*, afterwards ambassador to *Sweden*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, secretary of state, president of the council, Knight of the Garter, and earl *Granville*.

sent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General *Rofs* was like to swinge the marquis of—— for this trick, the other day; and we have nothing else now to talk of till the parliament has had another bout with *the state of the war*, as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the barrier treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked some time ago, as if there was a design to impeach lord *Townshend* who made it.

11th, I dined with lord *Anglesey* to-day, who had seven *Irishmen* to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young *Bligh*, who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He asked me, one day at court, when I had been just talking with some lords, who stood near me, Doctor, when shall we see you in the county of *Meath*? I whispered him to take care what he said, for the people would think *he was some Barbarian*. He never would speak to me since till we met to-day. I went to lady *Masham*'s to night, and sat with lord treasurer and the secretary there till past two o'clock; and when I came home, found some letters from *Ireland*, which I read, but can say nothing of them till to-morrow: it is too late.

12th, One letter was from the bishop of *Clogher* last night, and the other from *Walls*\* about Mrs. † *South*'s salary, and his own pension of eighteen pounds for his tithes of the *Park*. I will do nothing in either. The first I cannot serve in, and the other

\* Rev. archdeacon *Walls*, rector of *Castleknock* near *Dublin*.

† Widow of Mr. *South*, a commissioner of the revenue in *Ireland*, and one of the rangers of the Deer-Park, *Phœnix*.



is a trifle; only you may tell him I had his letter, and will speak to *Ned Southwell*\* about what he designs me. You say nothing of your dean's receiving my letter.

I find *Clements*, whom I recommended to lord *Anglesey* last year, at *Walls*'s desire, or rather the bishop of *Clogher*'s, is mightily in lord *Anglesey*'s favour. You may tell the bishop and *Walls* so. I said to lord *Anglesey*, that I was glad I had the good luck to recommend him, &c.

I dined in the city with my printer †, to consult with him about some papers lord treasurer gave me last night, as he always does, too late. However, I will do something with them. My third cold is a little better, I never had any thing like it before, three colds successively. Three messengers came from *Holland* to-day, and they brought over the six packets that were due. I know not the particulars yet; for when I was with the secretary at noon, they were just opening. But one thing I find, the *Dutch* are playing us tricks, and tampering with the *French*; they are dogs; I shall know more.

13th, I dined to-day privately with my friend *Lewis*‡, at his lodging, to consult about some observations on the barrier treaty. Our news from *Holland* is not good. The *French* raise difficulties, and make such offers to the allies, as cannot be accepted;

\* Right Hon. *Edw. Southwell*, Esq; secretary of state for Ireland.

† Mr. *John Barber*, afterwards city and *South-Sea* printer, and lord mayor of *London* in 1733.

‡ *Erasms Lewis*, secretary to lord *Oxford*.

and the *Dutch* are uneasy, that we are like to get any thing for ourselves; and the whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very busy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr. *Pratt* to-day by a private hand, recommending the bearer to me, for something I shall not trouble myself about. *Wesley* writ to recommend the same fellow to me. His expression is, that hearing I am acquainted with my lord treasurer, he desires I would do so and so. A matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind! I hope I shall be wiser when I have once done with courts. I think you have not troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the service I could.

14th, Our society dined to-day at Mr. secretary's house. I went there at four; but hearing the house of commons would sit late upon the barrier treaty, I went for an hour to *Kensington*, to see lord *Masham's* children. My young nephew \*, his son of six months old, has got a swelling in his neck. I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at night, and I left them at ten. The commons have been very severe on the barrier treaty, as you will find by their votes. A whig member took out the *Conduct of the Allies* †, and read that passage about the succession with great resentment; but none seconded him. The church party carried every vote by a great majority. The archbishop of *Dublin*

\* Lord *Masham* was probably one of the sixteen brothers; which accounts for *Swift's* calling his son nephew. See the note on a letter from lord *Harley*, dated July 17, 1714.

† A pamphlet written by the Dean. See his works.



is so railed at by all who come from *Ireland*, that I can defend him no longer. Lord *Anglesey* assured me, that the story of applying *Piso* out of *Tacitus* to lord treasurer being wounded is true \*. I believe the duke of *Beaufort* will be admitted to our society † next meeting. To-day I published the *Fable of Midas*, a poem, printed in a loose half sheet. I know not how it will take; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night. Mr. secretary read it before me the other night, to lord treasurer, at lord *Masham's*, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you? I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is a six days journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear these journals are very dull.

15th, Mr. *Lewis* and I dined by invitation with a *Scotch* acquaintance, after I had been very busy in my chamber, till two in the afternoon. My third cold is now very troublesome on my breast, especially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never used to return so soon with me, or last so long. It is very surprising the news this day: the dauphin and dauphiness, both dying within six days. They say the old king is almost heart-broke: he has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The dauphin has left two little sons, of four and two years old; the eldest is sick. There is a foolish story got about town, that lord *Strafford*,

\* For an account of the treasurer's being wounded, see a letter from the archbishop of *Dublin*, dated *March 17, 1710*, and note.

† The society of sixteen, called brothers.

one of our plenipotentiaries, is in the interests of *France*: And it has been a good while said, that lord privy seal \* and he do not agree very well ; they are both long practised in business, but neither of them of much parts. *Strafford* hath some life and spirit ; but is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate.

16th, I dined to-day in the city with my printer, to finish something I am doing about the barrier treaty ; but is not quite done †. I went this evening to lord *Masham*'s, where lord treasurer sat with us till past twelve. The lords have voted an address to the queen, to tell her, they are not satisfied with the king of *France*'s offers. The whigs brought it in of a sudden ; and the court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppose it. The house of lords is too strong in whigs, notwithstanding the new creations : for they are very diligent, and the tories as lazy : The side that is down hath always most industry. The whigs intended to have made a vote, that would reflect on lord treasurer, but their project was not ripe.

17th. The court was mighty full to-day, and has been so these many *Sundays* ; but the queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in her foot. The good of going to court is, that one sees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwise I should hardly meet twice a year. Prince *Eugene* dines with the secretary to-day, with about seven or eight

\* Dr. *John Robinson*, bishop of *Bristol*. He was sworn lord privy seal, Sept. 3, 1711.

† It was published under the title of "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty." See *Bathurst's* edition, octavo, vol. ix.



general officers, or foreign ministers. They will be all drunk I am sure. I never was in company with this prince. I have proposed to some lords, that we should have a sober meal with him; but I cannot compass it. It is come over in the *Dutch* news prints, that I was arrested on an action of 20,000*l.* by the duke of *Marlborough*. I did not like my court invitations to-day; so Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I went and dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*\*. I came home at six, and have been very busy till this minute, and it is past twelve. We reckon the dauphin's death will set forward the peace a good deal.

18th, *Lewis* had *Guiscard*'s picture; he brought it, and offered it to lord treasurer, who promised to send for it, but never did; so I made *Lewis* give it me, and I have it in my room; and now lord treasurer says, he will take it from me. Is that fair? He designs to have it at length in the cloaths he wore when he did the action, and a penknife in his hand. *Kneller* is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with lord treasurer to-day, but he has put me off till to-morrow; so I dined with lord *Dupplin*. You know lord *Dupplin* very well; he is a brother of the society †. Well, but I have received a letter from the bishop of *Clogher*, to solicit an affair for him with lord treasurer, and with the parliament, which I will do as soon as fly. I am not near so keen

\* The mother of *Vanessa*. See an account of her in *Swift*'s life, and the verses called *Cadenus* and *Vanessa*. See also the note to the Dean's letter to Miss *Vanhomrigh*, dated July 8, 1713.

† The society of sixteen,

about other people's affairs as you used to reproach me. It was a judgment on me. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my being arrested. The pamphleteers have let me alone this month, which is a great wonder ; only the third part of the answer to the *conduct*, which is lately come out. Did I tell you of it before ? The house of commons goes on in mauling the late ministry and their proceedings.

19th, I dined with lord treasurer to-day, and sat with him till ten in spite of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a sheet. I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil, on a bit of paper in his house, while he lay wounded. Some of the servants, I suppose, made waste paper of them, and he never heard of them. They were inscribed to Mr. *Harley's* physician, thus :

On *Britain Europe's* safety lies :

*Britain* is lost, if *Harley* dies :

*Harley* depends upon your skill :

Think what you save, or what you kill.

I propos'd that some company should dine with him on the eighth of *March*, which was the day he was wounded ; but he says he designs, that the lords of the cabinet, who then sat with him, should dine that day with him : however, he has invited me to dinner. I am not yet rid of my cold ; it plagues me in the morning chiefly.

20th, After waiting to catch the secretary coming out from Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, for two hours in vain, about some business, I went into the city to my  
printer



printer to correct some sheets of the barrier treaty, and remarks, which must be finished to-morrow. I have been hourly busy for some days past, with this and some other things; and I wanted some very necessary papers, which the secretary was to give me, and the pamphlet must not be published without them; but they are all busy too. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* is chairman of the committee, for drawing up a representation of the state of the nation to the queen, where all the wrong steps of the allies, and the late ministry about the war, will be mentioned. The secretary I suppose, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a pepperer.

21st, I have been six hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to lord treasurer, about forming a society or academy, to correct and fix the *English* language. Is *English* a speech, or a language? It will not be above five or six more. I will send it him to-morrow, and will print it, if he desires me\*. I dined, you know, with our society to-day; *Thursday* is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the duke of *Beaufort*. We were thirteen met; brother *Ormond* was not there, but sent his excuse, that prince *Eugene* dined with him. I left them at seven, being engaged to go to Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, who desired I would see him at that hour. His business was, that I would † hoen Ibp ihainm itaoi dsroanws ubpl tohne aroe qpوراensie p not las toi qobn, which I con-

\* It is printed in his works.

† Thus decyphered, "help him to draw up the representation."

sented to do ; but do not know whether I shall succeed, because it is a little out of my way : however, I have taken my share.

22d, I finished the rest of my letter to lord treasurer to-day, and sent it to him about one o'clock ; and then dined privately with my friend Mr. *Lewis*, to talk over some affairs of moment. I have gotten the 13th volume of *Rymer's* collections of the records of the *Tower*, for the university of *Dublin* \*. I will write to the provost to know how I shall send them to him ; no, I won't, for I will bring them myself among my own books. I was with *Hanmer* this morning, and there was the secretary and chancellor of the exchequer † very busy with him, laying their heads together about the representation. I went to lord *Masham's* to-night ‡, and lady *Masham* made me read her a pretty two-penny pamphlet, called the *St. Alban's* ghost ||. I thought I had writ it myself ; so did they ; but I did not. Lord treasurer came down to us from the queen, and we stayed till two o'clock. This is the best night place I have. The usual company are lord and lady *Masham*, lord treasurer, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and I ; sometimes the secretary §, and sometimes Mrs. *Hill*, of the bed-chamber, lady *Masham's* sister.

\* See a letter from lady B. G. to Dr. *Swift*, dated Nov. 7, 1734, and note.

† ' *Robert Benson*, Esq; afterwards created lord *Bingley*.'

‡ It should be last night, for this appears to have been written after two o'clock in the morning.

|| ' The title is, the story of *St. Alban's* ghost, or the apparition of mother *Haggy*, collected from the best manuscripts.'

§ Mr. *St. John*.



23d, I have nō news to tell you this last day, nor do I know where I shall dine. I hear the secretary is a little out of order. Perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I sent *Hanmer* what he wanted from me. I know not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the same sort. On *Tuesday* it will be four weeks since I had your last, N<sup>o</sup> 26. This day se'nnight I expect one, for that will be something more than a full month. Farewel.

## L E T T E R L I X.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, Feb. 23, 1711-12.

**A**FTER having disposed my last letter in the post-office, I am now to begin this, with telling you that I dined with the secretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feverish; yet he went to the cabinet council to-night at six, against my will. The secretary is much the greatest commoner in *England*, and turns the whole parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives, and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him sometimes, that if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour, and trust my fortune with his. But what care you for all this? I am sorry when I came first acquainted with this ministry, that I did not send you their names and characters, and then you would have relished what I would have writ, especially if

I had let you into the particulars of affairs : but enough of this.

24th, I went early this morning to the secretary, who is not yet well. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and the chancellor of the exchequer came while I was there and he would not let me stir ; so I did not go to church, but was busy with them till noon ; about the affair I told you of in my last. The other two went away, and I dined with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit ; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little. I sometimes sit up very late at lord *Masham's*, and have writ much for several days past ; but I will amend both ; for I have now very little business, and hope I shall have no more. I am resolved to be a great rider this summer in *Ireland*. I was to see Mr. *Wesley* this evening, who has been somewhat better for this month past, and talks of returning to the *Bath* in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but slowly ; the *Dutch* are playing tricks ; and we do not push it as strongly as we ought. The fault of our court is delay, of which the queen has a great deal ; and lord treasurer is not without his share. But pray let us know a little of your life and conversation. Do you play at ombre, or visit the dean, and goody *Walls's* and *Stoyte's* \*, and *Manley's* † as usual ? I must have a letter from you. Let me know what you do ; is my aunt alive yet ? Oh, pray, now I think of it, be so kind to step to my aunt, and take

\* Alderman *Stoyte*, afterwards lord mayor of *Dublin*.

† *Isaac Manley*, Esq; deputy post-master-general of *Ireland*.



notice of my great-granfater's picture ; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a feal of an anchor and dolphin about it ; but I think there is besides, at the bottom of the picture, the same coat of arms quartered with another, which I fuppose was my great-grandmother's. If this be fo, it is a ftronger argument than the feal. And pray fee whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand ; and ask my aunt what fhe knows about it. But perhaps there is no fuch coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reason is, becaufe I would ask fome herald here, whether I fhould chufe that coat, or one in *Guillim's* large folio of heraldry, where my uncle *Godwin* is named with another coat of arms of three ftags. This is fad ftuff to write.

25th, I was this morning again with the fecretary and we were two hours bufy ; and then went together to the Park, *Hyde-park*, I mean ; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two *Arabian* horses, fent fome time ago to lord treafurer. The duke of *Marlborough's* coach overtook us, with his grace and lord *Godolphin* in it, but they did not fee us, to our great fatisfaction ; for neither of us defired that either of thofe two lords fhould fee us together. There were half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the fecretary ; but we did no bufinefs after dinner, and at fix I walked into the fields ; then I went to vifit *Percival* and his family, whom I had feen but once fince they came to town. They are going to *Bath* next month. Countefs *Doll* of

*Meath*\* is such an owl, that wherever I visit, people are asking me, whether I know such an *Irish* lady, and her figure and her foppery? I came home early, and have been amusing myself with looking into one of the volumes of *Rymer's* records of the *Tower*, and am mighty easy to think I have no urgent business upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; I sometimes cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you, that I believe it is lady *Masbam's* hot rooms that give it me? I never knew such a stove; and in my conscience, I believe both my lord and she, my lord treasurer, Mr. secretary, and myself, have all suffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot.

26th, I was again busy with the secretary. We read over some papers, and did a good deal of business. I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner; an old saying and a true, much drinking, little thinking. We had company with us, and nothing could be done. I am to go there to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the parliament, by the queen's recommendation, is to take some method for preventing libels, &c. which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes on in a day or two. To-day in the morning I visited upwards; first I saw the duke of *Ormond* below stairs, and gave him joy of his

\* 'Dorothy, daughter to *James Stopford*, Esq; and second wife of *Edward Brabazon*, earl of *Meath*, who died 22 Feb. 1708, without issue.'



being declared general in *Flanders* ; then I went up one pair of stairs, and sat with the duchess ; then I went up another pair of stairs, and paid a visit to lady *Betty* ; and desired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might pass half an hour with her ; but she was young and handsome, and would not. The duke is our president this week, and I have bespoke a small dinner on purpose for good example.

27th, I was again with the secretary this morning ; but we only read over some papers with sir *Thomas Hanmer* : then I called at lord treasurer's ; it was his levee-day, but I went up to his bed-chamber, and said what I had to say. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two streets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer \*, and came back at six to lord treasurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refused him. I sat there an hour or two, and then went to lord *Masham*'s. They were all abroad ; so truly I came home, and read whatever stuff was next me. I can sit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year past. However, I will stay out the session, to see if they have any further commands for me, and that I suppose will end in *April*. But I may go somewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we shall have either a certain peace, or a certain war. The ministry is continuing new funds for money by lotteries ; and we go on as if the war were to continue ; but I believe it will not.

\* This printer was *John Barber*, afterwards alderman and lord-mayor of *London*.

28th, I have been packing up some books in a great box I have bought, and must buy another for cloaths and luggage. This is a beginning towards a removal. I have sent to *Holland* for a dozen shirts, and design to buy another new gown and hat. I have writ this night to the provost. Our society met to-day as usual, and we were fourteen, besides the earl of *Arran*, whom his brother the duke of *Ormond* brought among us against all order. We were mightily shocked; but after some whispers, it ended in chusing lord *Arran* one of our society, which I opposed to his face; but it was carried by all the rest against me.

29th, This is leap-year, and this is leap-day; prince *George* was born on this day. People are mistaken; and somewhere think it is St. *David's* day; but they do not understand the virtue of leap-year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like gum-dragon; and yet I was dictating some trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was so discouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of *Arian* \*. *Alexander the Great* is just dead. I do not think he was poisoned: betwixt you and me, all those are but idle stories. It is certain, that neither *Ptolemy* nor *Aristobulus* thought so, and they were both with him when he died. It is a pity we have not their histories. The bill for limiting members of parliament to have but

\* 'The *Greek* historian, who writ the life of *Alexander the Great*.'



so many places past the house of commons, and will pass the house of lords, in spite of the ministry; which you know is a great lessening of the queen's power. Four of the new lords voted against the court in this point. It is certainly a good bill in the reign of an ill prince; but I think things are not settled enough for it at present, and the court may want a majority at a pinch.

*March 1*, I went into the city, to enquire after poor *Stratford*, who has put himself a prisoner into the *Queen's Bench*, for which his friends blame him very much, because his creditors designed to be very easy with him. He grasped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumstance relative to lieutenant-general *Meredith*, that is very melancholy: *Meredith* was turned out of all his employments last year, and had about 10,000*l.* left to live on. *Stratford*, upon friendship, desired he might have the management of it for *Meredith*, to put it into the funds and stocks for the best advantage; and now he has lost it all. You have heard me often talk of *Stratford*; we were class-fellows at school and university. I dined with some merchants, his friends, to-day, and they said they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace, while it was a secret, of which he might have made good use, but that helped to ruin him; for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and consequently stocks to rise high. *Ford* narrowly escaped losing 500*l.* by him, and so did I too.

2d, Morning. I was awakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the house telling me of a great fire in the *Hay-Market*\*. I slept again, and two hours after my man came in again, and told me it was my poor brother Sir *William Wyndham*'s † house that is burned; and that two maids leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, fell both on their heads, one of them upon the iron spikes before the door, and both lay dead in the streets. It is supposed to have been some carelessness of one or both those maids. The duke of *Ormond* was there helping to put out the fire. Brother *Wyndham* gave 6000*l.* but a few months ago for that house, as he told me, and it was very richly furnished. I shall know more particulars at night. He married lady *Catherine Seymour*, the duke of *Somerset*'s daughter; you know her I believe.

At night. Sir *William Wyndham*'s young child escaped very narrowly; lady *Catherine* escaped barefoot; they all went to *Northumberland* house. Mr. *Bridge*'s house at next door is damaged much, and was like to be burned. *Wyndham* has lost above 10,000*l.* by this accident. His lady above a thou-

\* This was a mistake: it appears by the next sentence that Sir *William Wyndham*'s house was burnt, and he then lived in *Albemarle-street*. The burning of Sir *William*'s house in *Albemarle-street*, during the night between the 1st and 2d of *March*, 1712, is recorded in the history of the last four years of the reign of queen *Anne*.

† *Wyndham* was a brother of the society.



land pound's worth of cloaths. He was not at court to-day. I dined with lord *Masham*. The queen was not at church.

3d, Pray tell *Walls*, that I spoke to the duke of *Ormond* and Mr. *Southwell* about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed not me for a solicitor; for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewise mentioned his own affair to Mr. *Southwell*, and I hope that will be done too; for *Southwell* seems to think it reasonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are secrets, one of them is about Mrs. *South* having a pension; the other about his salary from the government for the tithes of the park that lies in his parish, to be put upon the establishment. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had some small affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with lord treasurer this morning; and dined with the dean. *Monday* is parson's holiday.

4th, I sat to-day with poor Mrs. *Wesley*, who made me dine with her. She is much better than she was. I heartily pray for her health out of the intire love I bear to her worthy husband. This day hath passed very insignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now, that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at lord *Masham*'s to-night, and staid there till one. Lord treasurer was there; but I thought he looked melancholy, just as he did at the beginning of the session, and he was not so merry as usual. In short, the majority in the house of lords is a very weak one.

He

He has much to do to keep it up ; and he is not able to make those removes he would, and oblige his friends ; and I doubt too he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himself, and will not employ others ; which is his great fault, as I have often told you.

5th, I wish you a merry *Lent*. I hate *Lent* ; I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porridge ; and the four devout faces of people, who only put on religion for seven weeks. I was at the secretary's office this morning ; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated last *October* ; one from the bishop of *Clogher*, and the other from *Walls*. The gentleman is called colonel *Newburgh*. I think you mentioned him to me some time ago. He has business in the house of lords. I will do him what service I can. The representation of the house of commons is printed ; I have not seen it yet ; it is plaguy severe, they say. I dined with Dr. *Arbutnot* and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen ; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish. We have had mighty fine cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage of it ; and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters, where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath to cool my lenten porridge.

6th, I hear Mr. *Prior* has suffered by *Stratford's* breaking. I was yesterday to see *Prior*, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to lose money. I walked before dinner in the *Mall* a good while with lord *Arran* and lord *Dupplin*,



*Dupplin*, two of my brothers, and then we went to dinner, where the duke of *Beaufort* was our president. We were but eleven to-day.

We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The duke of *Beaufort* had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the earl of *Dorset*, to be a member; but I opposed it so warmly, that it was waved. *Dorset* is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I stayed till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The duke of *Ormond's* treat last week cost 20*l.* though it was only four dishes, and four without a desert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap, yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord *Masbam* made me go home with him to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters into an earthen pot, with their hollow sides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled thus in their own liquor, and not mixed with water. Lord treasurer was not with us: he was very ill to-day with a swimming in the head, and is gone to be cupped, and sent to desire lady *Masbam* to excuse him to the queen.

7th, I was to-day at the house of lords about a friend's bill. Then I crossed the water at *Westminster* stairs to *Southwark*, went through *St. George's Fields* to the *Mint*, which is the dominion of the *King's Bench* prison, where *Stratford* lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him; but he was gone to the *Change*. I thought he had something to say to me

me about his own affairs. I found him at his usual coffee-house, and went to his old lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His business was only to desire I would intercede with the ministry about his brother-in-law, *Benjamin Burton of Dublin*, the banker, who is like to come into trouble, as we hear, about spreading false whiggish news. Mrs. *Stratford* tells me her husband's creditors have consented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and she hopes he will pay them all. He was chearfuller than I have seen him this great while. I have walked much to-day.

8th, This day twelve months Mr. *Harley* was stabbed\*. He is ill, and takes physic to-day, I hear, ('tis now morning) and cannot have the cabinet-council with him, as he intended, nor me to say grace. I am going to see him. Pray read the representation; it is the finest that ever was writ. Some of it is my stile; but not very much. This is the day of the queen's accession to the crown, so that it is a great day. I am going to court, and will dine with lord *Masham*; but I must go this moment to the secretary, about some business; so I will seal up this, and put it in the post. Farewel.

\* See the next letter, and note on paragraph dated 13.



## LETTER LX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, March 8, 1711-12.

I Carried my forty-second letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the general post. I went in the morning to see lord treasurer, who had taken physic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the secretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr. *Friend*, to be physician-general; and the secretary promised to mention it to the queen. I can serve every body but myself. Then I went to court, and carried lord keeper and the secretary to dine with lord *Masham*, when we drank the queen and lord treasurer with every health, because this was the day of his stabbing. Then I went and played at picquet with lady *Masham* and Mrs. *Hill*; won ten shillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and beat them?

9th, I was at court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care to dine with; so I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*. Young *Davenant* was telling us, how he was set upon by the Mohocks, and how they ran his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets

streets at night. The bishop of *Salisbury*'s son \* is said to be of the gang. They are all whigs. A great lady sent to me, to speak to her father, and to lord treasurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewise of myself; for she heard they had malicious intentions against the ministry, and their friends. I know not whether there be any thing in this, tho' others are of the same opinion. The weather still continues very fair and frosty. I walked in the park this evening, and came home early, to avoid the Mohocks. Lord treasurer is better.

10th, I went this morning again to lord treasurer, who is quite recovered, and I stayed till he went out. I dined with a friend in the city, about a little business of printing; but not my own. You must buy a small two-penny pamphlet, called, *Law is a bottomless Pit* †. It is very prettily written, and there will be a second part. The commons are very slow in bringing in their bill to limit the press, and the pamphleteers make good use of their time; for there come out three or four every day.

11th, Lord treasurer has lent the long letter I writ him to *Prior* ‡, and I can't get *Prior* to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this academy for the improvement of our language. I dined privately with my friend *Lewis*, and then went to see *Ned Southwell*, and talked with him

\* *Thomas Burnet*, Esq; then at the *Temple*, afterwards consul at *Lisbon*, and at last one of the justices of the *King's Bench*.

† Or, *The History of John Bull*, written by Dr. *Arbutnot*, but printed with *Swift's* works.

‡ Concerning the *English Language*.



about *Walls's* business, and *Mrs. South's*. The latter will be done; but his own not. *Southwell* tells me, that it must be laid before my lord treasurer, and the nature of it explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and may be, lord treasurer won't do it at last; and it is, as *Walls* says himself, not above forty shillings a year difference.

12th, There is the devil and all to do with these Mohocks. *Grubstreet* papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lye; and I begin almost to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole story. He that abused *Davenant*, was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me, that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and, though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, and two gentlemen of the Highlands of *Scotland*; yet very polite men. I sat there till nine, and then went to lord *Masham's*, where lord treasurer followed me, and we sat till twelve: and I came home in a chair, for fear of the Mohocks; and I have given him warning of it too. Little *Harrison*, whom I sent to *Holland*, is now actually made queen's secretary at the *Hague*. It will be in the *Gazette* to-morrow. It is worth one thousand two hundred pounds a year\*.

\* See a letter from this gentleman to the Dean, dated Dec. 16, 1712.

Here is a young fellow, who has writ some *sea-eclogues*, poems of mermen, resembling pastorals of shepherds, and they are very pretty. The thought is new; mermen are he-mermaids, tritons, natives of the sea. Do you understand me? I think to recommend him to our society to-morrow. His name is *Diaper* \*, p—on him; I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise; but when they do rise, I would encourage them: they tread on our heels, and thrust us off the stage.

13th, You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our society after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he seldom fails to do. Lord *Landsdown*, one of our society, was offended at a passage in this day's *Examiner*, which, he thinks, reflects on him, as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil way. It is only that † his underlings cheat; but that he is a

\* 'John Diaper, educated at *Baliol College, Oxford*.'

† 'In the *Examiner*, Vol. II. No. 15. from *Tuesday, March 6*, to *Tuesday, March 13*, 1711, was published the following letter, addressed to the *Examiner*.'

S I R,

YOU have been so taken up with censuring the corruptions of the *adverse party*, that you seem to have wanted either time or disposition, to take notice of those among your *own*; which tho' not so *flagrant*, or universal, do daily produce very pernicious consequences. I know a certain person in employment, who besides the firmness of his *principles*, in respect to the present proceedings of the court, is a man of undoubted honour and virtue, of admirable sense and learning, and every way qualified



very fine gentleman every way, &c. Lord *Orrery* was president to-day; but both our dukes were absent. Brother *Wyndham* recommended *Diaper* to the society. I believe we shall make a contribution

fied for the execution of any office. I am convinced as much as it is possible to be of any truth, that no *bribe* whatsoever can corrupt his integrity, or sway him in the least to act against his opinion; being just and liberal in his nature, and easy in his fortune: yet so it happens, that there are no where greater, or grosser abuses; no where more *bribery* and *oppression*, than what are practised by those, who are employed under him. The worst of it is, that these mischiefs are the *accidental* effects of this *person's* good qualities, whose spirit being above any sordid aims of his own, can never be brought to suspect them in those, whom he hath thought fit to trust. This candid disposition not only unqualifies him from suspecting any abuses in his *officers*; but likewise from admitting or believing whatever complaints are made against them. By this means, the public is wholly disappointed of all the good effects, it might hope from a worthy man being in employment. The chief *underlings*, by oppressing not only those, who apply to them for business, but their own inferiors in office, grow to much greater riches than their master; and it is an aggravation, that since the public must be defrauded, the profit should accrue to those, who least deserve it. I hope all those, who are in high station, if they chance to read this paper, will from hence take the hint to examine amongst their dependants, by what means some of them have come, in so short a time, to such a prodigious wealth; and thereupon proceed to punish those crimes, from which themselves are so *exempt*. I therefore desire you will be pleased to print this letter in your next paper, if you think it deserves that honour, and give the public and me your opinion of the matter.

I am, with much respect, sir,

Your most humble servant.

VOL. I.

L

among

among ourselves, which I don't like. Lord treasurer has yet done nothing for us; but we shall try him soon. The company parted early; but *Friend*, and *Prior*, and I, sat a while longer, and reformed the state, and found fault with the ministry. *Prior* hates his commission of the customs, because it spoils his wit. He says he dreams of nothing but cockets, and dockets, and drawbacks, and other jargon, words of the custom-house. Our good weather went away yesterday; and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten.

14th, I have been plagued this morning with solicitors, and with nobody more than my brother, Dr. *Friend*, who must needs have me get old Dr. *Lawrence*, the physician-general, turned out, and himself in. He has argued me so long upon the reasonableness of it, that I am fully convinced it is very unreasonable; and so I would tell the secretary, if I had not already made him speak to the queen. Besides, I know not but my friend, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, would be content to have it himself, and I love him ten times better than *Friend*. What's all this to you? but I must talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know any thing of them or not. I dined in the city, and, coming back, one parson *Richardson* \*, of *Ireland*, overtook me. He was here last

\* ' John Richardson, a clergyman of Ireland, who in 1711, published at Dublin, in quarto, *A Proposal for the conversion of the Popish Natives of Ireland, to the established religion. With the Reasons, upon which it is grounded, and an Answer to the Objections made to it.* And in 1713 he published, at London, in octavo, *A short History of the Attempts, that have been made*



summer, upon a project of converting the *Irish*, and printing bibles, &c. in that language, and is now returned to pursue it. He tells me, Dr. *Coghill* came last night to town. I will send to see how he does to-morrow.

15th, I had intended to be early with the secretary this morning, when my man admitted up-stairs one Mr. *Newcomb*, an officer, who brought me a letter from the bishop of *Clogher*, with four lines added by Mrs. *Ashe*, all about that *Newcomb*. I think, indeed, his case is hard; but God knows whether I shall be able to do him any service. People will not understand: I am a very good second, but I care not to begin a recommendation, unless it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do what I can. I missed the secretary, and then walked to *Chelsea*, to dine with the dean of *Christ-church*\*, who was engaged to lord *Orrery*, with some other *Christ-church* men. He made me go with him, whether I would or no; for they have, this long time, admitted me a *Christ-church* man. Lord *Orrery*†, generally every winter, gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergyman at table, and four lay-

*to convert the Popish Natives of Ireland to the established religion. With a proposal for their conversion, and a vindication of Archbishop Usher's opinion concerning the performance of divine offices to them in their own language. The second edition with additions.* In the title-page the author styles himself rector of *Annalt*, alias *Belturbet*, in the diocese of *Kilmore* in *Ireland*, and chaplain to his Grace the duke of *Ormond*, and the lord bishop of *Clogher*.\*

\* 'Dr. *Francis Atterbury*, who was promoted to that deanry in September 1711, on the death of Dr. *Henry Aldrich*.'

† *Charles Boyle* inventor of the machine called the *Orrery*.

men. The dean and I soon left them; and after a visit or two, I went to lord *Masham's*; and lord treasurer, *Arbuthnot*, and I sat till twelve. I came home a-foot, but had my man with me. Lord treasurer advised me not to go in a chair, because the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot. They think there is some mischievous design in those villains. Several of them, lord treasurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard, at dinner, that one of them was killed last night. We shall know more in a little time.

16th, This morning, at the secretary's, I met general *Ross*, and recommended *Newcomb's* case to him, who promises to join me in working up the duke of *Ormond* to do something for him. Lord *Winchelsea* told me to-day at court, that two of the Mohock's caught a maid of old lady *Winchelsea's*, at the door of their house in the Park, with a candle, as she had just lighted out somebody. They cut her face, and beat her without any provocation. I hear my friend *Lewis* has got a Mohock in one of the messengers hands. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, as *Arbuthnot*, her physician, says. I dined with *Crow*, late governor of *Barbadoes*, an acquaintance of *Sterne's*. After dinner, I asked him, whether he had heard of *Sterne*? Here he is, said he, at the door in a coach; and in came *Sterne*. He has been here this week. He is buying a captainship, in his cousin *Sterne's* regiment. He told me, he left *Jemmy Leigh* playing at cards with you. He is to give eight hundred guineas for his commission.

17th,



17th, Dr. *Sacheverell* came this morning, to give me thanks for getting his brother an employment. It was but six or seven weeks since I spoke to lord treasurer for him. *Sacheverell* brought *Trap* \* along with him. We dined together at my printer's, and I sat with them till seven. I little thought, and I believe so did he, that ever I should be his solicitor to the present ministry, when I left *Ireland*. This is the seventh I have now provided for since I came, and can do nothing for myself. I don't care; I shall have *ministries* and *other people* obliged to me. *Trap* is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep; and their judgment in things of wit and sense, is miraculous. The second part of *Law is a bottomless Pit* is just now printed, and better, I think, than the first.

18th, There is a proclamation out against the Mohocks. One of those that are taken, is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs. *Wesley*, who is returned to the *Bath*. I walked this evening in the park, and met *Prior*, who made me go home with him, where I stayed till past twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do so no more, though I got home safe. *Prior* and I were talking discontentedly of some managements, that no more people are turned out, which gets lords treasurer many enemies; but whether the fault be in him, or the queen, I know

\* ' *Joseph Trap*, M. A. then professor of poetry in the university of *Oxford*. He had published there, in 1711, the first volume of his *Prælectiones poeticæ* with a dedication to Mr. secretary *St. John*.'

not; I doubt, in both. I wish you good luck at ombre with the dean.

19th, *Newcomb* came to me this morning, and I went to the duke of *Ormond* to speak for him; but the duke was just going out to take the oaths for general. The duke of *Shrewsbury* is to be lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. I walked with *Domville* and *Ford* to *Kensington*, where we dined, and it cost me above a crown. I don't like it, as my man said. It was very windy walking. The gardens there are mighty fine. I passed the evening at lord *Masbam's*, with lord treasurer, and *Arbuthnot*, as usual, and we stayed till past one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from one *Fetherston*, a parson, with a postscript of *Tindall's* to recommend him. And *Fetherston*, whom I never saw, has been so kind as to give me a letter of attorney, to recover a debt for him; another from lord *Abercorn*, to get him the dukedom of *Chatellaraud* from the king of *France*; in which I will do what I can, for his pretensions are very just: the third from you. It is a great air this, of getting a dukedom from the king of *France*; but it is only to speak to the secretary, and get the duke of *Ormond* to engage in it, and mention the case to lord treasurer, &c. and this I shall do.

20th, I was with the duke of *Ormond* this morning, about lord *Abercorn*, Dr. *Friend*, and *Newcomb*. Some will do, and some will not do. The duke of *Shrewsbury* is certainly to be your governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the duchess joy, and recommend the archbishop of *Dublin* to her.

I writ



I writ to the archbishop, some months ago, that it would be so; and told him I would speak a good word for him to the dutchess; and he says he has a great respect for her, &c. I made our society change their house, and we met to-day at the star and garter in the *Pall mall*. Lord *Arran* was president. The other dog was so extravagant in his bills, that, for four dishes, and four, first and second course, without wine or desert, he charged twenty-one pounds, six shilings, and eight-pence, to the duke of *Ormond*. We design, when all have been presidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of so much a head; but we shall break up when the session ends.

21st, I am not dean of *Wells*, nor know any thing of being so; nor is there any thing in the story; and that's enough. It was not *Roper* sent that news: *Roper* is my humble slave. I will bring over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I sent you, by *Leigh*, all that were good at that time. The author of the *Sea Eclogues* sent books to the society yesterday, and we gave him guineas a-piece; and, may be, will do further for him. So the bishop of *Clogher*, and lady, were your guests for a night or two. The session, I doubt, will not be over till the end of *April*; however, I shall not wait for it, if the ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I were just now in my little garden at *Laracor*. I would set out for *Dublin*, and bring you an account of my young trees. I will do what you desire me for *Tisdall*, when I next see lord *Anglesea*.

## L E T T E R LXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 22, 1711-12.

UGly, nasty weather. I dined with a friend, and went to see lord treasurer; but he had people with him I did not know: so I went to lady *Masbam*, and lost a crown with her at picquet, and then sat with lord *Masbam* and lord treasurer, &c. till past one; but I had my man with me, to come home. Our Mohocks are all vanished; however, I shall take care of my person.

23d, I was this morning, before church, with the secretary, about lord *Abercorn's* business, and some others. My soliciting season is come, and will last as long as the session. I went late to court, and the company was almost gone. The court serves me for a coffee-house; once a week I meet an acquaintance there, that I should not otherwise see in a quarter. There is a flying report, that the *French* have offered a cessation of arms, and to give us *Dunkirk*, and the *Dutch Namure*, for security, till the peace is made. The duke of *Ormond*, they say, goes in a week. Abundance of his equipage is already gone. His friends are afraid the expence of this employment will ruin him, since he must lose the government of *Ireland*. I dined privately with a friend, and refused all dinners offered me at court; which, however, were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of a scoundrel about the court,  
that



that sells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the vice-chamberlain's place, for seven thousand pounds, and had received some guineas earnest; but the whole thing was discovered the other day, and examinations taken of it by lord *Dartmouth*, and I hope he will be swinged. The vice-chamberlain told me several particulars of it last night at lord *Masham's*.

24th, This morning I recommended *Newcomb* again to the duke of *Ormond*, and left *Dick Stewart* to do it farther. Then I went to visit the dutchess of *Hamilton*, who was not awake. So I went to the dutchess of *Shrewsbury*, and sat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the duke's being lord lieutenant. She said she knew nothing of it, but I railled her out of that, and she resolves not to stay behind the duke. I intend to recommend the bishop of *Clogher* to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: she is, indeed, a most agreeable woman, and a great favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in *Ireland* will like her. I was at the *Court of Requests*, to get some lords to be at a committee to-morrow, about a friend's bill: and then the duke of *Beaufort* gave me a poem, finely bound in folio, printed at *Stamford*, and writ by a country 'squire. Lord *Exeter* desired the duke to give it the queen, because the author is his friend; but the duke desired I would let him know whether it was good for any thing. I brought it home, and will return it to-morrow, as the dullest thing I ever read; and advise the duke not to present it.

I dined

I dined with *Domville* at his lodgings, by invitation. He goes in a few days for *Ireland*.

25th, There is a mighty feast at a tory sheriff's to-day in the city; twelve hundred dishes of meat. About five lords, and several hundred gentlemen, will be there, and give four or five guineas a-piece, according to custom. Dr. *Coghill* and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs. *Van's* \*. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new answers come out to *The Conduct of the Allies*. The last year's *Examiners*, printed together in a small volume, go off but slowly. The printer over-printed himself by at least a thousand; so soon out of fashion are party-papers, however so well writ. The *Medleys* are coming out in the same volume, and perhaps may sell better. Our news about a cessation of arms begins to fly, and I have not these three days seen any body in business to ask them about it. We had a terrible fire last night in *Drury-Lane*, or thereabouts and three or four people destroyed. One of the maids of honour has the small-pox; but the best is, she can lose no beauty; and we have one new handsome maid of honour.

26th, I forgot to tell you, that on *Sunday* last, about seven at night, it lightened about fifty times as I walked the *Mall*, which I think is extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very hot. Had you any thing of this in *Dublin*? I intended to dine with lord treasurer to-day; but lord *Mansel* and Mr. *Lewis* made me dine with them at



*Kit Musgrave's*. Now you don't know who *Kit Musgrave* \* is. The news of the *French* desiring a cessation of arms, &c. was but town-talk. We shall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or no. The duke of *Ormond* will go in a week for *Flanders*, they say. Our Mohocks go on still, and cut people's faces every night ; but they shan't cut mine ; I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't distinguish between a *cow* and a *Christian*. I ought to wish you yesterday a happy new year. You know the twenty-fifth of *March* is the first day of the year, and now you must leave off cards, and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the first of *April*, cold or not cold. I believe I shall lose credit with you, by not coming over at the beginning of *April* ; but I hoped this session would be ended, and I must stay till then ; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my willows growing. *Parvisol* tells me, that the quicksets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those famous ones on the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry-trees, by the river-side, my heart is set upon.

27th, Society-day, you know : I suppose Dr. *Arbutnot* was president. His dinner was dressed in the queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. We eat it at *Ozinda's* coffee-house, just by *St. James's*. We were never merrier, nor better company, and did

\* ' *Christopher Musgrave*, Esq; clerk of the ordnance.' .

not part till after eleven. I did not summons lord *Landsdown* : he and I are fallen out. There was something in an *Examiner* \* a fortnight ago, that, he thought, reflected on the abuses in his office, (he is secretary at war) and he writ to the secretary, that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. This I resented highly, that he should complain of me before he spoke to me. I sent him a peppering letter, and would not summon him by a note, as I did the rest ; nor ever will have any thing to say to him, till he begs my pardon. I met lord treasurer to-day at lady *Masham*'s. He would fain have carried me home to dinner. No, no ; what ! upon a society-day !

28th, I was with my friend *Lewis* to-day, getting materials for a little mischief ; and I dined with lord treasurer, and three or four fellows I never saw before. I left them at seven, and came home, and have been writing to the archbishop of *Dublin*, and cousin *Deane*, in answer to one of his four months standing, that I spied by chance among my papers. *Domville* is going to *Ireland* ; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I shall dine with him to-morrow. Does the bishop of *Clogher* talk of coming for *England* this summer ? I think lord *Molesworth* told me so about two months ago. The weather is bad again ! rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the longitude is ? A projector has been applying himself to me, to recommend him to the

\* ' That of *March* 13, 1711. See letter dated *March* 8, 1711-12.



ministry, because he pretends to have found out the longitude. However, I will gravely hear what he says, and discover him a knave or a fool.

29th, I am plagued with a pain in my shoulder ; I believe it is rheumatic ; I will do something for it to-night. Mr. *Lewis* and I dined with Mr. *Domville*, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glasses of champain by perfect teasing, tho' it is bad for my pain ; but if it continues, I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I have put flannel to my shoulder, and rubbed it with *Hungary* water. It is hard. I never would drink any wine, if it were not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abstemiousness for a while. You must know I hate pain, as the old woman said. My flesh sucks up *Hungary* water rarely. My man is an awkward rascal, and makes me peevish. Do you know, that the other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not shave my head, his hand shook so ? He is drunk every day, and I design to turn him off as soon as ever I get to *Ireland*.

30th, I was not able to go to church or court to-day. The pain has left my shoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. Dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs. *Van*, where I could be easy, and came back at seven. It has rained terribly hard all day long, and is extremely cold. I am very uneasy, and have cruel twinges every moment.

31st, *April* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All these days I have been extremely ill ; tho' I twice crawled  
out

out a week ago, tho' very weak. The pain encreases, with mighty violence in my left shoul-  
 der and collar-bone, and that side my neck. On *Thurs-*  
*day* morning appeared great red spots in all those  
 places where my pain was, which was so violent,  
 that I had not a minute's ease, or hardly a minute's  
 sleep in three days and nights. The spots encreased  
 every day, and red little pimples, which are now  
 grown white, and full of corruption, tho' small.  
 The red still continues too, and most prodigious hot  
 and inflamed. The disease is the shingles. I  
 eat nothing but water-gruel; am very weak; but  
 out of all violent pain. The doctors say it would  
 have ended in some violent disease, if it had not  
 come out thus. I shall now recover fast. I have  
 been in no danger of life, but miserable torture.  
 So adieu. The next letter will not be in the old  
 order of journal, till I have done with physic.

## L E T T E R LXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, April 24, 1712.

I Had yours two or three days ago. I can hardly  
 answer it now. Since my last I have been extremely  
 ill. 'Tis this day just a month since I felt the pain  
 on the tip of my left shoulder. Where my pain was,  
 a cruel itching seized me, beyond whatever I could  
 imagine, and kept me awake several nights. I  
 rubbed it vehemently, but did not scratch it; then  
 it



it grew into three or four great sores like blisters, and run; at last I advised the doctor to use it like a blister, so I did with melilot plaisters, which still run; and I am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two; but confined myself two days ago. I went to a neighbour to dine, but yesterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never suffered so much in my life. I will go and try to walk a little. Farewel.

## L E T T E R LXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, May 10, 1712.

I Have not yet ease or humour enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber these ten days. A journal, while I was sick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and phyfic, visits and messages; the two last were almost as troublesome as the two first. One good circumstance is, that I am grown much leaner. In answer to your good opinion of my disease, the doctors said they never saw any thing so odd of the kind; they were not properly shingles, but *herpes miliaris*, and twenty other hard names. I can never be sick like other people, but always something out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came nor stayed, nor went, without pain, and the most pain I ever bore

bore in my life. It is not a sign of health, but a sign, that if it had not come out, some terrible fit of sickness would have followed. I was at our society last *Thursday*, to receive a new member, the chancellor of the exchequer; but I drink nothing above wine and water. We shall have a peace soon, I hope, or at least entirely broke; but I believe the first. My letter to lord treasurer, about the *English* tongue, is now printing; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The appendix to the third part of *John Bull* was published yesterday: it is equal to the rest. I hope you read *John Bull*. It was a *Scotch* gentlemen \*, a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me. The parliament will hardly be up till *June*. We were like to be undone some days ago with a tack †; but we carried it bravely, and the whigs came in to help us. Poor lady *Masbam*, I am afraid, will lose her only son, about a twelve-month old, with the king's evil. *Bernage* has been twice to see me of late. His regiment will be broke, and he only upon half pay; so perhaps he thinks he will want me again. I have been returning the visits of those, that sent "How do you" in my sickness? particularly the dutchess of *Hamilton*, who came and sat with me two hours. I make bargains with all people that I dined with, to let me scrub my back against a chair; and the duchess of *Ormond* was

\* Dr. *Arbuthnot*.

† A tack is a bill tacked to a money-bill, that, as both must be passed or rejected together, the tacked bill may pass, because the money bill must.



forced to bear it the other day. Many of my friends are gone to *Kensington*, where the queen has been removed for some time. This is a long letter for a sick body. I will begin the next in the journal way, though my journals will be sorry ones. My left-hand is very weak, and trembles; but my right side has not been touched. This is a pitiful letter, for want of a better; but plagued with a tetter, my fancy does fetter. Ah! my poor willows and quicksets! Well, but you must read *John Bull*: do you understand it at all? Farewel.

## LETTER LXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, May 31, 1712.

I Cannot yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing still, though with less violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am in pain. But however, I am so much mended, that I intend my next shall be in the old way; and yet I shall, perhaps, break my resolution when I feel pain. I believe I have lost credit with you, in relation to my coming over; but I protest it is impossible for one, who has any thing to do with this ministry, to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a business, which, till it take some turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never inclined so much as now, that I had stayed in *Ireland*; but the dye is cast, and is now a spinning, and till it

settles, I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a fife. The moment I am used ill, I will leave them; but know not how to do it while things are in suspense. The sessions will soon be over (I believe in a fortnight;) and the peace, we hope, will be made in a short time; and there will be no further occasion for me; nor have I any thing to trust to but court gratitude; so that I expect to see my willows a month after the parliament is up. Have you seen my letter to lord treasurer? There are two answers come out to it already; though it is no politics, but a harmless proposal about the improvement of the *English* tongue. I believe if I writ an essay upon a straw some fool would answer it. I am just now thinking to go lodge at *Kensington*, for the air. Lady *Masham* has teased me to do it, but business has hindered me; but now lord treasurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our society dined together under a canopy in an arbour at *Parson's-Green* last *Thursday*; I never saw any thing so fine and romantic. We got a great victory last *Wednesday* in the house of lords by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see lord treasurer carried to the *Tower*. I met your *Higgins* \* here yesterday; he roars at the insolence of the whigs in *Ireland*, talks much of his own sufferings and expences in asserting the cause of the church; and I find he would fain plead merit enough to desire, that his fortune should be mended. I believe he designs to make as much noise as he can, in order

\* Rev. Mr. *Francis Higgins*, then *Rector* of *St. Michael's*, *Dublin*.



to preferment. I am printing a three-penny pamphlet, and shall print another in a fortnight, and then I have done, unless some new occasion starts. I believe the news of the duke of *Ormond* producing letters in the council of war, with orders not to fight, will surprize you in *Ireland*. Lord treasurer said in the house of lords, that in a few days the treaty of peace should be laid before them; and our court thought it wrong to hazard a battle, and sacrifice many lives in such a juncture. If the peace holds, all will do well, otherwise I know not how we shall weather it. And it was reckoned as a wrong step in politics, for lord treasurer to open himself so much. The secretary would not go so far to satisfy the whigs in the house of commons; but there all went swimmingly. I dined the other day with lord *Rivers*, who is sick at his country house, and he shewed me all his cherries blasted. Farewel.

## L E T T E R    LXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Kensington, June 17, 1712.

I Have lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exercise, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On *Saturday* I dined with the duchess of *Ormond*, at her lodge near *Sheen*, and thought to get a boat as usual, I walked by the bank to *Kew*, but no boat; then to *Mortlake*, but no boat; and it was nine

o'clock. At last a little sculler called, full of nasty people. I made him set me down at *Hammer Smith*, so walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Last night I had another such difficulty. I was in the city till past ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It was over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love these shabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them, because they arise from not having a thousand pounds a year. I had yours about three days ago, which I will now answer. And first, I did not relapse, but I came out before I ought. The first going abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more messages afterwards. Well, but *John Bull* is not wrote by the person you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been *Grubstreet*, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's right: is it not? I am against Dr. *Smith*. I drink little water with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Dr. *Cockburn* told me a little wine would not hurt me; but it is hot and dry, and water is dangerous. The worst thing here is my evenings at lord *Masham's*, where lord treasurer comes, and we sit till after twelve. But it is convenient I should be among them for a while as much as possible. I need not tell you why. But I hope that will be at an end in a month or two, one way or other, and I am resolved it shall; but I can't go to *Tunbridge*, or any where else out of the way, in this juncture. *Higgins* is here, roaring that all is wrong in *Ireland*, and would have me get him an audience of lord treasurer to tell

him



him so; but I will have nothing to do in it, no not I. We have had no thunder till last night, and till then we were dead for want of rain; but there fell a great deal: no field looked green. I reckon the queen will go to *Windsor* in three or four weeks; and if the secretary takes a house there, I shall be sometimes with him. I heard somebody coming up stairs, and forgot I was in the country. I was afraid of a visiter; that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teased with solicitors. *Moult* the chymist is my acquaintance. I sent the question to him about sir *Walter Raleigh's* cordial, and the answer he returned is in these words; "My service to Dr. *Smith*; it is directly after Mr. *Boyle's* receipt." That commission is performed; if he wants any of it, *Moult* shall use him fairly. I suppose *Smith* is one of your physicians. Well, but now for the peace: why we expect it daily; but the *French* have the staff in their own hands, and we trust to their honesty. I wish it were otherwise. Things are now in the way of being soon in the extreams of well or ill. I hope and believe the first. Lord *Wharton* is gone out of town in a rage, and curses himself and friends; for ruining themselves in defending lord *Marlborough* and *Godolphin* and taking *Nottingham* into their favour. He swears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty speech at sixty-six, and the queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health; for you must know her health is fixed by a certain reason, that she has done with braces (I must use the expression) and nothing ill has happened to her since; so she has a new

lease of her life. Read *The Lettiter to a Whig Lord* \*. Farewel.

## L E T T E R LXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Kensington, July 1, 1712.

I Never was in a worse station for writing letters, than this; for I go to town early; and when I come home at night, I generally go to lord *Masham's*, where lord treasurer comes, and we stay till past twelve; but I am now resolved to write journals again, tho' my shoulder is not well. It is now high cherry-time with us; take notice. Is it so soon with you? And we have early apricots; and gooseberries are ripe. On *Sunday* archdeacon *Parnell* came here to see me. It seems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death, and has been two months at the *Bath*. He has a mind to go to *Dunkirk* with *Jack Hill*, and I persuade him to it, and have spoke to *Hill* to receive him; but I doubt he won't have spirit to go. I have made *Ford* † *Gazetteer*, and got two hundred pounds a year settled on the employment, by the secretaries of state, besides the perquisites. It is the

\* ' It was published under the title of *A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord*, dated at *St. Germain's*, July 8, 1712. The design of this fictitious letter was to throw off the odium of an intention to bring in the pretender, from the high church party, on their antagonists the whigs.'

† *Charles Ford*, Esq; several of whose letters are in this collection.



prettiest employment in *England* of its bigness; yet the puppy does not seem satisfied with it. I think people keep some follies to themselves, till they have occasion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. It is impossible to make any man easy. His salary is paid him every week, if he pleases, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, candles, papers, &c. can frank what letters he will; and his perquisites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the bishop of *Clogher* is landing, or landed, in *England*; and I hope to see him in a few days. I was to see Mrs. *Bradley* on *Sunday* night. Her youngest son is to marry somebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave lady *Giffard* \*, because she was striking up an intrigue with a footman, who played well on the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yesterday the old bishop of *Worcester* †, who pretends to be a prophet, went to the queen, by appointment, to prove to her majesty, out of *Daniel* and the *Revelations*, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the king of *France* would be a protestant, and fight on their side; that the popedom would be destroyed, &c. And declared, that he would be content to give up his bishopric, if it were not true. Lord treasurer, who told it me, was by, and some others;

\* ' *Martha*, sister to sir *William Temple*. She died in 1722, aged 84.'

† ' Dr *William Lloyd*.'

and I am told lord treasurer confounded him sadly in his own learning, which made the old fool very quarrellsome. He is near ninety years old. Have you seen *Toland's* invitation to *Dismal*\*? How do you like it? But it is an imitation of *Horace*, and perhaps you do not understand *Horace*. Here has been a great sweep of employments, and we expect still more removals. The court seems resolved to make thorough work. Mr. *Hill* intended to set out to-morrow for *Dunkirk*, of which he is appointed governor; but he tells me to-day, he cannot go till *Thursday* or *Friday*. I wish it were over. Mr † secretary tells me, he is in no fear at all, that *France* will play tricks with us. If we have *Dunkirk* once, all is safe. We rail now all against the *Dutch*, who indeed have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr. secretary is soon to be made a viscount. He desired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but I excused myself from a work, that might lose me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the court make him an earl, but it will not be; and therefore he will not take the title of *Bolingbroke*, which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have advised him to be called lord *Pomfret*; but he thinks that title is already in some other family; and, besides, he objects, that it is in *Yorkshire*, where he has no estate; but there is nothing in that, and I love *Pomfret*. Why? 'Tis in all our histories; they are

\* The earl of *Nottingham*. See the poem among the posthumous pieces published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

† Right Hon. *Henry St. John*.



full of *Pomfret-castle*. *Steele* \* was arrested the other day for making a lottery, directly against an act of parliament. He is now under prosecution; but they think it will be dropped out of pity. I believe he will very soon lose his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his *Spectators*; and I will never offer a word in his behalf. *Raymond* † writes me word, that the bishop of *Meath* ‡ was going to summon me, in order to suspension for absence, if the provost had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their first-fruits. We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of *June*; and for a week past, we have had a great deal of rain, tho' not every day. I am just now told, that the governor of *Dunkirk* has not orders yet to deliver up the town to *Jack Hill* and his forces, but expects them daily. This must put off *Hill's* journey awhile, and I don't like these stoppings in such an affair. Farewel.

## L E T T E R LXVII.

Dr. S W I F T to Mrs. D I N G L E Y.

Kensington, July 17, 1712.

I Am weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it soon. The queen goes on *Tuesday* to *Windsor*,

\* Afterwards Sir *Richard Steele*.

† Dr. *Raymond*, rector of *Trim*.

‡ Dr. *William Moreton*, translated to that see from *Kildare* in 1705. He died the twenty-first of *November* 1715.

and I shall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to *London*, and coming late from it, and supping at lady *Masbam's*. I dined to-day with the duke of *Argyle* at *Kew*, and would not go to the court to-night, because of writing to you. Since *Dunkirk* has been in our hands, *Grubstreet* has been very fruitful. I have wrote five or six *Grubstreet* papers this last week.

Have you seen *Toland's* invitation to *Dismal*, or a hue and cry after *Dismal*, or a ballad on *Dunkirk*, or an agreement that *Dunkirk* is not in our hands? Poh! You have seen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather; yet I walk every<sup>\*</sup> night home, and believe it does me good; but my shoulder is not yet right; itchings and scratchings and small aking. I have heard of the bishop's \* making me uneasy, but I did not think it was because I never wrote to him. A little would make me write to him. I find I am obliged to the provost, for keeping the bishop from being impertinent. I never talked to *Higgins* but once in the street, and I believe, he and I shall hardly meet, but by chance. What care I, whether my letter to lord treasurer be commended there or no? Why does not somebody among you answer it, as three or four have done here? You hear secretary *St. John* is made viscount *Bolingbroke*. I could hardly persuade him to take that title, because the eldest branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was last year extinct. *Jack Hill* sent his sister a pattern of a head-dress from *Dunkirk*;

\* 'Of Meath.'



it was like a fashion twenty years ago, only not quite so high, and looks very ugly. I have made *Trap* chaplain to lord *Bolinbroke*, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr. *Addison* returned me my visit this morning. He lives in our town. I shall be mighty retired, and mighty busy for a while at *Windsor*. Pray, why don't you go to *Trim*, and see *Laracor*, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the hollies, and the cherry-trees on the river-walk?

19th, I could not send this letter last post, being called away before I could finish it. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer; sat with him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for some business I had with him. He brought me to *Kensington* and lord *Bolingbroke* would not let me go away till two. To-day there will be another *Grub*, *A letter from the Pretender to a Whig lord*. *Grubstreet* has but ten days to live; then an act of parliament takes place, that ruins it, by taxing every half sheet at a half-penny. We have news just come, but not the particulars, that the earl of *Albemarle*, at the head of eight thousand *Dutch*, is beaten, lost the greatest part of his men, and himself made a prisoner. This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The duke of *Ormond* has got abundance of credit by his good conduct of affairs in *Flanders*. Farewel.

## L E T T E R LXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Aug. 7, 1712.

I Left *Windsor* on *Monday* last, upon lord *Bolingbroke's* being gone to *France*; and somebody's being here, that I ought often to consult with in an affair I am upon: but that person talks of returning to *Windsor* again, and I believe I shall follow him. I am now in a hedge-lodging very busy, as I am every day till noon; so that this letter is like to be short, and you are not to blame me these two months; for I protest, if I study ever so hard, I believe I cannot in that time compass what I am upon. We have a fever both here and at *Windsor* which hardly any body misses; but it lasts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The queen had forty servants down in it at once. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer, but could do no business, though he sent for me, I thought, on purpose; but he desires I will dine with him again to-day. *Windsor* is a most delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings look upon *Eaton* and the *Thames*. I wish I was owner of them; they belong to a prebend. Do you know, that *Grubstreet* is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plyed it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny-papers of my own, besides some of other people's;



people's; but now every single half sheet pays a halfpenny to the queen. The *Observer* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks the stamping is worth a halfpenny. Lord *Bolingbroke* and *Prior* set out for *France* last *Saturday*. My lord's business is to hasten the peace before the *Dutch* are too much mauled; and to hinder *France* from carrying the jest of beating them too far. Have you seen the fourth part of *John Bull*? It is equal to the rest, and extremely good. The bishop of *Clogher*'s son has been ill of *St. Anthony's* fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would have been spoiled, but it is not. *Dilly* is just as he used to be, and puns as plentifully and as bad. *Raymond* wrote to me, that he intended to invite you to *Trim*. Are you, have you, will you be there? If you have not your letters in due time for two months hence, impute it to my being tosticated between this and *Windsor*. Poor lord *Winchelsea*\* is dead, to my great grief. He was a worthy honest gentleman, and a particular friend of mine: and, what is yet worse, my old acquaintance, Mrs. *Finch*† is now countess of *Winchelsea*, the title

\* 'Charles, earl of *Winchelsea*, first lord commissioner of trade and plantations. He died August 14, 1712.'

† 'Ann, daughter of Sir *William Kingsmill*, of *Sidmonton*, in *Hampshire*, wife of *Heneage Finch*, earl of *Winchelsea*. She was author of *The Spleen*, and other poems. She died August 5, 1720.'

being fallen to her husband, but without much estate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now past two afternoon, so I shall take a little walk in the park. Do you play at ombre still? Or is that off by Mr. *Stoyte's* absence, and Mrs. *Manley's* grief? Farewel.

## L E T T E R   L X I X.

Dr. S W I F T to Mrs. D I N G L E Y.

Windfor, Sept. 15, 1712.

I Have been much out of order of late, with the old giddiness in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty little fruit ; yet I impute my disorder to that little, and shall from henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for some papers from the ministry for materials for the rest ; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I asked them ; so that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to study. One is kept constantly out of humour by a thousand unaccountable things in public proceedings ; and when I reason with some friends, we cannot conceive how affairs can last as they are. God only knows ; but it is a very melancholy subject for those, who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavouring, as I was last year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings. One cannot with-hold them from drawing different ways, while  
the



the enemy is watching to destroy both. See how my stile is altered, by living and thinking, and talking among these people. Instead of my canal and river, walk and willows, I lose all my money here among the ladies; so that I never play when I can help it, being sure to lose. I have lost five pounds the five weeks I have been here. I hope you are luckier at picquet with the dean\* and Mrs. *Walls*. I wait here but to see what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from me, I will go over.

18th, I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I shall be better. I have been very giddy since I wrote what is before, yet not as I used to be; more frequent, but not so violent. Yesterday we were alarmed with the queen's being ill; she had an aguish and feverish fit; and you never saw such countenances as we all had, such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for; but towards night she grew better; to-day she is on her feet, and was up: we are not now in any fear; it will be at worst but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord treasurer would not come here from *London*, because it would make a noise, if he came before his usual time, which is *Saturday*, and he goes away on *Mondays*. The whigs have lost a great support in the earl of *Godolphin*†. It is a good jest to hear the ministers talk of him now with humanity and pity, because he is dead, and can do them no

\* Dr. *Sterne*, dean of *St. Patrick's*, afterwards bishop of *Clogher*.

† 'He died September 15, 1712.'

more hurt. Lady *Orkney*, the late \* king's mistress, who lives at a fine place five miles from hence (called *Cliffden*) and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wisest woman I ever saw; and lord treasurer made great use of her advice in the late change of affairs. I hear lord *Marlborough* is growing ill of his *diabetes*; which, if it be true, may soon carry him off; and then the ministry will be something more at ease. The doctor tells me I must go into a course of steel, though I have not the spleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. *Bernage's* regiment is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not seen him this long time; but I suppose he is over-run with melancholy. My lord *Shrewsbury* is certainly designed to be governor of *Ireland*; and, I believe, the duchess will please the people there mightily. I hear there are five or six people putting strongly in for my livings, God help them. But if ever the court should give me any thing, I would recommend *Raymond* to the duke of *Ormond*; not for any particular friendship to him, but because it would be proper for the minister of *Trim* to have *Laracor*. You may keep the gold studded snuff-box now; for my brother† *Hill*, governor of *Dunkirk*, has sent me the finest that ever you saw. It is allowed at court, that none in *England* comes near it, though it did not cost above twenty pounds ‡. And the duchess of *Hamilton* has

\* *William III.*

† One of the society.

‡ This is the box, on the bottom of which the goose and snail were painted, that gave occasion to the jest and repartee between



made me a pocket for it, like a woman's, with a belt and buckle, (for I wear no waistcoat in summer) and there are several divisions, and one on purpose for my box. We have had most delightful weather this whole week, but illness and vomiting have hindered me from sharing in a great part of it. Lady *Masham* made the queen send to *Kensington* for some of her preserved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope it will do me good. The queen will stay here about a month longer, I suppose, but lady *Masham* will go in ten days to lie-in at *Kensington*. Poor creature, she fell down in the court here the other day. She would needs walk across it upon some displeasure with her chairmen, and was like to be spoiled, so near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a sore side; though I shall not be at ease till she is brought to-bed. I find I can fill up a letter, some way or other, without a journal. If I had not a spirit naturally chearful \*, I should be very much discontented at a thousand things. Pray God preserve your health, and that I may live free from the envy and discontent, that attends those, who are thought to have more favour at court than they really possess. Farewel.

*Swift* and lord *Oxford*. See *Swift's* life, and a particular description of the box, in a letter to general *Hill*, dated *August 12, 1712*, printed in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

\* His life is a mournful and striking instance of the power of disappointment, totally to subvert natural chearfulness, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginary evil.

## LETTER LXX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Oct. 9, 1712.

I Have left *Windſor* theſe ten days, and am deep in pills, with *aſſa fætida*, and a ſteel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much diſcouraged; for I uſed to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a day, and have taken, I believe, one hundred and fifty already. The queen, lord treaſurer, lady *Maſham*, and I, were all ill together, but are now all better; only lady *Maſham* expects every day to lie-in at *Kenſington*. There was never ſuch a lump of lies ſpread about the town together as now. I doubt not but you will have them in *Dublin* before this comes to you, and all without the leaſt ground of truth. I have been mightily put back in ſomething I am writing by my illneſs, but hope to fetch it up, ſo as to be ready when the parliament meets. Lord treaſurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but is now near quite well. I was playing at *one and thirty* with him, and his family, the other night. He gave us all twelve pence a-piece to begin with. It put me in mind of Sir *William Temple*\*.

\* Sir *William* treated *Swift* with ſo little liberality, after encouraging him to hope he would provide for him, that it was like giving him a ſhilling to begin the world with.



I asked both him and lady *Masbam* seriously, whether the queen were at all inclined to a dropfy? And they positively assured me she was not: so did her physician *Arbuthnot*, who always attends her. Yet these devils have spread that she has holes in her legs, and runs at her navel, and I know not what. *Arbuthnot* has sent me from *Windsor* a pretty discourse upon lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is aproposal for publishing a curious piece, called *The Art of Political Lying*, in two volumes, &c. And then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like those pamphlets called *The Works of the Learned*. Pray get it when it comes out\*. The queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe she will stay a month still at *Windsor*. Lord treasurer shewed me the kindest letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one secret, that there will be soon made some knights of the garter. You know another is fallen by lord *Godolphin's* death: he will be buried in a day or two at *Westminster-Abbey*. I saw *Tom Leigh* in town once. The bishop of *Clogher* has taken his lodgings for the winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town abundance of people from *Ireland*; half a dozen bishops at least. The poor old bishop of *London* †, at past fourscore, fell down backwards going up stairs, and I hear broke or cracked his skull; yet is

\* This is published among the Dean's works, and is part of the Miscellany, which he printed in conjunction with Mr. *Pope*.

† 'Dr. *Henry Compton*, translated to that see from the bishoprick of *Oxford*, in 1675.'

now recovering. The town is as empty as at *Midsummer*; and if I had not occasion for physic, I would be at *Windsor* still. Did I tell you of lord *Rivers*'s \* will? He has left a legacy to about twenty poultry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependent or relation: he has left from his only child, lady *Barrymore*, her mother's estate, and given the whole to his heir male, a popish priest, a second cousin, who is now earl *Rivers*, and whom he used in his life like a footman. After him it goes to his chief wench and bastard †. Lord treasurer and lord chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, and detest his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the *Dutch* are so wilful, because they are told the queen cannot live. I believe I escaped the fever, because I am not

\* 'Richard Savage, earl of *Rivers*, who died 18th Aug. 1712.'

† Among other natural children of this nobleman was *Richard Savage*, a man celebrated for his genius and misfortunes. His mother was *Anne* countess of *Macclesfield*, to whom *Savage* addressed a poem called, *The Bastard*, and who afterwards married colonel *Bret*. Lord *Rivers* having committed the child to her care, she placed him with a poor woman in an obscure village; and when he enquired after him on his death-bed, that he might provide for him among other natural children, she told him he was dead; and, by this diabolical and unprovoked cruelty, she deprived her son of a legacy of six thousand pounds, which his father had bequeathed to him in his will, and which, not suspecting that there could exist in a human form a mother, that would ruin her son without enriching herself, he bestowed upon some other person. By chief wench, &c. are supposed to be meant Mrs. *Colleton* and her daughter. See the life of *Savage* by *Johnson*.



well ; some physicians here talk very melancholy, and think it foreruns the plague, which is actually at *Hamburgh*. I think we both have the faculty never to part with a disorder for ever ; we are very constant. I have had my giddiness twenty three years by fits.

*October 11th*, Lord treasurer sent for me yesterday and the day before to sit with him, because he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad ; and I could not finish my letter. How the deuce came I to be so exact in your money ? Just seventeen shillings and eight-pence more than due ; I believe you cheat me. *Ppt.* \* makes a petition with many apologies. *John Danvers*, you know, is lady *Giffard's* friend. I tell you what, as things are at present, I cannot possibly speak to lord treasurer for any body. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs ; if the former, I will be a solicitor for your sister ; if the latter, I have done with courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way, if I am used well, and I will then make it my business. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deserve it, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of *Ppt.* whose affairs *Ppt.* has so at heart. I have taken down his name and his case (not her case,) and whenever a proper time comes, I will do all I can : that is enough to say,

\* *Ppt.* is Mrs. *Johnson*. Mrs. *Dingley*, the lady to whom this letter is addressed, though a relation of Sir *William Temple's*, had no more than an annuity of 27*l.* for a subsistence ; this the Dean used to receive for her ; and it was known by an accident, after his memory failed, that he allowed her an annuity of 50*l.*

when I can do no more; and I beg your pardon a thousand times, that I cannot do better. I hope the dean of *St. Patrick's* \* is well of his fever; he has never wrote to me; I am glad of it; pray don't desire him to write. I have dated your bill late, because it must not commence till the first of *November* next. Are you good housewives and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gamesters. Are you drinkers? Are you——hold, I must go no farther, for fear of abusing fine ladies. *Parvisol* has not sent me one word how he set this year's tithes. Pray, ask whether tithes set well or ill this year. Bishop of *Killaloe* † tells me wool bears a good rate in *Ireland*; but how is corn? I dined yesterday with lady *Orkney*, and we sat alone from two till eleven at night. You have heard of her, I suppose. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am so lazy and so busy, I cannot answer them, and they grow upon me for several months. Have I any apples at *Laracor*? It is strange every year should blast them, when I took so much care for shelter. Lord *Bolingbroke* has been idle at his country house this fortnight, which puts me backwards in business I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of stairs, and see nobody, if I can help it; yet some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as *Patrick* at denying me, *Patrick* has been soliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with some of the new whims printed, and has taken up my time. I am just going out, and can only bid you farewell.

\* 'Dr. Sterne.'

† Dr. *William Lloyd*, who died in *December*, 1716.



## L E T T E R LXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, Oct. 28, 1712.

I Have been in physick this month, and have been better these three weeks. I stop my physick, by the doctors orders, till he sends me farther directions. *D. D.* \* grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we shall have it soon, for the *Dutch* are fully humbled ; and *Prior* is just come over from *France* for a few days ; I suppose upon some important affair. I saw him last night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks rise upon his coming. As for my stay in *England*, it cannot be long now, and so tell my friends. The parliament will not meet till after *Christmas*, and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing shall keep me. I am very much discontented at *Parvisol*, about neglecting to sell my horses, &c.

Lady *Masham* is not yet brought to-bed ; but we expect it daily. I dined with her to-day. Lord *Bolingbroke* returned about two months ago, and *Prior* about a week ; and goes back (*Prior* I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my snuff-box and pockets ? did I ? I had a letter to-day from Dr. *Coghill*, desiring me to get *Raphoe* for dean *Sterne*, and the deanry for myself. I shall indeed, I have such obligations to *Sterne*. But, however, if I am asked

\* Perhaps Mrs. *Dingley*.

who will make a good bishop, I shall name him before any body. Then comes another letter, desiring I would recommend a provost, supposing that *Pratt* \* (who has been here about a week) will certainly be promoted; but I believe he will not. I presented *Pratt* to lord treasurer, and truly young *Molyneux* † would have had me present him too; but I directly answered him I would not, unless he had business with him. He is the son of one Mr. *Molyneux*, of *Ireland*. His father wrote a book ‡; I suppose you know it. Here is the duke of *Marlborough* going out of *England* (Lord knows why), which causes many speculations. Some say he is conscious of guilt, and dare not stand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the government, as who should say, that one, who has done such great services to his country, cannot live quietly in it, by reason of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up these people together once more. God knows how long it may last. I was to-day at a trial between lord *Landf-*  
*down* and lord *Carteret*, two friends of mine. It was in the *Queen's-Bench*, for about six thousand pounds a year (or nine, I think). I sat under lord chief

\* ‘Dr. *Benjamin Pratt*, provost of *Trinity-College* at *Dublin*.’

† ‘*Samuel*, son of *William Molyneux*, Esq; the friend and correspondent of Mr. *Locke*. Mr. *Samuel Molyneux* was afterwards secretary to the late king *George II*. when prince of *Wales*. He married lady *Elizabeth Capell*, daughter of *Algernon* earl of *Essex*. He died in *April*, 1728.’

‡ ‘*The case of Ireland's being bound by acts of parliament in England stated*, published in 1698, in octavo.’



justice *Parker*, and his pen falling down, I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going to whisper him, that *I had done good for evil; for he would have taken mine from me.* I told it lord treasurer and *Bolingbroke*. *Parker* would not have known me, if several lords on the bench, and in the court, bowing, had not turned every body's eyes, and set them a-whispering. I owe the dog a spite, and will pay him in two months at farthest, if I can. So much for that. But you must have chat, and I must say every sorry thing that comes into my head. They say the queen will stay a month longer at *Windso*r. These devils of *Grubstreet* rogues; that write the *Flying-Post* and *Medley* in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling lord treasurer, lord *Bolinbroke*, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but *Bolingbroke* is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. He is a *Scotch* rogue, one *Ridpath*. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; and so it goes round. They say, some learned *Dutchman* has wrote a book, proving, by civil law, that we do them wrong by this peace; but I shall shew, by plain reason, that we have suffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horse, and have hundreds of letters still to read; and squeeze a line perhaps out of each, or at least the seeds of a line. *Strafford* goes back to *Holland* in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write (this is to be extracted) which will be sixty in print. It is the most troublesome part of all, and I cannot keep myself private, tho' I stole into a room up two  
pair

pair of stairs, when I came from *Windsor*; but my present man has not yet learned his lesson of denying me discreetly

30th, The duchess of *Ormond* found me out to-day, and made medine with her. Lady *Masham* is still expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not finish my letter last post for the soul of me. Lord *Bolingbroke* has had my papers these six weeks, and done nothing to them. Is *Tisdall* yet in the world? I propose writing controversies, to get a name with posterity. The duke of *Ormond* will not be over these three or four days. I design to make him join with me in settling all right among our people. I have ordered the duchess to let me have an hour with the duke at his first coming, to give him a true state of persons and things. I believe the duke of *Shrewsbury* will hardly be declared your governour yet; at least I think so now; but resolutions alter very often. Duke *Hamilton* gave me a pound of snuff to-day, admirable good. I wish D. D. had it, and *Ppt.* too, if she likes it. It cost me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady *Orkney* is making me a writing table of her own contrivance, and a bed night-gown. She is perfectly kind like a mother. I think the d—— was it in the other day, that I should talk to her of an ugly squinting cousin of hers, and the poor lady herself, you know, squints like a dragon. The other day we had a long discourse with her about love; and she told us a saying of her sister *Fitzharding*, which I thought excellent, that *in men, desire begets love, and in women, love begets desire*. We have abundance of our old criers still hereabouts. I hear every morning  
your



your women with the old sattin and taffata, &c. the fellow with old coats, suits, or cloaks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable days in twenty. I have lost money again at ombre, with lord *Orkney* and others; yet, after all, this year I have lost but three and twenty shillings; so that, considering card-money, I am no loser.

Our society hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we shall continue to do some good this winter; and lord treasurer promises the academy for reforming our language shall soon go forward. I must now go hunt those dry letters for materials. You will see something very notable, I hope. So much for that. God Almighty bless you.

## L E T T E R LXXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Nov. 15, 1712.

BEfore this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning, at eight, my man brought me word, that duke *Hamilton* had fought with lord *Mohun*, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the duke's house, in *St. James's-square*; but the porter could hardly answer him for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog *Mohun* was killed on the spot; but, while the duke was over him, *Mohun* shortening his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart.

The

The duke was helped towards the cake-house, by the ring, in *Hyde-park* (where they fought) and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep. *Maccartney* and one *Hamilton* were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told, that a footman of lord *Mohun's* stabbed duke *Hamilton*; and some say *Maccartney* did so too. *Mohun* gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to *France*, but durst not tell it me; and those he did tell said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for any one to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backwards, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the *Grubstreet* screamers, ringing her husband's murder in her ears.

I believe you have heard the story of my escape, in opening the band-box sent to the lord treasurer. The prints have told a thousand lies of it; but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in the *Evening-post*; only I would not suffer them to name me, having been so often named before, and teased to  
death



death with questions. I wonder how I came to have so much presence of mind, which is not usually my talent; but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him; for there was a bullet-piece. A gentleman told me, that if I had been killed, the whigs would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of ink-horns, with which I had done them so much mischief. There was a pure *Grubstreet* of it, full of lies and inconsistencies. I do not like these things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my willows. There is a devilish spirit among people, and the ministry must exert themselves, or sink.

16th, I thought to have finished this yesterday; but was too much disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to lady *Masham*, to beg her to write some comforting words to the poor duchess. I dined to-day with lady *Masham* at *Kensington*, where she is expecting these two months to lie-in. She has promised me to get the queen to write to the duchess kindly on this occasion; and to-morrow I will beg lord treasurer to visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worse. Her violences not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal and settled. She has abundance of wit and spirit; about thirty-three years old; handsome and airy, and seldom spared any body that gave her the least provocation; by which she had many enemies, and few friends. Lady *Orkney*, her sister-in-law, is come to town on this occasion; and has been to see her, and behaved herself with great humanity. They have been always very ill together, and the poor duchess could not have patience, when people told her I went  
often

often to lady *Orkney*'s. But I am resolved to make them friends; for the duchess is now no more the object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, *affliction*. I design to make the ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) against that villain *Maccartney*. What shall we do with these murderers! I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion; for I cannot send it till *Tuesday*, and the coroner's inquest on the duke's body is to be to-morrow. Then I shall know more. This is a very surprising event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals.

17th, I was to-day at noon with the duchess of *Hamilton* again, after I had been with lady *Orkney*, and charged her to be kind to her sister in her affliction. The duchess told me lady *Orkney* had been with her, and that she did not treat her as gently as she ought. They hate one another, but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for the *Postboy*, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as possible, and very proper for *Abel Roper*, the printer of it. I dined at lord treasurer's at six in the evening, which is his usual hour of returning from *Windsor*: he promises to visit the duchess to-morrow, and says he has a message to her from the queen. 'Tis late; I have stayed till past one with him.

18th, The committee of council is to sit this afternoon upon the affair of the duke of *Hamilton*'s murder, and I hope a proclamation will be out against *Maccartney*. I was just now ('tis now noon) with the duchess, to let her know lord treasurer will see her. She is mightily out of order. The jury have not yet brought



brought in their verdict upon the coroner's inquest. We suspect *Maccartney* stabbed the duke while he was fighting. The queen and lord treasurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with lord treasurer; but must send this to the post-office before, because else I shall not have time; he usually keeps me too late. *Ben Tooke* bid me write to *D. D.* \* to send her certificate, for it is high time it should be sent, he says. Pray make *Parvisol* write to me, and send me a general account of my affairs; and let him know I shall be over in spring, and that by all means he sells the horses. *Prior* has kissed the queen's hand, and will return to *France* in a few days, and lord *Strafford* to *Holland*. Now the king of *Spain* has renounced his pretensions to *France*, the peace must follow very soon unavoidably. You must no more call *Phillip* duke of *Anjou*, for we now acknowledge him king of *Spain*. *Dr. Pratt* tells me, you are all mad in *Ireland* with your playhouse frolics and prologues, and I know not what. *Mr. Verdoen* was with me yesterday, and enquired after you. He was a lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He asked me nothing for himself; but wanted an employment for a friend, *who wou'd give a handsome pair of gloves*. One *Hales* sent me up a letter the other day, which said you lodged in his house, and therefore desired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be within, and have directed my man to give him an answer, that I never open letters brought me by the writers, &c. I was complaining to a lady, that I wanted to mend an

\* ' Mrs. Dingley.'

employment

employment from forty to sixty pounds a year in the salt-office, and thought it hard I could not do it. She told me Mr. *Griffin* should do it. And afterwards I met *Griffin* at her lodgings; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named *Filly* to him, and his abode somewhere near *Nantwich*. He said frankly, he had formerly examined the man, and found he understood very little of his business; but if he heard he mended, he would do what I desired. I will let it rest a while, and then resume it; and if *Ppt.* writes to *Filly*, she may advise him to diligence, &c. I told *Griffin* positively I would have it done, if the man mended. This is an account of *Ppt.*'s commission to her most humble servant. I have a world of writing to finish, and little time; these toads of ministers are so *slow in their helps*.

## L E T T E R LXXIII.

Countess of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 21, 1712.

**T**His key will open treasures; but vain in me to know them \*. Your conveniency is my satisfaction. If I can or may read what will be in this table, it ought and shall be my happiness. You must discern this comes from the most interested joiner that ever

\* This letter was accompanied with a present of a writing-table, seal, paper, wax, &c.



made a thing of this nature. Peruse narrowly, and what faults you find, they shall be mended, in every particular, to the utmost capacity of, sir, your obliged humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

## LETTER LXXIV.

Countess of ORKNEY to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 22, 1712.

**Y**OU are extremely obliging to write how well you take my whim, in telling my true thoughts of your mind: for I was ashamed, when I reflected, and hoped I should see you soon, after expressing the value I have of you in an uncommon way. But this I write with assurance, that I am very sincerely, sir, your obliged humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

## LETTER LXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Dec. 12, 1712.

**I** Protest solemnly I am not able to write to you for other business, but I will renew my journal method to you next time. I find it is easier, tho' it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three

weeks, till this business is off my hands, which must be in fix, I think, at farthest. Oh! I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs: I have enough of it now with a worrier. Two women have been here six times a-piece; I never saw them yet. The first I have dispatched with a letter; the other I must see, and tell her I can do nothing for her: she is wife of one Mr. *Conner*, an old college acquaintance, and comes on a foolish errand, for some old pretensions, that will succeed, when I am lord treasurer. I am got up two pair of stairs in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to discover where I am; yet every morning two or three sets are plaguing me, and my present servant has not yet his lesson perfect of denying me. I have written one hundred and thirty pages in folio to be printed, and must write thirty more, which will make a large book of four shillings\*. I wish I had an opportunity of sending you some snuff. I will watch who goes to *Ireland*, and do it, if possible. I had a letter from *Parvisol*, and find he has set my livings very low. Colonel *Hamilton*, who was second to duke *Hamilton*, is tried to-day. I suppose he is come off, but have not heard. I dined with lord treasurer, but left him by nine, and visited some people. Lady *Betty*, his daughter, will be married on *Monday* next (as I suppose) to the marquis of *Caermarthen*. I did not know your country place had been *Portrain*, till you told me so in your

\* ' This seems to be his *History of the Peace of Utrecht*, not published till after his death;'



last. Has *Swanton* taken it of *Wallis*? That *Wallis* was a grave, wise coxcomb. God be thanked that *Ppt.* is better of her disorders. God keep her so. The pamphlet of political lying is written by Dr. *Arbuthnot*, the author of *John Bull*; 'tis very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood. *Higgins*, first chaplain to duke *Hamilton*? Why, duke *Hamilton* never dreamed of a chaplain, nor, I believe, ever heard of *Higgins*. You are glorious newsmongers in *Ireland*; dean *Francis*, Sir *Richard Levinge*, stuff, stuff, and *Pratt*, more stuff. We have lost our fine frost here; and *Abel Roper* tells me you have had floods in *Dublin*. So, you read one of the *Grub-streets* about the band-box. The whig papers have abused me about the band-box. God help me, what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account of it in the *Post Boy*, and *Evening Post* of that day. Lord treasurer has had the seal sent him, that sealed the box, and directions where to find the other pistol in a tree in *St. James's Park*, which lord *Bolingbroke's* messengers found accordingly; but who sent the present is not yet known. Duke *Hamilton* avoided the quarrel as much as possible, according to the foppish rules of honour in practice. What signified your writing angry to *Filly*? I hope you said nothing of having any thing from me. The queen is in town, and lady *Masham's* month of lying-in is within two days of being out. I was at the christening on *Monday*. I could not get the child named *Robin*, after lord treasurer; it is *Samuel*, after the father. My brother *Ormond* sent me some chocolate to-day. I wish you

had share of it: they say it is good for me, and I design to drink some in the morning. Our society meets next *Thursday*, now the queen is in town; and lord treasurer assures me, that the society for reforming the language shall soon be established. I have given away ten shillings this day to servants. What a stir about company? I kept no company at all, nor have I any desire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-house nor a tavern, nor have touched a card since I left *Windsor*. I make few visits, nor go to levees! my only debauching is sitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almost dropped the duchesses of *Shrewsbury* and *Hamilton*, and several others. Lord treasurer, the duke of *Ormond*, and lady *Orkney*, are all that I see very often. O yes, lady *Masham* and lord *Bolingbroke*, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on *Sundays* to see the world; but, to say the truth, I am growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of public affairs; and if I were to stay here much longer, I am sure I should ruin myself with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into schemes of doing this, but I cannot find any, that will probably succeed. It is impossible to save people against their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patch-work already. Do you understand all this stuff? No. Well, then, you are now returned to *Ombre* and the dean, and *Christmas*; I wish you a very good merry one. It is late, I'll go to sleep; I don't sleep well,  
and



and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner.

13th, Morning. I am so very sleepy in the mornings, that my man wakens me above ten times; and now I can tell you no news of this day. Here is a restless dog, crying cabbages and favoys, plagues me every morning about this time; he is now at it. I wish his largest cabbage were sticking in his throat. I lodge over against the house in *Little Rider-street*, where *D. D.* lodged. To-night I must see the Abbé *Gaultier*, to get some particulars for my history \*. It was he, who was first employed by *France* in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to see him; he is but a puppy too. Lady *Orkney* has just sent to invite me to dinner; she has not yet given me the bed night-gown; besides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute; but I stay till my fire is burned up. Lord *Abercorn* is come to *London*, and will plague me, and I can do him no service. The duke of *Shrewsbury* goes in a day or two for *France*, perhaps to-day. We shall have a peace very soon; the *Dutch* are almost entirely agreed, and if they stop, we shall make it without them. That has been resolved. This is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelve-penny weather. I must see my brother *Ormond* at eleven, and then the duchess of *Hamilton*, with whom I doubt I am in disgrace, not having seen her these ten days. Abbé *Gaultier* sends me word I can-

\* ' Probably that of the peace of *Utrecht*.'

not see him to-night. I don't value any thing but one letter he has of *P's* shewing the roguery of the *Dutch*. Did not the *Conduct of the allies* make you great politicians? Here is somebody coming, that I must see, that wants a little place; the son of cousin *Rooke's* eldest daughter, that died many years ago. Farewel.

## L E T T E R LXXVI.

THOMAS HARRISON, Esq; \* to Dr. SWIFT.

Utrecht, Dec. 16, 1712.

**Y**Our thanks of the 25th of *November*, sir, came before their time; the condition of the obligation

\* ‘ This gentleman, who owed his post of secretary to the *British* embassy at *Utrecht* to the recommendation of Dr. *Swift*, and was eminent for his genius and learning, was educated at *Queen's College*, in *Oxford*, where he took the degree of master of arts, *December 15, 1705*. Mr. *Tickell*, who was of the same college, in his poem to his excellency the lord-privy seal, on the prospect of peace, pays a compliment to his friend Mr. *Harrison*, in these lines:

“ That much lov'd youth, whom *Utrecht's* walls confine,  
“ To *Bristol's* praises shall his *Strafford's* join.”

The reader will find some circumstances relating to him and his last sickness in Dr. *Swift's* letter, or journal, written to Mrs. *Dingley*, beginning *January 25, 1712-13*, by which it appears, that Mr. *Harison* coming over to *England* from *Utrecht* with the barrier treaty, died on *February 14, 1712-13*. Mr. *Jacob*, in his *lives and characters of all the English poets*, Vol. I. p. 70, has



being that you should receive twelve shirts, which number shall be compleated by the first proper occasion. Your kind letter, however, is extremely seasonable: and (next to a note from the treasury) has proved the most vivifying cordial in the world. If you please to send me now and then as much of the same, as will lie upon the top of your pen, I should be contented to take sheets for shirts to the end of the chapter.

Since you are so good as to enter into my affairs, I shall trouble you with a detail of them, as well as of my conduct since I left *England*; which in my opinion, you have a right to inspect, and approve or condemn as you think fit. During my state of probation with the earl of *Strafford*, it was my endeavour to recommend myself to his excellency by fidelity, silence, and an entire submission, more than by an affectation to shine in his service: And whatever difficulties, whatever discouragements fell in my way, I think it appears, that they were surmounted in the end; and my advancement followed upon it sooner than I expected; another would say, much sooner than I deserved, which I should easily agree to, were it not, that I flatter myself there is some merit in the behaviour I kept, when the hopes and temptation of being preferred glittered in my eyes. All the world knows upon what footing Mr.

committed two mistakes, in calling him *William* instead of *Thomas* and in saying, that he died in *Holland* in 1713. He mentions, among Mr. *Harrison's* works, *Woodstock Park*, inscribed to the lord chancellor *Cowper*.'

*Watkins* \* thought himself with my lord *Strafford* †; and though all the world does not know what I am going to tell you, yet Mr. *Watkins* does on one hand, and my S—— on the other, that all the credit I had with either, was heartily, and without reserve, employed to make matters easy; and to cultivate in my humble station that good understanding, which our court desired should be between them. I had my reasons for this, and such perhaps as flowed from an inclination to promote my own interest. I knew as well as any man living almost, how much Mr. *Watkins* was valued by my lord *Bolingbroke* and others. I foresaw the danger of standing in competition with him, if that case should happen: and, to tell you the truth, I did not think myself ripe in regard to interest at home, or of any service I could pretend to have done abroad, to succeed Mr. *Watkins* in so good an employment. Above all, I protest to you, sir, that, if I know my own heart, I am capable of suffering the utmost extremities rather than violate the infinite duty and gratitude I owe my lord *Bolingbroke*, by doing an ill office to a person honoured with such particular marks of his lordship's esteem. I might add to this, that I really loved Mr. *Watkins*; and I beg you, sir, to urge him to the proof, whether my whole behaviour was not such, as might justify the warmest professions I can make of that kind. After all this, how comes it, that he, either in raillery or good earnest, accuses me of having

\* *Henry Watkins*, esq; late secretary.

† *Thomas* earl of *Strafford*, ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General.



any resentment against him? By word of mouth when he left us, by letters so long as he allowed me to correspond with him, and by all the people that ever went from *Utrecht* to *Flanders*, have I importuned him for the continuance of his friendship; and, perhaps, even in his absence (if he pleases to reflect) given him a very essential proof of mine. If any body has thought it worth their while to sow a division between us, I wish he thought it worth his to let me into the secret; and nothing, he may be sure, shall be wanting on my side to defeat a stratagem, which, for ought I know, may end in the starving of his humble servant.

Which leads me naturally to the second thing proposed to be spoken to in my text; namely my circumstances. For, between you and me, sir, I apprehend the treasury will issue out no money on my account, till they know what is due on that of Mr. *Watkins*. And if he has any pretensions, I have none that I know of, but what are as precarious to me, as a stiver, I gave away but now to a beggar, was to him. Is it possible, that Mr. *Watkins* can demand the pay of a commission, which is by the queen herself actually superseded, during his absence from his post? Or is it not as plainly said in mine, that I am her majesty's secretary during such his absence, as in his that he was so, whilst he resided here? If I must be crushed, sir, for God's sake let some reason be alledged for it; or else an ingenuous confession made, that *stat pro ratione voluntas*. If you can fix Mr. *Watkins* to any final determination on this subject, you will do me a singular service, and I shall

shall take my measures accordingly. Though I know your power, I cannot help distrusting it on this occasion. Before I conclude, give me leave to put you mind of beating my thanks into lord *Bolingbroke's* ears, for his late generosity, to the end that his lordship may be wearied out of the evil habit he has got of heaping more obligations and goodness on those he is pleased to favour, than their shoulders are able to bear. For my own part, I have so often thanked his lordship, that I have now no more ways left to turn my thoughts ; and beg, if you have any right good compliments neat and fine by you, that you will advance the necessary, and place them, with the other helps you have given me, to my account ; which I question not, but I shall be able to acknowledge at one and the same time, *viz. ad Græcas calendas.*

In the mean time, I shall do my best to give just such hints as you desired by the next post. Though I cannot but think there are some letters in the office, which would serve your turn a good deal better than any thing I can tell you about the people at the *Hague*. Your access there abundantly prevents my attempting to write you any news from hence. And I assure you, sir, you can write me none from *England* (however uneasy my circumstances are) which will be so agreeable, as that of your long-expected advancement. It grieves me to the soul, that a person, who has been so instrumental to the raising of me from obscurity and distress, should not be yet set above the power of fortune, and the malice of those enemies your real merit has created.



created. I beg, dear sir, the continuance of your kind care and inspection over me; and that you would in all respects command, reprove, or instruct me, as a father. For I protest to you, sir, I do, and ever shall honour and regard you with the affection of a son. I am, &c.

## L E T T E R LXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Dec. 18, 1712.

OUR society was to meet to-day, but lord *Harley*, who was president this week, could not attend, being gone to *Wimbledon* with his new brother-in-law, the young marquis of *Caermathen*, who married lady *Betty Harley* on *Monday* last; and lord treasurer is at *Wimbledon* too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I proposed our meetings should be only once a fortnight; for, betwixt you and me, we do no good. It cost me nineteen shillings to-day for my club dinner; I don't like it. We have terrible slobbery weather. Lord *Abercorn* is come to town, and will see me, whether I will or not. You know he has a pretence to a dukedom\* in *France*, which duke *Hamilton* was soliciting for; but *Abercorn* resolves to spoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have advised the duchess to compound with him, and have made the ministry of my opinion.

\* 'Of *Chastlehergould*.'

19th, Lord treasurer is returned from *Wimbleton*, 'Tis not above eight miles off, and he sent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with another, with honest *Ben Tooke*, by invitation. The dutchess of *Ormond* promised me her picture, and coming home to-night, I found her's and the duke's, both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil surprize? They are in fine gilded frames too. I am writing a letter to thank her \*. I will tell her, she is such a prude, that she will not let so much as her picture be alone in a room with a man, unless the duke's be with it; and so forth. We are full of snow and dabbling. Lady *Masbam* has come abroad these three days, and seen the queen. I dined with her the other day at her sister *Hill's*. I hope she will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at St. *James's* from *Kensington*.

20th, I deny myself to every body almost, yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are lost with people, who will not take answers below stairs; such as *Dilly*, and the bishop, and the provost, &c. Lady *Orkney* invited me to dinner to-day, which hindered me from dining with lord treasurer. This is his day, that his chief friends in the ministry dine with him. However, I went there about six, and sat with him till past nine, when they all went off; but he kept me back, and told me the circumstances of lady *Betty's* match. The young fellow has 60,000*l.* ready money, three great houses furnished, 7,000*l.* a year at present, and about five

\* See this letter among the collection published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.



more after his father and mother die. I think lady *Betty's* portion is not above 8,000*l.* Pray tell Mr. *Wall*, that lord *Anglesea* thanked me for recommending *Clements* to him; that he says he is 20,000*l.* the better for knowing him. But pray don't let *Clements* go and write a letter of thanks, and tell my lord that he hears so and so, &c. Sad weather! two shillings in coaches to day, and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over something, and correct it.

21<sup>st</sup>, Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed for me at lord treasurer's sometimes with inclosed ones to him, and sometimes with projects, and sometimes with libels. I usually keep them three or four days without opening. I was at court to-day, as I always am on *Sundays*, instead of a coffee-house, to see my acquaintance. This day se'nnight, after I had been talking at court with Sir *William Wyndham*, the *Spanish* ambassador came to him, and said, he heard that was Dr. *Swift*, and desired him to tell me, that his master, and the king of *France*, and the queen, were obliged to me more than to any man in *Europe*; so we bowed, and shook hands, &c. I took it very well of him \*. I dined with lord treasurer, and must again to-morrow, though I had rather not; but now the queen is in town, he does not keep me so late. Our peace now will soon be determined; for lord *Bolinfrogke* tells me this morning, that four

\* It may, perhaps, be thought strange, that *Swift* should be gratified, by being told he was the best friend of the enemies of his country.

provinces of *Holland* have complied with the queen, and we expect the rest will do so immediately.

22d, Lord keeper promised me yesterday the first convenient living for poor *Gery* \*, who is married, and wants some addition to what he has. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter some weeks ago from *Elnick*, who married *Betty Gery*. It seems the poor woman died some time last summer. *Elnick* grows rich; and purchases lands. I dined with lord treasurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave lord *Bolingbroke* a poem of *Parnell's* †. I made *Parnell* insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to lord treasurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he out-does all our poets here a bar's-length. Lord *Bolingbroke* has ordered me to bring him to dinner on *Christmas-day*, and I made lord treasurer promise to see him. It may one day do *Parnell* a kindness. You know *Parnell*. I believe I have told you of that.

23d, This morning I presented one *Diaper* ‡, a poet, to lord *Bolingbroke*, with a new poem §, which

\* ‘ Mr. *Gery*, rector of *Letcombe* in *Berks*, to whose house Dr. *Swift* retired about ten weeks before queen *Ann's* death upon occasion of the incurable breach between the earl of *Oxford* and lord viscount *Bolinbroke*.’

† ‘ It is not in the collection published by Mr. *Pope* in 1726; but it is printed in Dr. *Parnell's Posthumous Works*, p. 248, published at *Dublin* in 1758, and intitled, *On Queen Ann's Peace* 1713.’

‡ Author of the *Sea Eclogues* mentioned before.

§ ‘ Intitled *Dryades, or the Nymphs Prophecy*, printed in 1713, in folio.’



is a very good one ; and I am to give him a sum of money from my lord. I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and serves a small cure in the country ; but has a sword at his tail here in town. 'Tis a poor, little, short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make lord keeper give him a living. Lord *Bolinbroke* writ to lord treasurer to-day, to excuse me ; so I dined with the former and *Monteleon*, the *Spanish* ambassador, who made me many compliments. I staid till nine, and now it is past ten, and my man has locked me up, and I have just called to mind, that I shall be in disgrace with *Tom Leigh*. That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one *Eckersfall*, clerk of the kitchen to the queen, who was civil to him at *Windsor* on my account ; for I had done some service to *Eckersfall*. *Leigh* teazes me to pass an evening at his lodgings with *Eckersfall*. I put it off several times, but was forced at last to promise I would come to-night ; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called and called, but my man is gone to-bed ; so I will write an excuse to-morrow. I detest that *Tom Leigh*, and am as formal to him as I can, when I happen to meet him in the park. The rogue frets me, if he knew it. He asked me, why I did not wait on the bishop of *Dromore*\* ? I answered, I had not the

\* ‘ Dr. *Tobias Pullen*, translated to that see from *Cloyne*, May 7, 1695. He died in 1713, and was succeeded in May that year, by Dr. *John Sterne*, dean of *St. Patrick's*, to which deanry Dr. *Swift* was then promoted.’

honour to be acquainted with him, and would not presume, &c. He takes me seriously, and says, the bishop is no proud man, &c. He tells me of a judge in *Ireland*, that has done ill things. I ask, Why is he not out? Says he, I think the bishops, and you, and I, and the rest of the clergy, should meet and consult about it. I beg his pardon, and say, I cannot be serviceable that way. He answers, Yes, every body may help something. Don't you see how curiously he continues to vex me? for the dog knows, that with half a word I could do more than all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humorous design of teasing. He is one of those, that would rather a service should not be done, than done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this; don't you?

24th, I dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer \*, in order to look over some of my papers; but nothing was done.

I have been also mediating between the *Hamilton* family and lord *Abercorn*, to have them compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord *Selkirk*, the late duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to *France*, to make the demands; and the ministry are of opinion, they will get some satisfaction, and they empowered me to advise the *Hamilton* side to agree with *Abercorn*, who asks a fourth part, and will go to *France*, and spoil all, if they don't yield it.

\* 'Robert Benson, esq;'



25th, I carried *Parnell* to dine at lord *Bolingbroke's*, and he behaved himself very well ; and lord *Bolingbroke* is mightily pleased with him. I was at *St. James's* chapel by eight this morning ; and church and sacrament were done by ten. The queen has the gout in her hand, and did not come to church to-day ; and I staid so long in my chamber, that I missed going to court. Did I tell you that the queen designs to have a drawing-room and company every day ?

26th, I was to wish the duke of *Ormond* a happy *Christmas*, and give half a crown to his porter. It will cost me a dozen half crowns among such fellows, I dined with lord treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. We hear *Maccartney* is gone over to *Ireland*. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be set upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was *Maccartney* \* ? Upon which they brought him to a justice of peace, in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were sent to gaol. Was it not great presence of mind ? But may be you have heard of this already ; for there was a *Grubstreet* of it. Lord *Bolingbroke* told me I must walk away to-day after dinner, because lord treasurer and he and another were to enter upon business ; but I said it was as fit I should know their business as any body, for I was to justify. So the rest went, and I staid, and it was so important, I was like to sleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve.

\* *Maccartney* was lord *Mohun's* second, in the duel between him and duke *Hamilton*, and fled on that occasion. See Letter dated Nov. 15, 1712.

27th, I dined to-day with général *Hill*, governor of *Dunkirk*. Lady *Masham* and Mrs. *Hill*, his two sisters, were of the company, and there have I been sitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for I have left off loving play myself. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them seldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr. *Addison* and pastoral *Philips* on the *Mall* to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terrible dry and cold. A curse of party! And do you know, I have taken more pains to recommend the whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers, than any other people? *Steele* I have kept in his place. *Congreve* I have got to be used kindly, and secured. *Rowe* I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. *Philips* I should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party-mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations. I set *Addison* so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has \*? yet I am worse used by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, and dress the wine and orange.

28th, My cold is so bad, that I could not go to church to-day, nor to court; but I was engaged to lord *Orkney's*, with the duke of *Ormond*, at dinner; and ventured, because I could cough and spit there as I pleased. The duke and lord *Arran* left us, and I have been sitting ever since with lord and

\* It was a usual subject of raillery towards him among the ministers, that he never came to them without a whig in his sleeve. See his life prefixed to *Bathurst's* edition.



lady *Orkney* till past eleven; and my cold is worse, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold and no more; but I'll go to bed, for the fellow has bawled past twelve.

29th, I got out early to-day, and escaped all my duns. I went to see lord *Bolingbroke* about some business, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the city, upon the broiled leg of a goose and a bit of bacon, with my printer. Did I tell you, that I forbear printing what I have in hand, till the court decides something about me? I will contract no more enemies, at least I will not imbitter worse those I have already, till I have got under shelter; and the ministers know my resolution, so that you may be disappointed in seeing this thing as soon as you expected. I hear lord treasurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Every body has one.

30th, I suppose this will be full by *Saturday*. Duke of *Ormond*, lord *Arran*, and I, dined privately to-day at an old servant's house of his. The council made us part at six. One Mrs. *Ramsay* dined with us; an old lady of about fifty-five, that we are all very fond of. I called this evening at lord treasurer's, and sat with him two hours. He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with *Parnell* and me at lord *Bolingbroke*'s to-morrow; but says he will see *Parnell* some other time. I hoist up *Parnell* partly to spite the envious *Irish* folks here, particularly *Tom Leigh*. I saw the bishop of *Clogher*'s family to-day; Miss is mighty ill of a cold, and coughs incessantly.

31st, To-day *Parnell* and I dined with lord *Bolingbroke*, to correct *Parnell*'s poem. I made him shew all the places he disliked; and when *Parnell* has corrected it fully, he shall print it. I went this evening to sit with lord treasurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I sat with him while the young folks went to supper, and then went down, where they were all merry together, having turned lady *Oxford* up to my lord, and I staid with them till twelve. There was the young couple, lord and lady *Gaermarthen*, lord and lady *Dupplin*, and lord *Harley* and I, and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done so often; stealing together from the old folks, tho' indeed it was not from poor lord treasurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: but lady *Oxford* is a mere old woman. My cold is still so bad, that I have not the least smelling. I am just got home, and 'tis past twelve; and I will go to bed, and settle my head, heavy as lead.

Jan. 1st, I forgot to tell you, that yesterday lord *Abercorn* was here, teasing me about his *French* duchy, and suspecting my partiality to the *Hamilton* family, in such a whimsical manner, that Dr. *Pratt*, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no sooner gone, but lord *Orkney* sent to know, whether he might come and sit with me half an hour upon some business. I returned answer, that I would wait on him; which I did. We discoursed a while, and he left me with lady *Orkney*; and in came lord *Selkirk*, whom I had never seen before. He is another brother of duke *Hamilton*'s, and is going to *France*,



by a power from his mother the old duchess, to negotiate their pretensions to this duchy of *Chastleherald*. He teased me for two hours in spite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to stir; would have had me engage the ministry to favour him against lord *Abercorn*, and to convince them, that lord *Abercorn* had no pretensions; and desired I would also convince lord *Abercorn* himself so; and concluded, he was sorry I was a greater friend to *Abercorn* than *Hamilton*. I had no patience, and used him with some plainness. Am not I purely handled between a couple of puppies? Ah, says *Ppt*, you must be meddling in other people's affairs. I appeal to the bishop of *Clogher*, whether *Abercorn* did not complain that I would not let them see me last year, and that he swore he would take no denial from my servant when he came again. The ministers gave me leave to tell the *Hamilton* family, it was their opinion, that they ought to agree with *Abercorn*. Lord *Anglesea* was then by, and told *Abercorn*; upon which he gravely tells me, I was commissioned by the ministers, and ought to perform my commission, &c. But I'll have done with them. I have warned lord treasurer and lord *Bolingbroke*, to beware of *Selkirk's* teasing; yet *Abercorn* vexes me more. He owes me all the kind receptions he has had from the ministry. I dined to-day at lord treasurer's, with the young folks, and sat with lord treasurer till nine, and then was forced to go to lady *Masham's*, and sat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I am out of humour, as every one must, that knows them inwardly. A thousand things wrong, and most of

them easy to mend; yet our schemes availing at best but little, and sometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I patched up twice, with the hazard of all the credit I had, is now spread more than ever. But burn politics, and send me from courts and ministers!

2d, I sauntered about this morning, and went with Dr. *Pratt* to a picture auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture, that I was fond of; but, it seems, was good for nothing. *Pratt* was there to buy some pictures for the bishop of *Clogher*, who resolves to lay out ten pounds to furnish his house with curious pictures. We dined with the bishop, I being by chance disengaged. And this evening I sat with the bishop of *Offory* \*, who is laid up with the gout. The *French* ambassador, duke *D' Aumont*, came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with shouts. I cannot smell yet, though my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard frosty weather.

3d, Lord *Dupplin* and I went with lord and lady *Orkney* this morning at ten to *Wimbleton*, six miles off, to see lord and lady *Caermarthen*. It is much the finest place about this town. Did you never see it? I was once there before, about five years ago. I came back just by night-fall, and felt cruel cold weather. I am just now told, that poor lady *Ashburnham*, the duke of *Ormond*'s daughter, died yesterday at her country-house. The poor creature was

\* ' Dr. *John Hartstrong*, translated from that see to *Derry*, March 3, 1713-14.'



with child. She was my greatest favourite, and I am in excessive concern for her death. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the duke and duchess. She was naturally very healthy, and I fear has been thrown away for want of care. Pray, condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving\*. I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burthening the earth, while such as she dies, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing. Farewel.

## L E T T E R LXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Jan. 4, 1712-13.

I Ended my last with the melancholy news of poor lady *Ashburnham's* death. The bishop of *Clogher* and Dr. *Pratt* made me dine with them to-day at lord *Mountjoy's*, pursuant to an engagement, which I had forgot. Lady *Mountjoy* told me, that *Maccartney* was got safe out of our clutches, for she had spoke with one, who had a letter from him from *Holland*. Others say the same thing. As I left lord *Mountjoy's* I saw the duke *D' Aumont*, the *French* ambassador,

\* From these expressions, and those he uses in the account of the duchess of *Hamilton's* affliction on the death of her husband, *Swift* appears to have had a strong sympathy in the distress of others; which he has generally, even by his advocates, been supposed to want. See his letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, dated Nov. 15, 1712.

going from lord *Bolingbroke's*, where he dined, to have a private audience of the queen. I followed, and went up to court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the duke of *Argyle*, by the fire-side in the bed-chamber, when the ambassador came out from the queen. *Argyle* presented me to him, and lord *Bolingbroke* and we walked together a while. He is a fine gentleman, something like the duke of *Ormond*, and just such an expensive man. After church to-day, I shewed the bishop of *Clogher*, at court, who was who.

5th, Our frost is broke, but it is very cold. Lord treasurer is recovered, and went out this evening to the queen. I dined with lady *Oxford*. Lord treasurer gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr. *Brown*\*, bishop of *Cork*, recommending him to a better bishopric, as a person who opposed lord *Wharton*, and was made a bishop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, &c. In short, all directly contrary to his character, which I made bold to explain. What dogs there are in the world? I was to see the poor duke and duchess of *Ormond* this morning. The duke was in his public room, with Mr. *Southwell*, and two more gentlemen. When *Southwell* and I were alone with him, he talked something of lord *Asburnham*, that he was afraid the whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in discourse, the tears were just

\* Dr. *Peter Brown*, provost of the university of *Dublin*, author of a pamphlet against drinking to the memory of the dead, and of two volumes of sermons.



falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw any thing so moving, nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness, and discretion.

6th, Lord *Bolingbroke* and *Parnell*, and I dined, by invitation, with my friend *Dartineuf*\*, whom you have heard me talk of. Lord *Bolingbroke* likes *Parnell* mightily; and it is pleasant to see, that one, who hardly passed for any thing in *Ireland*, makes his way here with a little friendly forwarding. It is scurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad to-day, nor know any thing that passes. Lord treasurer is quite recovered, and I hope will take care to keep himself well. The duchess of *Marlborough* is leaving *England*, to go to her duke, and makes presents of rings to several friends, they say worth two hundred pounds a-piece. I am sure she ought to give me one, tho' the duke pretended to think me his greatest enemy, and got people to tell me so, and very mildly to let me know how gladly he would have me softened towards him. I bid a lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know, that I had hindered many a bitter thing against him; not for his own sake, but because I thought it looked base; and I desired every thing should be left him, except power.

\* ' This gentleman, whose name was spelt *Dartiquenave*, is mentioned on account of his taste for good eating, by Mr. *Pope*, in his Imitation of the second Epistle of the second book of *Horace*, ver. 87.

" When *Oldfield* loves what *Dartineuf* detests."

7th, I dined with lord and lady *Masham* to-day, and this evening played at ombre with Mrs. *Van-homrigh*, merely for amusement. The ministers have got my papers, and will neither read them, nor give them to me; and I can hardly do any thing. Very warm slabby weather, but I made a shift to get a walk; yet I lost half of it, by shaking off lord *Rochester*\*, who is a good, civil, simple man. The bishop of *Ossory* will not be bishop of *Hereford*, to the great grief of himself and his wife. I think it is not certain yet that *Maccartney* is escaped. I am plagued with bad authors in verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest trash I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me.

8th, You must understand that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate-pot, a present from Mrs. *Ash* of *Clogher*, and some chocolate from my brother *Ormond*, and I treat folks sometimes. I dined with lord treasurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by, while he and lord *Bolingbroke* were at business; for it is fit I should know all that passes now, because, &c. The duke of *Ormond* employed me to speak to lord treasurer to-day about an affair, and I did so; and the duke had spoke himself two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the duke about it. I'll tell you a good thing; there is not

\* ' Henry Hyde, son of Laurence earl of *Rochester*, younger son of the lord chancellor *Clarendon*. This Henry succeeded to the title of earl of *Clarendon*, March 31, 1723, on the death of *Edward*, the third earl of *Clarendon*.'



one of the ministry but what will employ me, as gravely to speak for them to lord treasurer, as if I were their brother, or his; and I do it as gravely, though I know they do it only because they will not make themselves uneasy, or had rather I should be denied than they. I believe our peace will not be finished these two months; for, I think, we must have a return from *Spain* by a messenger, who will not go till *Sunday* next. Lord treasurer has invited me to dine with him again to-morrow. Your commissioner, *Knightley*, is to be there.

9th, Dr. *Pratt* drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yesterday with him to see lady *Betty Butler*, grieving for her sister *Ashburnham*. The jade was in bed in form, and she did so cant, she made me sick. I meet *Tom Leigh* every day in the Park, to preserve his health. He is as ruddy as a rose, and tells me his bishop of *Dromore* recovers very much. That bishop has been very near dying. This day's *Examiner* talks of the play of *What is it like?* and you will think it to be mine, and be bit; for I have no hand in these papers at all. I dined with lord treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on *Saturday*, and we do indeed equally railly him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor lord *Rivers*, lord keeper, and lord *Bolingbroke* came; but now *Ormond*, *Anglesea*, lord steward, *Dartmouth*, and others intrude, and I scold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and indeed many *Saturdays*

I am

I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it.

10th, At seven this evening, as we sat after dinner at lord treasurer's, a servant said, lord *Peterborough* was at the door. Lord treasurer and lord *Bolingbroke* went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he has been about a year. As soon as he saw me, he left the duke of *Ormond* and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them \*; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left *England* with a pleurisy, by his coach overturning, that made him spit blood, and was so ill, we expected every post to hear of his death; but he out-ride it, or out-drunk it, or something, and he is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young fellow I know in *England*. He has got the old lord *Oxford's* regiment of horse, and, I believe, will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly.

11th, The court was crammed to-day, to see the *French* † ambassador; but he did not come. Did I never tell you, that I go to court on *Sundays* as to a coffee-house, to see acquaintance, whom I should not otherwise see twice a year? The ‡ provost and I dine with *Ned Southwell*, by appointment, in order

\* The Dean had addressed some verses to him in the year 1706.  
See Vol. VII.

† Duke *D'Aumont*.

‡ Dr. *Pratt*, of the university of *Dublin*.



to settle your kingdom, if my scheme can be followed; but I doubt our ministry will be too tedious. You must certainly have a new parliament; but they would have that a secret yet. Our parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Those puppies will not yet come in, tho' they pretend to submit to the queen in every thing; but they would fain try first how our session begins, in hopes to embroil us in the house of lords; and if my advice had been taken, the session should have begun, and we would have trusted the parliament to approve the steps already made towards the peace, and had an address perhaps from them to conclude without the *Dutch*, if they would not agree.

Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned so safe, it seems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready so soon as three weeks, but that is a secret.

12th, *Pratt* and I walked into the city to one *Bateman's*, a famous bookseller for old books. There I laid out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge ale-house, for two shillings and two-pence, like emperors. Let me see, I bought *Plutarch*, two volumes, for thirty shillings, &c. We have no news, and I have nothing more to say to-day, and I can't finish my work. These ministers will not find time to do what I would have them.

13th, I was to have dined to-day with lord keeper; but would not, because that brute Sir *John Walter* was to be one of the company. You may remember he railed at me last summer was twelve months at *Windsor*, and has never begged my pardon, tho' he promised to do it; and lord *Mansel*, who was one of  
the

the company, would certainly have set us together by the ears, out of pure roguish mischief. So I dined with lord treasurer, where there was none but lord *Bolingbroke*. I staid till eight, and then went to lady *Orkney's*, who has been sick, and sat with her till twelve. The parliament was prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad and slobbery, and I shall spoil my new hat, or empty my pockets. Lord *Abercorn* plagues me to death. I have now not above six people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many that I will do nothing for.

14th, To-day I took the circle of morning visits. I went to the duchess of *Ormond*, and there was she and lady *Betty*, and lord *Ashburnham* together. That was the first time the mother and daughter saw each other since lady *Ashburnham's* death. They were both in tears, and I chid them for being together, and made lady *Betty* go to her own chamber: then sat a while with the duchess, and went after lady *Betty*, and all was well. There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the duchess of *Hamilton*, who never grieved \*, but raged, and stormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord keeper and his son, and their two ladies, and I

\* The Dean expresses different sentiments of this lady, in his letter to Mrs *Dingley*, dated Nov. 15, 1712; but it is probable he had then very little acquaintance with her.



dined to-day with Mr. *Cæsar*, treasurer of the navy at his house in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of *Brutus*, and I said something in his praise, when it struck me immediately, that I had made a blunder in doing so; and therefore I recollected myself, and said, Mr. *Cæsar*, I beg your pardon. So we laughed, &c.

15th, I forgot to tell you, that last night I had a present sent me (I found it when I came home in my chamber) of the finest wild fowl I ever saw, with the vilest letter, and from the vilest poet in the world, who sent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I knew not where the scoundrel lived, so I could not send them back; and therefore gave them as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue should have kept the wings at least for his muse. One of his fowls was a large capon pheasant, as fat as a pullet. I ate share of it to-day with a friend. We have now a drawing room every *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, and *Saturday*, at one o'clock. The queen does not come out; but all her ministers, foreigners, and persons of quality, are at it. I was there to-day; and as lord treasurer came towards me, I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church or court. He knows it, for I have told him so; and to-night, at lord *Masham's*, he gave an account of it to the company; but my reasons are that people seeing me speak to him, causes a great deal of teasing. I tell you what comes into my head, that I never knew whether you were whigs or tories, and  
I value

I value our conversation the more, that it never turned on that subject. I have a fancy that *Ppt.* is a tory, and a rigid one. I don't know why; but methinks she look likes one, and *D. D.* a sort of a trimmer. Am I right? I gave the *Examiner* a hint about this prorogation, and to praise the queen for her tendernefs to the *Dutch*, in giving them ftill more time to submit. It fitted the occasions at prefent.

16th, I was bufy to-day at the fecretary's office, and ftayed till paff three. The duke of *Ormond* and I were to dine at lord *Orkney's*. The duke was at the committee, fo I thought all was fafe. When I went there, they had almoft dined; for the duke had fent to excufe himfelf, which I never knew. I came home at feven, and began a little whim, which juft came into my head, and will make a three-penny pamphlet. It fhall be finifhed and out in a week; and if it fucceeds, you fhall know what it is; otherwife, not. I cannot fend this to-morrow, and will put it off till next *Saturday*, becaufe I have much bufinefs. So my journals fhall be fhort, and *Ppt.* muft have patience.

17th, This rogue *Parnell* has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out. I dined to-day with lord treafurer, and his *Saturday's* company, nine of us in all. They went away at feven, and lord treafurer and I fat talking an hour after. After dinner, he was talking to the lords about the fpeech the queen muft make when the parliament meets. He asked me how I would make it? I was going to be ferious, becaufe it was ferioufly put; but I turned



it to a jest. And because they had been speaking of the duchess of *Marlborough* going to *Flanders* after the duke, I said, the speech should begin thus: “My lords and gentlemen, In order to my own quiet, and that of my subjects, I have thought fit to send the duchess of *Marlborough* abroad after the duke.” This took well, and turned off the discourse. I must tell you, I do not at all like the present situation of affairs, and remember I tell you so. Things must be on another foot or we are all undone. I hate this driving always to an inch.

18th, We had a mighty full court to-day. *Dilly* was with me at the *French* church, and edified mightily. Duke of *Ormond* and I dined at lord *Orkney*’s; but I left them at seven, and came home to my whim. I have made a great progress. My large treatise\* stands stock-still. Some think it too dangerous to publish, and would have me print only what relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I shall do. The bishop of *Dromore* is dying. They thought yesterday he could not live two hours: yet he is still alive, but is utterly past all hopes.

19th, I was this morning to see the duke and duchess of *Ormond*. The duke *D’Aumont* came in while I was with the duke of *Ormond*, and we complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door where I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a present for me. I bid my man learn what his name was, and whence it came. He sent word his name was *Bun*, and that I knew him very well. I bid my man tell him I was busy, and he could not speak

\* ‘His *History of the Peace of Utrecht*.’

to me; and not to let him leave his oranges. I know no more of it, but I am sure I never heard the name, and I shall take no such presents from strangers. Perhaps he might be only some beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be something worse. Let them keep their poison for their rats. I don't love it.

20th, A committee of our society dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer. Our society does not meet now as usual, for which I am blamed; but till lord treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am against it; and he gives us nothing but promises. Bishop of *Dromore* is still alive, and that is all. We expect every day he will die, and then *Tom Leigh* must go back, which is one good thing to the town. I believe *Pratt* will drive at one of these bishoprics. Our *English* bishopric \* is not yet disposed of. I believe the peace will not be ready by the session.

21st, I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I have written, but not politics. It will be out by *Monday*. If it succeeds, I will tell you of it; otherwise not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain; yet I walked like a good boy all the way. The bishop of *Dromore* still draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large book lies flat. Some people think a great

\* Probably that of *Hereford*, vacant by the death of Dr. *Humphry Humphreys*, on the 20th of *November 1712*, who was succeeded by Dr. *Philip Bisse*, translated from the see of *St. David's*.



part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you so before. This letter shall not go till *Saturday* which makes up the three weeks exactly, and I allow six weeks.

22d, This is one of our court days, and I was there. I told you there is a drawing-room *Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday*. The *Hamiltons* and *Abercorns* have done teasing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to *France*. Lord treasurer quarrelled with me at court, for being four days without dining with him; so I dined there to-day, and he has at last fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining halfpence and farthings with devices, like medals, in honour of the queen, every year changing the device. I wish it may be done.

23d, Duke of *Ormond* and I appointed to dine with *Ned Southwell* to day, to talk of settling your affairs of parliament in *Ireland*; but there was a mixture of company, and the duke of *Ormond* was in haste, and nothing was done. If your parliament meets this summer; it must be a new one; but I find some are of opinion there should be none at all these two years. I will trouble myself no more about it. My design was to serve the duke of *Ormond*. Dr. *Pratt* and I sat this evening with the bishop of *Clogher*, and played at ombre for threepence. That I suppose is but low with you. I found at coming home, a letter from *M*, No. 37. I shall not answer it this bout, but will the next. I have got a terrible new cold, before my old was quite gone, and don't know how. I shall have *D. D's* money soon from

the exchequer. The bishop of *Dromore* is dead now at last.

24th, I was at court to-day, and it was comical to see lord *Abercorn* bowing to me, but not speaking, and lord *Selkirk* the same. I dined with lord treasurer, and his *Saturday* club, and sat with him two hours after the rest were gone, and spoke freer to him of affairs than I am afraid others do, who might do more good. All his friends repine, and shrug their shoulders; but will not deal with him so freely as they ought. It is an odd business; the parliament just going to sit, and no employments given. They say they will give them in a few days. There is a new bishop made of *Hereford*; so *Ossory* is disappointed. I hinted so to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himself and being indiscreet, as he was.

## LETTER LXXIX.

Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN to Dr. SWIFT \*.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I Ask pardon for my mistake, and I send you the right paper. I am, in sickness and in health, ever your faithful friend, and obedient servant,

H. ST. JOHN.

\* In 1712, when he was writing *The History of the four last Years of Queen Anns*.



## L E T T E R LXXX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Thursday morning, two o'clock, Jan. 5, 1712.

**T**HO' I have not seen you, I did not fail to write to lord treasurer. *Non tua res agitur*, dear Jonathan. It is the treasurer's cause \*, it is my cause, 'tis every man's cause, who is embarked on our bottom. Depend upon it, that I never will neglect any opportunity of shewing that true esteem, that sincere affection, and honest friendship for you, which fills the breast of your faithful servant,

BOLINGBROKE.

## L E T T E R LXXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, January 25, 1712-13.

**W**E had such a terrible storm to-day, that going to lord Bolingbroke's I saw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one swinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have killed a horse: so after church and court, I walked through the Park, and

\* This seems to relate to the promotion of Dr. Swift, in which lord Bolingbroke, in one of his letters, charges the lord treasurer with being extremely backward. Dr. Swift was made dean of St. Patrick's April 23, following. See Swift's letter to Mrs. Dingley April 7, 1713.

took a chair to lord treasurer's. Next door to his house a tin chimney-top had fallen down, with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you such a wind to-day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord treasurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has those tricks sometimes of inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My little pamphlet is out; 'tis not politics.

26th, This morning I felt a little touch of giddiness, which has disordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. After dinner at lord treasurer's, the *French* ambassador, duke *D'Aumont*, sent lord treasurer word, that his house was burned down to the ground. It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with *Monteleon*, the *Spanish* ambassador, and other persons; and soon after lord *Bolingbroke* came to us with the same story. We are full of speculations upon it, but I believe it was the carelessness of his *French* rascally servants. 'Tis odd, that this very day lord *Somers*, *Wharton*, *Sunderland*, *Halifax*, and the whole club of whig lords, dined at *Pontac's* in the city, as I received private notice: they have some damned design. I tell you another odd thing; I was observing it to lord treasurer, that he was stabbed on the day king *William* died, and the day I saved his life, by opening the band-box, was king *William's* birth-day. My friend Mr. *Lewis* \* has had a lye spread on him by the

\* ' *Erasmus Lewis*, secretary to the earl of *Dartmouth*, one of the secretaries of state, and afterwards to the earl of *Oxford*,  
mistake



mistake of a man, who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for passing his privy seal to come from *France*. That other *Lewis* spread about, that the man brought him thanks from lord *Perth* and lord *Melfort* (now lords with the Pretender) for his great services, &c. The lords will examine that other *Lewis* to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make *Abel Roper* give a relation of it.

27th, I dined to-day with lord treasurer; this makes four days together; and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I absolutely refused him. I was this evening at a christening with him of lord *Dupplin's* daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and some others till past twelve; so you may be sure it is late, as they say. We have now stronger suspicions, that the duke *D'Aumont's* house was set on fire by malice. I was to-day to see lord keeper, who has quite lost his voice with a cold. There Dr. *Ratcliffe* told me, that it was the ambassador's confectioner set the house on fire by boiling sugar, and going down and letting it boil over. Yet others still think differently; so I know not what to judge.

28th, I was to-day at court, where the *Spanish* ambassador talked to me, as if he did not suspect any

lord high treasurer. He was member for *Lestwithiel*, in *Cornwall* in the parliament which began *April 9, 1713*. A particular account of this affair may be seen in the *Examiner*, Vol. III. N<sup>o</sup> 21, for *Feb. 2. 1712-13*, and in *Boyer's Political State*, Vol. V. p. 25, & seq.

design in burning *D'Aumont's* house, but the abbé *Gaultier*, secretary for *France* here, said quite otherwise; and that *D'Aumont* had a letter the very same day, to let him know his house should be burned, and tells several other circumstances, too tedious to write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles just when the fire broke out, saw a pot with wild-fire in the room. I dined with lord *Orkney*. Neither lord *Abercorn* nor *Selkirk* will now speak with me. I have disoblged both sides.

29th, Our society met to-day, fourteen of us, and at the tavern. We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven to consult about doing some good. I proposed another message to lord treasurer by three principal members, to give one hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We also raised sixty guineas upon our own society; but I made them do it by assessors, and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the several estates. The duke of *Ormond* pays ten guineas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate, they may tax as often as they please.

30th, I have drank *Spa* waters these two or three days; but they do not pass, and make me very giddy. I am not well; I will take them no more.

I sauntered after church to day with the provost; to see a library to be sold, and dined at five with lord *Orkney*. We still think there was malice in burning *D'Aumont's* house. I hear little *Harrison* is come over; it was he I sent to *Utrecht*. He is now queen's secretary to the embassy, and has brought  
with



with him the barrier treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the *Dutch*, which was the greatest difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will send him back as soon as possible. I long to see the little brat, my own creature. His pay is in all a thousand pounds a year, and they have never paid him a groat, though I have teased their hearts out. He must be three or four hundred pounds in debt at least.

31st, *Harrison* was with me this morning; we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it, but he whispered me, it was impossible to do otherwise; and in the coach he told me, he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money some where or other. So there was the queen's minister intrusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach. I paid him while he was with me seven guineas, in part of a dozen of shirts he bought me in *Holland*. I presented him to the duke *Ormond*, and several lords at court; and I contrived it so, that lord treasurer came to me, and asked (I had *Parnell* by me) whether that was Dr. *Parnell*, and came up and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with *Parnell*, and not *Parnell* with the ministry. His poem is almost fully corrected, and shall be soon out. Here is  
enough

enough for to-day ; only to tell you, that I was in the city with my printer to alter an \* *Examiner*, about my friend *Lewis's* story, which will be told with remarks.

*February* 1st, I could do nothing till to-day about the *Examiner* ; but the printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be said, and then Mr. *Lewis* came and corrected it as he would have it ; so I was neither at church nor court. The duke of *Ormond* and I dined at lord *Orkney's*. I left them at seven, and sat with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, who has a very bad fore leg, for which he designs to go to *France*. The parliament is to sit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days ; for the queen is laid up with the gout, and both speakers out of order, though one of them, lord keeper, is almost well. I spoke to the duke of *Ormond* a good deal about *Ireland*. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of *Irish* affairs ; but I will speak to lord treasurer to-morrow, that we three may settle them some way or other.

2d, It rained all this day, and *Dilly* came to me, and was coaching it into the city ; so I went with him for a shaking, because it would not cost me a farthing. There I met my friend *Stratford*, the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts and be clear in the world. He begged me I would dine with some merchant friends of ours there, because it was the last time I should see him : so I did, and thought to have seen lord treasurer in the even-

\* See *Examiner*, Vol. III. No. 21.



ing, but he happened to go out at five ; so I visited some friends, and came home. The parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight ; which disappointment will, I believe, vex abundance of them, though they are not whigs ; for they are forced to be in town at expence for nothing : but we want an answer from *Spain*, before we are sure of every thing being right for the peace ; and God knows whether we can have that answer this month. It is a most ticklish juncture of affairs ; we are always driving to an inch : I am weary of it.

3d, The parliament met, and was prorogued, as I said ; and I found some cloudy faces, and heard some grumbling. We have got over all our difficulties with *France*, I think. They have now settled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much disposed to play the rogue, if we had not held them to ; and this business we wait for from *Spain*, is to prevent some other rogueries of the *French*, who are finding an evasion to trade to the *Spanish West Indies* ; but I hope we shall prevent it. I dined with lord treasurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuscript to read, where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the bishop of St. *David's* \* (now removing to *Hereford*) came and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and sat till twelve with the provost and bishop of *Clogher*.

\* ' Dr. Philip Bisse.'

4th, I was to-day at court, but kept out of lord treasurer's way, because I was engaged to the duke of *Ormond*, where I dined, and, I think, eat and drank too much. I sat this evening with lady *Masbam* and then with lord *Masbam* and lord treasurer at lord *Masbam's*. It was last year, you may remember, my constant evening place. I saw lady *Ferfey* with lady *Masbam*, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promise from me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I shall perform, for I do not much like her character; but she is very malicious, and therefore I think I must keep fair with her. I did not write to Dr. *Coghill* that I would have nothing in *Ireland*; but that I was soliciting nothing any where, and that is true. I have named Dr. *Sterne* \* to lord treasurer, lord *Bolingbroke*, and the duke of *Ormond* for a bishoprick, and I did it heartily. I know not what will come of it; but I tell you as a great secret, that I have made the duke of *Ormond* promise me to recommend no-body till he tells me, and this for some reasons too long to mention. My head is still in no good order.

5th, I dined to-day with Sir *Andrew Fountain* and the provost, and played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet Sir *Andrew* is an admirable player. Lord *Pembroke* came in, and I gave him three or four scurvy *Dilly-puns*, that begin with an *if*. I believe I shall write no more this good while, nor publish what I have done. Pray God mend *Ppt's*

\* 'Dean of *St. Patrick's*.'



health: mine is but veryin different. I have left off *Spa* water ; it makes my legs swell.

6th, This is the queen's birth-day, and I never saw it celebrated with so much luxury and fine cloaths. I went to court to see them, and I dined with lord keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I passed the evening at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*, and came home pretty early. Pray God keep the queen ; she was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her stomach. When I came from lord keeper's, I called at lord treasurer's, because I heard he was very fine, and that was a new thing, and it was true ; for his coat and waistcoat were embroidered. All things grow dear in *Ireland*, but corn to the parsons ; for my livings are fallen much this year by *Parvifol's* account.

7th, I was at court to-day, but saw no birth-day cloaths ; the great folks never were them above once or twice. I dined with lord *Orkney*, and sat the evening with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, whose leg is in a very dubious condition. This, I believe, will hardly go till *Saturday* ; for being not very well, I dare not study much : so I let company come in a morning, and pass the afternoon in dining and sitting somewhere. Lord treasurer is angry, if I don't dine with him every second day, and I cannot part with him till late. He kept me last night till near twelve. Our weather is constant rain above these two months, which hinders walking, so that our spring is not like yours. I have not seen *Fanny Manly* yet ; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my

health and the weather. Colds ! why we are all dying with colds ; but now they are a little over, and my second is almost over.

8th, It was terrible rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer, but went to see Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and he kept me to dinner, which saved coach hire, and I staid with him all the afternoon, and lost thirteen shillings and sixpence at ombre. There was management ! and lord treasurer will chide ; but I'll dine with him to-morrow. The bishop of *Clogher's* daughter has been ill some days, and it proves the small pox. She is very full ; but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady *Orkney* has given me her picture ; a very fine original of Sir *Godfrey Kneller's* ; it is now a mending. He has favoured her squint admirably ; and you know I love a cast in the eye. I was to see lady *Worsley* to-day, who is just come to town ; she is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old and sickly.

9th, I thought to have dined with lord treasurer to-day, but he dined abroad at *Tom Harley's* ; so I dined at lord *Masham's*, and so was winning all I had lost playing with lady *Masham* at crown picquet, when I went to *Pool's*, and I lost it again. Lord treasurer came to us, and chid me for not following him to *Tom Harley's*. I was this morning to see lady *Fersey*, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I shall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced after all her greatness to seven servants, and a small house, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet.

10th,



10th, I made visits this morning to the duke and duchess of *Ormond*, and lady *Betty*, and the duchess of *Hamilton*. When I was writing this near twelve o'clock, the duchess of *Hamilton* sent to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my answer through the door, for my man has got the key, and is gone to bed; but I cannot obey her, for our society meets to-morrow. I stole away from my lord treasurer by eight, and I intended to have passed the evening with Sir *Thomas Clarges* and his lady; but met them in another place, and have there sat till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at court, and made lord *Mansel* walk with me in the park before we went to dinner. Yesterday and to-day have been fair, but yet it rained all last night. I saw *Sterne* staring at court to-day. He has been often to see me, he says; but my man has not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife. I did not ask him.

12th, I have reckoned days wrong all this while; for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I lost it. I dined to-day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at *Jack Hill's*, the governor of *Dunkirk*. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow. And lord treasurer has promised me one hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night, to tell me, that poor little *Harrison*, the queen's secretary, that came lately from *Utrecht* with the barrier treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day.

I have often mentioned him in my letters, you may remember. I went in the morning, and found him mightily ill, and got thirty guineas for him from lord *Bolingbroke*; and an order for one hundred pounds from the treasury, to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to *Knightbridge* for air. He has a fever and inflammation on his lungs; but I hope will do well.

13th, I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. *Diaper*, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord *Bolingbroke*, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors; and desired a friend to receive the one hundred pounds for poor *Harrison*, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I sent to see how he did; and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. I dined in the city.

14th, I took *Parnell* this morning, and we walked to see poor *Harrison*. I had the one hundred pounds in my pocket. I told *Parnell* I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I did knock, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord treasurer, nor any where else; but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature! Pray God Almighty



mighty bless you. Adieu. I send this away to-night, and I am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief.

## L E T T E R LXXXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Feb. 15, 1712-13.

I Dined to-day with Mr. *Rowe*, and a projector, who has been teasing me with twenty schemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and, besides, I was out of humour for the loss poor *Harrison*. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as possible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to sit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night, in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed.

16th, I dined to-day with lord *Dupplin*, and some company, to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a foolish book for amusement. I shall never have courage again to care for making any body's fortune. The parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which several of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though every thing about the peace is past all danger. I never saw such a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days

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together these ten weeks. I have not dined with lord treasurer these four days, nor can till *Saturday*; for I have several engagements till then, and he will chide me to some purpose. I am perplexed with this one hundred pounds of poor *Harrison's* what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they administer, for he is much in debt; but I will have the staff in my own hands, and venture nothing.

17th, Lady *Jersey* and I dined, by appointment, to-day with lord *Bolingbroke*. He is sending his brother to succeed Mr. *Harrison*. It is the prettiest post in *Europe* for a young gentleman. I lost my money sadly at ombre; I make a thousand blunders at it, and play but three-penny ombre; but it is what you call running ombre. Lady *Clarges*, and a drab I hate, won a dozen shillings of me last night. The parliament was prorogued to-day. People grumble; and the good of it is, the peace cannot be finished by the time they meet, there are so many fiddling things to do. I reckon you have all your cards from *France*, for ours pay six-pence a pack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have given away all my *Spa* water, and take some nasty steel drops, and my head has been better this week past. I send every day to see how Miss *Ashe* does. She is very full, they say, but in no danger. I fear she will lose some of her beauty. The son lies out of the house. I wish he had them too, while he is so young.

18th, The earl of *Abingdon* had been teasing me these three months to dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company;



company; lord *Stawell*, colonel *Disney*, and Dr. *Arbuthnot*; but the two last slipped out their necks, and left *Stawell* and me to dine there. We did not dine till seven, because it is *Ash-Wednesday*. We had nothing but fish, which lord *Stawell* could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poison; yet the puppy has twelve thousand pounds a year. His carps were raw, and his candles tallow. He shall not catch me in haste again, and every body has laughed at me for dining with him. I was to-day to let *Harrison's* mother know I could not pay her till she administers; which she will do. There were more whigs to-day at court than tories. I believe they think the peace must be made, and so come to please the queen. She is still lame with the gout.

19th, I was at court to-day, to speak to lord *Bolingbroke*, to look over *Parnell's* poem since it is corrected; and *Parnell* and I dined with him, and he has shewn him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady *Bolingbroke* came down to us while we were at dinner, and *Parnell* stared at her, as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like *Parnell's* wife, and he thought so too. *Parnell* is much pleased with lord *Bolingbroke's* favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues raining as fresh as if it had not rained at all. I sat to night at lady *Masham's*, where lord treasurer came, and scolded me for not dining with him. I told him I would not till *Saturday*. I have stayed there till past twelve; so good night.

20th, Lady *Fersey*, lady *Catherine Hyde* \*, the *Spanish* ambassador, the duke *d'Etrees*, another *Spaniard*, and I, dined to-day, by appointment, with lord *Bolingbroke*; but they fell a drinking so many *Spanish* healths in champagne, that I stole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight; and then went on, and lost my money at ombre with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, who has a very bad leg. Miss *Ashe* is past all danger; and her eye, which was lately bad (I suppose one effect of her distemper) is now better. I do not let the bishop see me, nor shall this good while. I will speak to Mr. *Griffin* to-morrow, about *Ppt's* brother *Filly*, and desire, that his employment may be mended.

21st, I saw *Griffin* at court. He says he knows nothing of a salt-work at *Repton*; but that he will give *Filly* a better employment, and desires *Filly* will write to him. If I knew where to write to *Filly*, I would; but pray do you. Bid him let Mr. *Griffin* know, that he has had the honour to be recommended by Dr. *Swift*, &c. that he will endeavour to deserve, &c. I think Mr. *Griffin* lives in *Bury-street*, near *St. James's-street*, hard by me; but I suppose your brother may direct to him to the salt-office, and, as I remember, he knows his christian name, because you sent it to me in the list of the commissioners.

I dined with lord treasurer and seven lords to-day. You know *Saturday* is his great day. I sat with them till eight, and then came home, and have been

\* The present duchess of *Queensberry*.



writing a letter to Mrs. *Davis*, at *York*. She took care to have a letter directed for me at lord treasurer's; for I would not own one she sent by post. She reproaches me for not writing to her these four years; and I have honestly told her, it was my way never to write to those whom I am never likely to see, unless I can serve them, which I cannot her, &c. *Davis*, the schoolmaster's widow.

22d, I dined to-day at lord *Orkney's*, with the duke of *Ormond* and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*. Have you ever heard of the latter? He married the duchess of *Grafton* in his youth (she dined with us too). He is the most considerable man in the house of commons. He went last spring to *Flanders*, with the duke of *Ormond*; from thence to *France*, and was going to *Italy*; but the ministry sent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humour with things. He thinks the peace is kept off too long, and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is designed for secretary of state, instead of lord *Dartmouth*. We have been acquainted these two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I saw the bishop of *Clogher* at court. Miss is recovering. I know not how much she will be marked. The queen is slowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to parliament, when it meets, which will be the third of *March*; for I suppose they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be signed then, and we apprehend the tories themselves will many of them be discontented.

23d, It was ill weather to-day and I dined with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and in the evening played at ombre with him and the provost, and won twenty-five shillings; so I recovered myself pretty well. *Dilly* has been dunning me to see *Fany Manly*; but I have not yet been able to do it.

24th, I walked this morning to *Chelsea*, to see Dr. *Atterbury*, dean of *Christ-Church*. I had business with him about entering Mr. *Fitz-Maurice*, lord *Kerry's* son, into his college; and lady *Kerry* is a great favorite of mine. Lord *Harley*, lord *Dupplin*, young *Bromley* the speaker's son, and I, dined with Dr. *Stratford* and some other clergymen; but I left them at seven, to go to lady *Fersey*, to see *Monteleon*, the *Spanish* ambassador, play at ombre. Lady *Fersey* was abroad, and I chid the servants, and made a rattle; but since I came home, she sent me a message, that I was mistaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow. I have a worse memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow; for lady *Catherine Hyde* and lady *Bolingbroke* are to be there by my appointment.

25th, Lord treasurer met me last night at lord *Masbam's*, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, because I had not dine with him in three days. He chides me if I stay but two days away together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grand-mother used to say, More of your lining, and less of your dining. However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight, to go to lady *Fersey's*,  
where



where five or six foreign ministers were, and as many ladies. *Monteleon* played like the *English*, and cried gacco, and knocked his knuckles for trump, and played at small games, like *Ppt.* Lady *Fersey* whispered me to stay, and sup with the ladies when the fellows were gone; but they played till eleven, and I would not stay. Lady *Catherine Hyde* had a mighty mind I should be acquainted with lady *Dalkeith*, her sister, the duke of *Monmouth's* eldest son's widow, who was of the company to-night; but I did not like her; she paints too much.

26th, This day our society met at the duke of *Ormond's*; but I had business that called me another way; so I sent my excuse, and dined privately with a friend. Besides, Sir *Thomas Hanmer* whispered me last night, at lady *Fersey's*, that I must attend lord treasurer and duke of *Ormond* at supper, at his house to night; which I did at eleven, and stayed till one. There was the duchess of *Grafton*, and the duke her son; nine of us in all. Duke of *Ormond* chid me for not being at the society to-day, and said sixteen were there. I said, I never knew sixteen people good company in my life; no, nor eight neither. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know less of what passes than any body, because I go to no coffee-house, nor see any but ministers, and such people; and ministers never talk politics in conversation. The whigs are forming great schemes against the meeting of parliament, which will be next *Tuesday*, I still think, without fail; and we hope to hear,

hear, by then, that the peace is ready to sign. The queen's gout mends daily.

27th, I passed a very insipid day, and dined privately with a friend in the neighbourhood. Did I tell you that I have a very fine picture\* of lady *Orkney's*, an original, by Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, three quarters lenth? I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord *Bolingbroke* and lady *Masham* have promised to sit for me; but I despair of lord treasurer only. I hope he will give me a copy, and then I shall have all the pictures of those I really love here; just half a dozen; only I will make lord keeper give me his print in a frame. I have little to do now with my pen; for my grand business† stops till they are more pressing, and till something or other happens; and I believe I shall, with disgust, return to finish it, it is so very laborious. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* has my papers now. You are now at ombre with the dean, always on *Friday* night. I stood by, the other night, while the duke *d'Etrees* lost six times with *Manille*, *Basto*, and three small trumps; and lady *Fersy* won above twenty pounds.

28th, I was at court to-day, when the abbé *Gaultier* whispered me, that a courier was just come with an account, that the *French* king had consented to all the queen's demands, and his consent was carried to *Utrecht*, and the peace will be signed in a few days. I suppose the general peace cannot be

\* Dr. *Swift* left this picture to *John Earl of Orrery*, who married the daughter of this Lady.

† 'His *History of the peace of Utrecht*.'



so soon ready ; but that is no matter. The news presently ran about the court. I saw the queen carried out in her chair, to take the air in the garden. I met *Griffin* at court, and he told me that orders were sent to examine *Filly* ; and, if he be fit, to make him, I don't know what, supervisor. It is some employment, a good deal better than his own. The parliament will have another short prorogation ; though it is not known yet. I dined with lord treasurer, and his *Saturday* company, and left him at eight. Farewel.

## L E T T E R LXXXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 1, 1712-13.

I SEE I answered a good deal of your last letter about your brother, &c. I dined with lady *Orkney*, and we talked politics till eleven at night ; and, as usual, found every thing wrong, and put ourselves out of humour. Yes, I have lady *Giffard's* picture sent me by your mother. It is bound up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places ; and when I leave a lodging, I box up the books I get (for I always get some) and come naked into a new lodging ; and so on. Talk not to me of deanries ; I know less of that than ever by much.

2d, I went into the city, to see *P.* at *Rolt*, who lodges with a city cousin, a daughter of cousin *Clerk* (you are much the wiser). I had never been at her house before. My he-cousin *Thomson* is dead, or dying.

ing. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to sit with lady *Clarges*. I found four of them, of which lady *Godolphin* was one. I sat by her, and talked of her cards, &c. But she would not give one look, nor say a word to me. She refused some time ago to be acquainted with me. You know she is lord *Marlborough's* eldest daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I will pull her down. What can I do for Dr. *Smith's* daughter's husband? I have no personal credit with any of the commissioners. I will speak to *Keightley*; but I believe it will signify nothing. In the customs, people must rise by degrees, and he must at first take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. *Ppt.* mistakes me; I am not angry at your recommending any one to me, provided you will take my answer. Some things are in my way, and then I serve those I can. But people will not distinguish, but take things ill, when I have no power; but *Ppt.* is wiser, and employments in general are very hard to get.

3d, I dined to-day with lord treasurer, who chid me for my absence, which was only from *Saturday* last. The parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I suppose the peace will be ready by then, and the queen will be able to be brought to the house, and make her speech. I saw Dr. *Griffith* two or three months ago, at a *Latin* play at *Westminster*; but did not speak to him. I hope he will not die; I should be sorry for *Ppt's* sake; he is very tender of her. I have long lost all my colds, and the weather mends a little. I take some steel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I



can, but am grown very idle ; and not finishing my thing, I ramble abroad, and play at ombre. I shall be more careful in my physic than Mrs. *Price* : 'tis not a farthing matter her death, I think ; and so I say no more to-night, but will read a dull book, and go sleep.

4th, Mr. *Ford* has been this half year inviting me to dine at his lodgings ; so I did to-day, and brought the provost and Dr. *Parnell* with me, and my friend *Lewis* was there. *Parnell* went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on, which I love, and would not play. *Tisdall* is a pretty fellow, as you say ; and when I come back to *Ireland* with nothing, he will condole me with abundance of secret pleasure. I believe I told you that he wrote to me, *That I have saved England, and he Ireland* : but I can bear that. I have learned to hear and see, and say nothing. I was to see the duchess of *Hamilton* to-day, and met *Bligh* of *Ireland* just going out of her house into his coach. I asked her how she came to receive young fellows. It seems he had a ball in the duke of *Hamilton*'s house when the duke died ; and the duchess got an advertisement put in the *Post-boy*, reflecting on the ball, because the *Marlborough* daughters were there ; and *Bligh* came to beg the duchess's pardon, and clear himself.

5th, Lady *Masham* has miscarried ; but is almost well again. I have paid many visits to-day. I met *Bligh* at the duke of *Ormond*'s ; and he begged me to carry him to the duchess of *Hamilton*, to beg her pardon again. I did, on purpose to see how the blunderbus behaved himself ; but I begged the duchess

chefs to use him mercifully, for she is the devil of a teazer. The good of it is, she ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet she would not allow him to put in an advertisement to clear himself from hers, though hers was all a lye. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it against him. I was at court to-day, and the foreign ministers have got a trick of employing me to speak for them to lord treasurer and lord *Bolingbroke*; which I do when the case is reasonable. The college need not fear; I will not be their governour. I dined with Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and his duchess. The duke of *Ormond* was there, but we parted soon, and I went to visit lord *Pembroke* for the first time; but it was to see some curious books. Lord *Cholmondeley* came in; but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances.

6th, I was to-day at an auction of pictures with *Pratt*, and laid out forty-four shillings for a picture of *Titian*; and if it were a *Titian*, it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to lord *Masham*: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myself. But I made *Pratt* buy several pictures for lord *Masham*. *Pratt* is a great virtuoso that way. I dined with lord treasurer, but made him go to court at eight. I always teaze him to be gone. I thought to have made *Parnell* dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more constant. Poor boy! I was at lord treasurer's levee with the provost, to ask a book of the college. I never go to his levee, unless it be to present somebody.



7th, Yes, I hope *Leigh* will soon be gone. A p— on him ! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of not seeing the *Irish* bishops here, and the *Irish* gentlemen ; but I believe my answers fretted him enough. I would not dine with lord treasurer to-day, though it was *Saturday*, for he has engaged me for to-morrow ; but went and dined with lord *Masham*, and played at six-penny running ombre for three hours. There were three voles against me, and I was once a great loser, but came off for three shillings and six-pence. One may easily lose five guineas at it. Lady *Orkney* is gone out of town to-day, and I could not see her for laziness, but wrote to her. She has left me some physic. I never saw *D. D's* politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people conversed so much with so little politics. *Parvisol* has sent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him, which, I hope, will serve me, and bring me over. I was not at court to-day ; a wonder !

8th, You must know, I give chocolate almost every day to two or three people, that I suffer to come to see me in a morning. My man begins to lye pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will see, and denies me to every body else. This is the day of the queen's coming to the crown, and the day lord treasurer was stabbed by *Guiscard*. I was at court, where every body had their birth-day cloaths on, and I dined with lord treasurer, who was very fine. He shewed me some of the queen's speech, which I corrected

rected in several places, and penned the vote of address of thanks for the speech \* ; but I was of opinion the house should not sit on *Tuesday* next, unless they hear the peace is signed ; that is, provided they are sure it will be signed the week after, and so have one scolding for all.

9th, Lord treasurer would have had me dine with him to-day ; he desired me last night, but I refused, because he would not keep the day of his stabbing with all the cabinet, as he intended : so I dined with my friend *Lewis* ; and the provost, and *Parnell*, and *Ford* were with us. I lost sixteen shillings at ombre ; I don't like it. At night *Lewis* brought us word, that the parliament does not sit to-morrow. I hope they are sure of the peace by next week, and then they are right, in my opinion : otherwise I think they have done wrong, and might have sat three weeks ago. People will grumble ; but lord treasurer cares not a rush. Lord keeper is suddenly taken ill of a quinsy, and some lords are in commission. I think lord treasurer is to prorogue the parliament in his stead. You never saw a town so full of ferment and expectation. Mr. *Pope* has published a fine poem, called *Windsor Forest*. Read it.

10th, I was early this morning to see lord *Bolingbroke*. I find he was of opinion the parliament should sit ; and says, they are not sure the peace will be signed next week. The prorogation is to this day se'nnight. I went to look on a library I am going

\* See this address in volume XV of *Swift's Works*.



to buy, if we can agree. I have offered one hundred and twenty ponds, and will give ten pounds more. Lord *Bolingbroke* will lend me the money. I was two hours poring over the books. I will sell some of them, and keep the rest; but I doubt they wo'nt take the money. I dined in the city, and sat an hour in the evening with lord treasurer, who was in a very good humour; but reproached me for not dining with him yesterday and to-day. What will all this come to? Lord keeper had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him.

11th, I was this morning to visit the duke and duchess of *Ormond*, and the duchess of *Hamilton*, and went with the provost to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen shillings. I am in for it, if I had money; but I doubt I shall be undone; for Sir *Andrew Fountain* invited the provost and me to dine with him, and play at ombre, when I fairly lost fourteen shillings. I am come home; 'tis late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed, and writing there, and it is past twelve a good while. Went out four mattadores and a trump in black, and yet was basted.

12th, I was at another action of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made lord *Masham* lay out forty pounds. There were pictures sold of twice as much value a piece. Our society met to-day at the duke of *Beaufort's*; a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did some business. Our printer was to attend us, as usual; and the chancellor

cellor of the exchequer \* sent the author of the *Examiner* † twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the most confounded coxcomb in the world, so that I dare not let him see me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much discourse with the duke of *Ormond* this morning, and am driving some Points, to secure, &c. I left the society at seven. I can't drink now at all with any pleasure. I love white *Portugal* wine better than claret, *Champagne*, or *Burgundy*. I have a sad vulgar appetite; I cannot endure above one dish, nor ever could since I was a boy, and loved stuffing. It was a fair day, which is a rarity with us, I assure you. Never fair two days together.

13th, I had a rabble of *Irish* parsons this morning drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have supped last night with the *Swedish* envoy at his house, and some other company; but forgot it, and he railled me to-day at lord *Bolingbroke's*, who excused me, saying, the envoy ought not to be angry, because I serve lord treasurer and him the same way. For that reason, I very seldom promise to go any where. I dined with lord treasurer, who chid me for being absent so long, as he always does, if I miss a day. I sat three hours this evening with lady *Fersey*; but the first two hours she was at ombre with some company. I left lord treasurer at eight; I fancied he was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange

\* 'Robert Benson Esq;'

† 'Mr. Oldisworth.'



by fits, which I told him, among common men, looked like the spleen. I wish the peace may be ready; I mean, that we have notice it is signed, before *Tuesday*; otherwise the grumbling will encrease.

## L E T T E R LXXXIV.

ROBERT HUNTER \*, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

New-York, March 1, 1712-13.

I Think I am indebted to you for two letters, and should have continued so, had it not been for the apprehension of your putting a wrong construction upon my neglect. My friends being few in number, I would not willingly, or by any fault, neglect nor lose those I have. The true cause is this. My unhappy circumstances have so soured me, that whatever I write must be vinegar and gall to a man of your mirth. For the better understanding of which, be pleased to read them in the words of one of my most renowned predecessors: *Quando pense venir a este govierno a comer caliente y a beber frio, y a recrear il cuerpo entre sabanas de Olanda, sobre colchones de pluma, he venido a hazar penitencia, como se fuera Ermetanno, y como no la hago de me voluntad, penso que al cabo al cabo, me ha de navar el diablo.* This worthy indeed was but a type of me, of which I could fully convince

\* Brigadier Hunter, governor of *New-York* and *New-Jersey*, who was afterwards appointed governor and captain general of *Jamaica*, in the room of the duke of *Portland*, who died there, July 4th, 1726.

you, by an exact parallel between our administrations and circumstances, which I shall reserve to another opportunity.

The truth of the matter is this: I am used like a dog, after having done all that is in the power of man to deserve a better treatment, so that I am now quite jaded. *Male vehi malo alio gubernante, quam tam malis rectoribus bene gubernare.*

The approaching peace will give leisure to the ministry to think of proper remedies for the distracted state of all the provinces; but of this more particularly, the importance of it by its situation being greater, and the danger by their conduct more imminent, than that of the rest. I have done my duty in representing their proceedings, and warning them of the consequences; and there I leave it. *Neque tam me ευελπισια consolatur ut antea quam αδιαφορια, qua nulla in re tam utor quam in hac civili et publica.*

I have purchased a seat for a bishop, and by orders from the society have given directions to prepare it for his reception. You once upon a day gave me hopes of seeing you there. It would be to me no small relief to have so good a friend to complain to. What it would be to you to hear me, when you could not help me, I know not. *Cætera desunt*, for the post cannot stay. Adieu. I am, very sincerely, yours,

R. HUNTER.



LETTER LXXXV.

ROBERT HUNTER, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

New-York, March 14, 1712-13.

*Q*Uonorogh quaniou diadega generoghqua aquegon  
*tchitchenagaree*; or, lest you should not have  
 your *Iroquoise* dictionary at hand, Brother, I honour  
 you and all your tribe; tho' that is to be taken *cum*  
*grano salis*. For one of them has done me much harm.  
 God reward him, &c. For that, and what you want  
 to know besides relating to me, I refer you to the  
 bearer, Mr. *Sharp*, our chaplain; a very worthy,  
 ingenious, and conscientious clergyman. I wrote  
 to you some time ago by a merchant-ship, and therein  
 gave you some hints of my sufferings, which are  
 not diminished since that time. In hopes of a better  
 settlement, I wished for your company. Until that  
 comes, I can contribute to nothing but your spleen.  
 Here is the finest air to live upon in the universe.  
 And if our trees and birds could speak, and our  
 assemblymen be silent, the finest conversation too.  
*Fert omnia tellus*, but not for me. For you must  
 understand, according to the custom of our country,  
 the sachims are of the poorest of the people. I  
 have got the wrong side of sir *Polydore's* office; a  
 great deal to do, and nothing to receive. In a word,  
 and to be serious at last, I have spent three years of  
 life in such torment and vexation, that nothing in  
 life

life can make me amends for it. *Tu interim sis lætus,  
et memor nostrum, vale.*

R. HUNTER.

## LETTER LXXXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 14, 1712-13.

IT was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good deal in the Park, before I went to court. Colonel *Disney*, one of our society, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loss. I doubt I shall not buy the library: for a roguish bookseller has offered sixty pounds more than I designed to give. So you see I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with lord treasurer, and his *Saturday* company; but there were but seven at table. Lord *Peterborow* is ill, and spits blood, with a bruise he got before he left *England*; but, I believe, an *Italian* lady he has brought over is the cause, that his illness returns. You know old lady *Bellasis* is dead at last? She has left lord *Berkeley* of *Stratton* one of her executors, and it will be of great advantage to him; they say above ten thousand pounds. I staid with lord treasurer, upon business, after the company was gone; but I dare not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs, if I durst venture to say a thousand things that pass; but I hear so  
much



much of letters opening at your post-office, that I am fearful, &c.

15th, Lord treasurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted; but he would not see it, but put me off till to-morrow. The queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to parliament on *Tuesday*, if the houses meet; which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the ministers themselves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumstances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at lord treasurer's to-morrow, upon that supposition, to settle some things relating that way. *Ppt.* may understand me. The doctors tell me, that if poor colonel *Disney* does not get some sleep to-night, he must die. What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our society; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old battered rake; but very honest. Not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of *Jenny Kingdom*, the maid of honour, who is a little old, that, since she could not get a husband, the queen should give her a brevet, to act as a married woman. You don't understand this. They give brevets to majors and captains, to act as colonels in the army. Brevets are commissions. Ask soldiers.

16th, I was at lord treasurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he told me, the parliament was prorogued till *Thursday* se'nnight. They have had some expresses, by which they count, that the peace will be signed by that time; at least that *France*,  
S 3
*Holland*,

*Holland*, and we will sign some articles, by which we shall engage to sign the peace, when it is ready. But *Spain* has no minister there; for *Monteleon*, who is to be their ambassador at *Utrecht*, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there, the *Spaniards* can sign no peace. And one thing take notice of, that a general peace can hardly be finished these two months, so as to be proclaimed here; for, after signing, it must be ratified; that is, confirmed by the several princes at their courts, which to *Spain* will cost a month, for we must have notice, that it is ratified in all courts, before we can proclaim it; so be not in too much haste.

17th, The *Irish* folks were disappointed, that the parliament did not meet to-day, because it was *St. Patrick's-day*; and the *Mall* was so full of crosses, that I thought all the world was *Irish*. Miss *Ashe* is almost quite well, and I see the bishop, but shall not yet go to his house. I dined again with lord treasurer; but, the parliament being prorogued, I must keep what I have till next week; for I believe he will not see it till just the evening before the session. He has engaged me to dine with him again to-morrow, though I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to disoblige him.

18th, I have now dined six days successively with lord treasurer; but at night I stole away, while he was talking with somebody else, and so am at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general cessation of arms: every body had it at court; but, I believe, there is nothing in it. I asked a certain *French* minister how things went? And he whispered



me in *French*, Your plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool. None of us indeed approve of the conduct of either at this time; but lord treasurer was in full good humour for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the *Harley* family but myself. *Disney* is recovering, tho' you don't care a straw. *Dilly* murders us with his if-puns. You know them.

19th, The bishop of *Clogher* has made an if-pun, that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send it over to his brother *Tom*; but Sir *Andrew Fountain* has wrote to *Tom Ashe* last post, and told him the pun, and desired him to send it over to the bishop as his own; and, if it succeeds, it will be a pure bite. The bishop will tell it us as a wonder, that he and his brother should jump so exactly. I'll tell you the pun. If there was a hackney coach at Mr. *Pooley's* door, what town in *Egypt* would it be? Why, it would be *Hecatompolis*; Hack at *Tom Pooley's*. Silly, says *Ppt*. I dined with a private friend to-day; for our society, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not seen *Fanny Manley* yet; I can't help it. Lady *Orkney* is come to town: why she was at her country-house; but what care you?

20th, *Dilly* read me a letter to-day, from *Ppt*. She seems to have scratched her head when she wrote it. 'Tis a sad thing to write to people without taste. There you say, you hear I was going to *Bath*. No such thing; I am pretty well, I thank God. The town is now sending me to *Savoy*; forty people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the least truth

that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was so glad of my liberty, that I would dine no where; but, the weather being fine, I fauntered into the city, and ate a bit about five, and then supped at Mr. *Burke's*, the accomptant-general, who had been engaging me this month. The bishop of *Clogher* was to have been there, but was hindered by lord *Paget's* funeral. The provost and I sat till one o'clock; and, if that be not late, I don't know what is late. *Parnell's* poem will be published on *Monday*, and to-morrow I design he shall present it to lord treasurer and lord *Bolingbroke* at court. The poor lad is almost always out of order with his head. *Burke's* wife is his sister.

21st, Morning. I will not finish my letter; for company will come, and a stir, and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pocket, and give it into the post. I must go to court, and you know on *Saturday* I dine with lord treasurer of course. Farewel.

## LETTER LXXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 21, 1712-13.

I Dined with lord treasurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at lord *Halifax's* house with four principal whigs; but he is resolved to begin a speech against them when the parliament sits; and I have begged that the ministers may have a meeting on purpose to settle that matter, and let us be the attackers;



attackers; and I believe it will come to something, for the whigs intend to attack the ministers: and if, instead of that, the ministers attack the whigs, it will be better. And further, I believe we shall attack them on those very points they intend to attack us. The parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, because of Passion-week. I forgot to tell you, that Mr. *Griffin* has given *Ppt's* brother a new employment, better than his former; but more remote, and consequently cheaper. I wish I could have done better, and hope you will take what can be done in good part, and that *Ppt's* brother will not dislike it.

22d, I dined to-day with lord steward. There *Frank Annesley* (a parliament-man) told me he had heard, that I had wrote to my friends in *Ireland* to keep firm to the whig interest; for that lord treasurer would certainly declare for it after the peace. *Annesley* said twenty people had told him this. You must know this is what they endeavour to report of lord treasurer, that he designs to declare for the whigs; and a *Scotch* fellow has wrote the same to *Scotland*; and his meeting with those lords gives occasion to such reports. Let me henceforth call lord treasurer *Eltee*, because possibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember *L. T.* and *Eltee* are pronounced the same way. You see why I cannot come over the beginning of *April*. Whoever has to do with this ministry can fix no time.

23d, I dined to-day at Sir *Thomas Hanmer's*, by an old appointment: there was the duke of *Ormond*,  
and

and lord and lady *Orkney*. I left them at six; every body is as sour as vinegar. I endeavour to keep a firm friendship between the duke of *Ormond* and *Eltee*. I have great designs, if I can compass them; but delay is rooted in *Eltee's* heart; yea the fault is not altogether there, that things are no better. Here is the cursedest libel in verse come out, called *The Ambassadors* \*; it is very dull too; it has been printed in three or four different ways, and is handed about, but not sold. It abuses the queen horribly. The *Examiner* † has cleared me to-day of being au-

\* 'It was intitled, *The British ambassadors's speech to the French king*; for publishing of which Mr. *William Hart*, the printer of the *Flying Post*, was tried in the court of *King's-Bench* June 27, 1713, and sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, to pay a fine of 50*l.* to her majesty, to be imprisoned two years, and till he should pay the said fine; and to find sufficient sureties for his good behaviour during life.'

† 'The paper is N<sup>o</sup>. 35. Vol. III. and the passage as follows:  
 " They have been a long time laying a load upon a gentleman  
 " of the first character for learning; good sense, wit, and more  
 " virtues, than even they can set off and illustrate by all the  
 " opposition and extremes of vice, which are the compounds of  
 " their party. He is indeed fully accomplished to be mortally  
 " hated by them, and they needed not to charge him with writing  
 " the *Examiner*, as if that were a sufficient revenge; in which  
 " they shew as little judgment as truth. I here pronounce him  
 " clear of that imputation; and, out of pure regard to justice,  
 " strip myself of all the honour that lucky untruth did this  
 " paper, reserving to myself the entertaining reflection, that I  
 " was once taken for a man, who has a thousand other recom-  
 " mendations, besides the malice of the worst men, to make  
 " him loved and esteemed by the best. This is the second time  
 " I have humoured that party, by publicly declaring who is not  
 " the



thor of his paper, and done it with great civilities to me. I hope it will stop people's mouths ; if not, they must go on and be hanged, I care not. 'Tis terrible rainy weather, I'll go sleep.

24th, It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach-hire. I went to see colonel *Disney*, who is past danger. Then I visited lord keeper, who was at dinner. I would not dine with him, but drove to lord treasurer (*Eltee* I mean) paid the coachman, and went in ; but he dined abroad : so I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to lord *Bolingbroke's*. He dined abroad too ; and at lord *Dupplin's* I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner there, and then went to the *Latin* play at *Westminster* school, acted by the boys ; and lord treasurer, *Eltee* I mean again, honoured them with his presence. Lady *Masham's* eldest son, about two years old, is ill, and I am afraid will not live. She is full of grief, and I pity and am angry with her. Four shillings to-day in coach-hire ; it won't do. Our peace will certainly be ready by *Thursday* fortnight ; but our plenipotentiaries were to blame, that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full

“ the author of the *Examiner*, I will lend them no more light,  
 “ because they do not love it. I could only wish, that their  
 “ invectives against that gentleman had been considerable  
 “ enough to call forth his public resentments ; and I stand ama-  
 “ zed at their folly, in provoking so much ruin to their party.  
 “ Their intellectuals must be as stupid as their consciences, not to  
 “ dread the terrors of his pen, though they met him with all  
 “ that spite to his person, which they ever expressed against his  
 “ order.”

enough

enough to sign the peace, unless every prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for *Spain* has no minister yet at *Utrecht*: but now ours have new orders.

25th, Weather worse than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was resolved I would spend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr. *Pratt*, and there met the duke of *Beaufort*, who promised to come with me to court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to court, and did some little business there, but was forced to go home; for you must understand I take a little physic over-night, which works me next day. Lady *Orkney* is my physician. It is hierapicra two spoonfuls, devilish stuff! I thought to have dined with *Eltee*; but would not, merely to save a shilling: but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won six shillings. Here are several people of quality lately dead of the small-pox. I have not yet seen Miss *Ashe*, but hear she is well. The bishop of *Clogher* has bought abundance of pictures, and Dr. *Pratt* has got him very good pennyworths. I can get no walks, the weather is so bad.

26th, Though it was shaving-day, head and beard, yet I was out early to see lord *Bolingbroke*, and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to the duke of *Ormond*, and so to court, where the ministers did not come, because the parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had terrible rain and hail to-day. Our society met this day, but I left them before seven, and went to Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and played at ombre with him and Sir *Thomas Clarges* till ten, and then went to Sir *Tho-*



*was Hanmer.* His wife, the duchess of *Grafton*, left us after a little while, and I stayed with him about an hour upon some affairs, &c. Lord *Bolingbroke* left us at the society before I went; for there is an express from *Utrecht*, but I know not yet what it contains; only I know the ministers expect the peace will be signed in a week, which is a week before the session.

27th, *Parnell's* poem is mightily esteemed; but poetry sells ill. I am plagued with poor *Harrison's* mother: you would laugh to see how cautious I am of paying her the 100*l.* I received for her son from the treasury. I have asked every creature I know, whether I may do it safely; yet durst not venture, till my lord keeper assured me there was no danger. Yet I have not paid her, but will in a day or two; though I have a great mind to stay till *Ppt.* sends me her opinion, because *Ppt.* is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a *Scotchman's*, who made the invitation to Mr. *Lewis* and me, and has some design upon us, which we know very well. I went afterwards to see a famous moving picture, and I never saw any thing so pretty. You see a sea ten inches wide, a town at the other end, and ships sailing in the sea, and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky, with moon and stars, &c. I am a fool.

28th, I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myself to every body, except about half a dozen, and they were all here, and Mr. *Addison* was one. I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues. Coach hire goes deep. I dined with *Eltee* and his *Saturday* company, as usual, and  
could

could not get away till nine. Lord *Peterborow* was making long harangues, and *Eltee* kept me in spite. Then I went to see the bishop of *Ossory*, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to *Ireland*. The bishop of *Killaloe* and *Tom Leigh* were with us. The latter had wholly changed his stile by seeing how the bishops behaved themselves; and he seemed to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the bishops about the first-fruits, with relation to *Eltee* and me, strongly upon *Killaloe*, and shewed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called *The Crown Rents*, which the queen had promised. He had nothing to say; but was humble, and desired my interest in that and some other things.

29th, I have been employed in endeavouring to save one of your \* junior fellows, who came over here for a dispensation from taking orders, and, in soliciting it, has run out his time, and now his fellowship is void, if the college pleases, unless the queen suspends the execution, and gives his time to take orders. I spoke to all the ministers yesterday about it: but they say the queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her; and she is positive, and so the man must be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never saw him in my life; but the case was so hard, I could not forbear interposing. Your government recommended him to the duke of *Ormond*, and he thought they would grant it; and

\* Mr. *Charles Grattan*, afterwards Master of the Free School at *Inniskillen*, founded by *Erasmus Smith*, Esq;



by the time it was refused, the fellowship, by rigour, is forfeited. I dined with Dr. *Arbuthnot* (one of my brothers) at his lodgings in *Chelfea*, and was there at chapel; and the altar put me in mind of *Tisdal's* outlandish mould at your hospital for soldiers. I was not at court to-day, and I hear the queen was not at church. Perhaps the gout has seized her again. Terrible rain all day.

30th, Morning. I was naming some time ago, to a certain person, another certain person, that was very deserving, and poor and sickly; and the other, that first certain person, gave me 100*l.* to give the other, which I have not yet done. The person who is to have it, never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprize; for I think it a handsome present enough.

At night I dined in the city, at *Pontac's*, with lord *Dupplin*\*, and some others. We were treated by one colonel *Cleland*, who has a mind to be governor of *Barbadoes*, and is laying these long traps for me and others to engage our interest for him. He is a true *Scotchman*. I payed the 100*l.* this evening, and it was a great surprize to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now signed, and that we shall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty sure.

31st, I thought to-day on *Ppt.* when she told me she supposed I was acquainted with the steward, when I was giving myself airs of being at some lord's house. Sir *Andrew Fountain* invited the bishop of *Clogher*

\* Then one of the tellers of the exchequer.

and me, and some others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the duke of *Kent's*, who was gone out of town; but the steward treated us nobly, and shewed us the fine pictures, &c. This evening, lady *Masbam*, Dr *Arbuthnot*, and I, were contriving a lye for to-morrow, that Mr. *Noble*\*, who was hanged last *Saturday*, was recovered by his friends, and then seized again by the sheriff, and is now in a messenger's hands at the *Black Swan* in *Holborn*. We are all to send to our friends, to know whether they have heard any thing of it, and so we hope it will spread. However we shall do our endeavours; nothing shall be wanting on our parts, and leave the rest to fortune.

*April* 1st, We had no success in our story, tho' I sent my man to several houses, to enquire among the footmen, without letting him into the secret: but I doubt my colleagues did not contribute as they ought. *Parnell* and I dined with *Dartineuf* to-day. You have heard of *Dartineuf*: I have told you of him. After dinner we all went to lord *Bolingbroke's*, who had desired me to dine with him; but I would not, because I heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parson *Trap*, upon the peace. 'The *Swedish* envoy told me to-day at court, that he was in great apprehensions about his master; and indeed we are afraid that prince † is dead among those *Turkish*

\* \* *Richard Noble*, an attorney at *New Inn*, executed at *Kingston*, for the murder of *John Sayer*, esq; whose wife, the daughter of admiral *Nevill*, he had seduced from her husband. In bishop *Fleetwood's Works*, p. 657. is a funeral sermon on the death of Mr. *Noble*.

† *Charles* the XIIth.



dogs. I prevailed on lord *Bolingbroke* to invite Mr. *Addison* to dine with him on *Good Friday*. I suppose we shall be mighty mannerly. *Addison* is to have a play on *Friday* in *Easter Week*: 'tis a tragedy, called *Cato*; I saw it unfinished some years ago. Did I tell you, that *Steele* has begun a new daily paper, called the *Guardian* \*? they say good for nothing. I have not seen it.

2d, I was this morning with lord *Bolingbroke*, and he tells me a *Spanish* courier is just come with the news that the king of *Spain* has agreed to every thing that the queen desires; and the duke *Offuna* has left *Paris*, in order to his journey to *Utrecht*. I was prevailed on to come home with *Trap*, and read his poem, and correct it; but it was good for nothing. While I was there employed, Sir *Thomas Hanmer* came up to my chamber, and baulked me of a journey he and I intended this week to lord *Orkney's*, at *Cliffden*; but he is not well, and his physician will not let him undertake such a journey. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer; but going to see colonel *Disney*, who lives with general *Withers*, I liked the general's little dinner so well, that I stayed and took share of it, and did not go to lord treasurer till six, where I found Dr. *Sacheverell*, who told us, that the bookseller had given him 100*l.* for his † sermon, preached last *Sunday*, and

\* ' That paper began to be published on *Thursday*, *March* 12, 1712-13.'

† ' His sermon, preached at *St. Saviour's* church in *Southwark*, of which he was one of the chaplains, on *Luke* xxiii. 34. on occasion of the expiration of the three years  
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intended to print 30,000; but I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly sell above half. I have fire still, though *April* is begun, against my old maxim; but the weather is wet and cold. I never saw such a long run of ill weather in my life.

3d, I was at the queen's chapel to-day, but she was not there. Mr. St. John, lord *Bolingbroke's* brother, came this day at noon with an express from *Utrecht*, that the peace is signed by all the ministers there, but those of the emperor, who will likewise sign in a few days; so that now the great work is in effect done, and I believe will appear a most excellent peace for *Europe*, particularly for *England*. *Addison* and I, and some others, dined with lord *Bolingbroke*, and sat with him till twelve. We were very civil; but yet, when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. *Addison* raised his objections, and lord *Bolingbroke* answered them with great complaisance. *Addison* began lord *Somers's* health, which went about; but I bid him not name lord *Wharton's*, for I would not pledge it; and I told lord *Bolingbroke* frankly, that *Addison* loved lord *Wharton* as little as I did: so we laughed, &c. Well, but you are glad of the peace,

silence imposed upon him by the house of lords, in consequence of his impeachment in 1709. The sermon was published under the title of *The Christian triumphant, or the duty of praying for our enemies*. In April, 1713, he was presented by the queen to the rectory of *St. Andrew, Holborn*, which had been held in commendam by Dr. *Thomas Manningham*, with the bishopric of *Chichester*.

you



you *Ppt.* the trimmer, are not you? As for *D. D.* I don't doubt her.

4th, This Passion-week people are so demure, especially this last day, that I told *Dilly*, who called here, that I would dine with him, and so I did; and had a small shoulder of mutton of my own bespeaking. It rained all this day. I came home at seven, and have never stirred out, but have been reading *Sacheverell's* long dull sermon, which he sent me. It is the first sermon since his suspension is expired; but not a word in it upon the occasion, except two or three remote hints. The bishop of *Clogher* has been sadly bit by *Tom Ashe*, who sent him a pun, which the bishop had made, and designed to send to him, but delayed it; and lord *Pembroke* and I made Sir *Andrew Fountain* write it to *Tom*. I believe I told you of it in my last; it succeeded right, and the bishop was wondering to lord *Pembroke* how he and his brother could hit on the same thing. I'll go to bed soon, for I must be at church by eight to-morrow, *Easter-day*.

5th, *Warburton* wrote to me two letters about a living of one *Foulkes*, who is lately dead in the county of *Meath*. My answer is that before I received the first letter, general *George* had recommended a friend of his to the duke of *Ormond*, which was the first time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the provost told me of it. I believe verily that *Foulkes* was not dead when *George* recommended the other. For *Warburton's* last letter said, that *Foulkes* was dead the day before the date. This has pre-

vented me from serving *Warburton*, as I would have done, if I had received notice early enough. Pray say or write this to *Warburton*, to justify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and shaved and dressed after. I came back, but was too late at court; and lord *Abington* had like to have snapped me for dinner, and I believe will fall out with me for refusing him: but I hate dining with him, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks; for it was a very fine day, the first we have had a great while. Remember, was *Easter-day* a fine day with you? I have sat with lady *Worsley* till late.

6th, I was this morning at ten, at the rehearsal of Mr. *Addison*'s play, called *Cato*, which is to be acted on *Friday*. There were not above half a score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab, that acts *Cato*'s daughter \*, out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, What's next? The bishop of *Clogher* was there too, but he stood privately in a gallery. I went to dine with lord treasurer, but he was gone to *Wimbledon*, his daughter *Caermarthen*'s country seat, seven miles off; so I went back, and dined privately with Mr. *Addison*, whom I had left to go to lord treasurer. I keep fire yet; I am very extravagant. I sat this evening with Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and we amused ourselves with making *if-puns* for *Dilly*. It is rainy weather;

\* 'Mrs. *Oldfield*.'



never saw the like. Pray tell *Swanton* I had his letter, but cannot contrive how to serve him. If a governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more; and you know all employments in *Ireland*, at least almost all, are engaged in reversions. If I were on the spot, and had credit with a lord lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but employments here are no more in my power than the monarchy itself.

7th, Morning. I have had a visiter here, that has taken up my time. I write by this post to the dean, but it is not above two lines, and one inclosed to you, but that inclosed to you is not above three lines; and then one inclosed to the dean, which he must not have, but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are some things in it I would not have liable to accident. You shall only know in general, that it is an account of what I have done to serve him in his pretensions on these vacancies, &c. But he must not know that you know so much.

## L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London April 7, 1713.

I Dined with lord treasurer; and though the business I had with him is something against *Thursday*

day, when the parliament is to meet, and this is *Tuesday*, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, lest this letter should miscarry, or be opened; but I never saw his fellow for delays\*. The parliament will now certainly sit, and every body's expectations are ready to burst. At a council to-night, the lord chief justice *Parker* †, a whig, spoke against the peace; so did lord *Cholmondley*, another whig, who is treasurer of the household. My lord keeper was this night made lord chancellor. We hope there will soon be some removes.

8th, Lord *Cholmondley* is this day removed from his employment, for his last night's speech; and Sir *Richard Temple*, lieutenant-general, the greatest whig in the army, is turned out; and lieutenant-general *Palmer* will be obliged to sell his regiment. This is the first fruits of a friendship I have established between two great men. I dined with lord treasurer, and did the business I had for him to his satisfaction. I won't tell what it was. The parliament sits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in *Maccartney's* name, vindicating himself from the murder of duke *Hamilton*. I must give some hints to have it answered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of exposing that party. To-morrow will be a very important day. All the world will be at *Westminster*. Lord treasurer is as easy as a

\* This business, most probably, was the address of the house of lords to the queen, drawn up, at the command of the treasurer, by Dr. *Swift*. See his Works, vol. xvi.

† Afterwards earl of *Macclesfield*.



lamb. They are mustering up the proxies of the absent lords ; but they are not in any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increased this year.

9th, I was this morning with lord treasurer, to present to him a young son of the late earl of *Jersey*, at the desire of the widow. There I saw the mace and great coach ready for lord treasurer, who was going to parliament. Our society met to-day ; but I expected the houses would sit longer than I cared to fast ; so I dined with a friend, and never enquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to lord *Orkney's*, where I found Sir *Thomas Hanmer*. The queen delivered her speech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vast. The order for an address was moved, and opposed by lords *Nottingham*, *Halifax* and *Cowper*. Lord treasurer spoke with great spirit and resolution ; lord *Peterborough* flirited against the duke of *Marlborough* (who is in *Germany*, you know) but it was in an answer to one of lord *Halifax's* impertinences. The order for an address passed by a majority of thirty-three, and the houses rose before six. This is the account I heard at lord *Orkney's*. The bishop of *Chester* \*, a high tory, was against the court. The duchess of *Marlborough* sent for him some months ago, to justify herself to him in relation to the queen, and shewed him letters, and told him stories, which the weak man believed, and was perverted.

\* Dr. *Francis Gastrell*, consecrated to that see April 4, 1713.

10th, I dined with a cousin in the city, and poor *Patty Rolt* was there. I have got her rogue of a husband leave to come to *England* from *Portmahon*. The whigs are much down; but I reckon they have some scheme in agitation. This parliament time hinders our court-meetings on *Wednesdays*, *Thursdays*, and *Saturdays*. I had a great deal of business to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle; and I lost a dozen shillings at ombre with *Dr. Pratt* and another. It rains every day, and yet we are all over dust. *Lady Masbam's* eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and she stays at *Kensington* to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the queen; but leave every thing, to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own. This I tell her; but talk to the winds.

11th, I dined at lord treasurer's with his *Saturday* company. We had ten at table, all lords but myself and the chancellor of the exchequer. *Argyle* went off at six, and was in very indifferent humour, as usual. Duke of *Ormond* and lord *Bolingbroke* were absent. I staid till near ten. Lord treasurer shewed us a small picture, enamelled work, and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean of the queen, which she gave to the duchess of *M—gh*, set in diamonds. When the duchess was leaving *England*, she took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one *Mrs. Higgins*, (an old intriguing woman, whom every body knows) bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord treasurer sent to *Mrs. Higgins*



... for this picture, and gave her one hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that duchess? or did you ever hear such a story? I suppose the whigs will not believe it. Pray try them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence; and gives it to her to sell, like a piece of old-fashioned plate.

12th, I went to court to-day, on purpose to present Mr. *Berkeley* \*, one of your fellows of *Dublin* college, to lord *Berkeley* of *Stratton*. That Mr. *Berkeley* is a very ingenious man, and a great philosopher, and I have mentioned him to all the ministers, and have given them some of his writings; and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit towards helping forward men of worth in the world †. The queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at lord *Orkney's* with the duke of *Ormond*, lord *Arran*, and Sir *Thomas Hammer*. Mr. *St. John*, secretary at *Utrecht*, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace.

13th, This morning my friend, Mr. *Lewis* came to me, and shewed me an order for a warrant for the three vacant deanries; but none of them to

\* This Mr. *Berkeley* was afterwards the celebrated bishop of *Cloyne*. See lord *Bolingbroke's* letter, dated *July 24, 1725*; and the note.

† *Swift* procured him to be sent secretary and chaplain to *Sicily*, with the earl of *Peterborough*.

me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. *Lewis* tell my lord treasurer, that I take nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me. At noon, lord treasurer hearing I was in Mr. *Lewis's* office, came to me, and said many things, too long to repeat. I told him, I had nothing to do but go to *Ireland* immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, unless I had something honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the duke of *Ormond's*. He there told me, he had stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me, might be at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the duke of *Ormond* my intentions. He is content *Sterne* should be a bishop, and I have *St. Patrick's*; but, I believe, nothing will come of it, for stay I will not; and so I believe you will see me in *Dublin* before *April* ends. I am less out of humour than you would imagine; and if it were not, that impertinent people will condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I still avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next *Monday* by the carrier to *Chester*, and go see my willows, against the expectation of all the world.

14th, I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me against I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as soon as ever the warrants for the deanries are out, which are yet stopped. Lord treasurer told Mr.

*Lewis,*



*Lewis*, that it would be determined to-night ; and so he will say an hundred nights ; so he said yesterday, but I value it not. My daily journals shall be but short till I get into the city, and then I will send away this, and follow it myself ; and design to walk it all the way to *Chester*, my man and I, by ten miles a day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen days.

15th, Lord *Bolingbroke* made me dine with him to-day, (I was as good company as ever) and told me the queen would determine something for me to-night. The dispute is *Windsor*, or *St. Patrick's*. I told him I would not stay for their disputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord *Masbam* told me, that lady *Masbam* is angry I have not been to see her since this business, and desires I will come to-morrow.

16th, I was this noon at lady *Masbam's*, who was just come from *Kensington*, where her eldest son is sick. She said much to me of what she had talked to the queen, and lord treasurer. The poor lady fell a shedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having *St. Patrick's*, &c. I was never more moved than to see so much friendship. I would not stay with her, but went and dined with Dr. *Arbuthnot*, with Mr. *Berkley*, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor, &c. Mr. *Lewis* tells me, that the duke of *Ormond* has been to-day with the queen : and she was content, that Dr. *Sterne* should be bishop of *Dromore*, and I dean of *St. Patrick's* ; but then out came lord treasurer, and said, he would not be satisfied, but that I must be

a prebendary of *Windsor*. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither ; but I confess, as much as I love *England*, I am so angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have *St. Patrick's*. Lady *Masbam* says, she will speak to the purpose to the queen to-morrow.

17th, I went to dine at lady *Masbam's* to-day, and she was taken ill of a sore throat, and is aguish. She spoke to the queen last night, but had not much time. The queen says, she will determine to-morrow with lord treasurer. The warrants for the deanries are still stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think any thing will be done ? I don't care whether it is or no. In the mean time I prepare for my journey, and see no great people, nor will see lord treasurer any more, if I go. Lord treasurer told Mr. *Lewis* it should be done to-night ; so he said five nights ago.

18th, This morning Mr. *Lewis* sent me word, that lord treasurer told him the queen would determine at noon. At three lord treasurer sent to me to come to his lodgings at *St. James's*, and told me the queen was at last resolved, that Dr. *Sterne* should be bishop of *Dromore*, and I dean of *St. Patrick's* ; and that *Sterne's* warrant should be drawn immediately. You know the deanry is in the duke of *Ormond's* gift, but this is concerted between the queen, lord treasurer and the duke of *Ormond*, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done ; some unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in *Ireland* ; and I con-



feels I thought the ministry would not let me go ; but perhaps they can't help it.

19th, I forgot to tell you, that lord treasurer forced me to dine with him yesterday as usual, with his *Saturday* company ; which I did, after frequent refusals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at court. After dinner, Mr. *Lewis* sent me word, that the queen stayed till she knew whether the duke of *Ormond* approved of *Sterne* for a bishop. I went this evening, and found the duke of *Ormond* at the *Cockpit*, and told him, and desired he would go to the queen, and approve of *Sterne*. He made objections, and desired I would name any other deanry, for he did not like *Sterne* ; that *Sterne* never went to see him ; that he was influenced by the archbishop of *Dublin*, &c. so all is now broken again. I sent out for lord treasurer, and told him this. He says all will do well ; but I value not what he says. This suspense vexes me worse than any thing else.

20th, I went to-day, by appointment, to the *Cockpit*, to talk to the duke of *Ormond*. He repeated the same proposals of any other deanry, &c. I desired he would put me out of the case, and do as he pleased. Then, with great kindness, he said he would consent ; but would do it for no man else but me, &c. And he will speak to the queen to-day or to morrow : so, perhaps, something will come of it. I can't tell.

21st, The duke of *Ormond* has told the queen, he is satisfied, that *Sterne* should be bishop, and she consents I shall be dean ; and I suppose the war-  
rants

rants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouse with *Parnell* and *Berkeley*; for I am not in humour to go among the ministers, though lord *Dartmouth* invited me to dine with him to-day, and lord treasurer was to be there. I said I would, if I were out of suspense.

22d, The queen says warrants shall be drawn, but she will dispose of all in *England* and *Ireland* at once, to be teased no more. This will delay it some time; and, while it is delayed, I am not sure of the queen, my enemies being busy. I hate this suspense.

23d, I dined yesterday with general *Hamilton*. I forgot to tell you. I write short journals now. I have eggs on the spit. This night the queen hath signed all the warrants, among which *Sterne* is bishop of *Dromore*, and the duke of *Ormond* is to send over an order for making me dean of *St. Patrick's*. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now past. But you see what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but six hundred pounds for the house; but the bishop of *Clogher* says eight hundred pounds; first-fruits about one hundred and fifty pounds *Irish*; and so with a patent, &c. a thousand pounds in all; so that I shall not be the better for the deanry these three years. I hope, in some time, they will be persuaded here to give me some money to pay off these debts. I must finish the book \* I am writing; before I can go over; and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive them to give

\* 'The History of the peace of Uteecht.'



me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with you. I received yours to-night; just ten weeks since I had your last. I shall write next post to bishop *Sterne*. Never man had so many enemies in *Ireland* as he. I carried it with the strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well, and gently, in what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of mankind. The archbishop of *York* \*, my mortal enemy, has sent, by the third hand, that he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him or not? I hope to be over in a month. I shall answer your rattle soon; but no more journals. I shall be very busy. Short letters from henceforward. I shall not part with *Laracor*. That is all I have to live on, except the deanry be worth more than four hundred pounds a year. Is it? Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever so short. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here, it is much to my reputation, that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, and to get the best deanry in *Ireland*.

24th, I forgot to tell you I had *Sterne's* letter yesterday, in answer to mine. I dined in the city to-day with my printer, and came home early, and am going to be busy with my work. I will send this to-morrow, and I suppose the warrants will go then. I wrote to *Dr. Coghill*, to take care of passing my patent; and to *Parvisol*, to attend him with

\* *Dr. Sharp*, who, with the duchess of *Somerset*, prevented the queen from giving him a bishoprick.

money, if he has any, or to borrow some where he can.

25th, Morning. I know not whether my warrant be got ready from the duke of *Ormond*. I suppose it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unsealed, till I know whether all be finished.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr. *Lewis* sent to *Southwell's* clerk at ten; and he said the bishop of *Killaloe* had desired they should be stopped till next post. He sent again, that the bishop of *Killaloe's* \* business had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myself, but it was past eleven, and asked the reason. *Killaloe* is removed to *Raphoe*, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of *Raphoe*, that have fallen due since the vacancy, and he would have all stop till he has gotten that. A pretty request! But the clerk, at Mr. *Lewis's* message, sent the warrants for *Sterne* and me; but then it was too late to send this, which frets me heartily.

26th, I was at court to-day, and a thousand people gave me joy; so I ran out. I dined with lady *Orkney*. Yesterday I dined with lord treasurer, and his *Saturday* people, as usual; and was so bedeaned, &c. The archbishop of *York* says, he will never more speak against me. Pray see that *Parvisol* stirs about getting my patent. I have given *Took D. D.'s* note, to prove she is alive.

\* 'Dr. Thomas Lindsay.'



27th, Nothing new to-day. I dined with *Tom Harley*, &c. I will seal up this to night. Pray write soon.

## L E T T E R LXXXIX.

MATTHEW PRIOR\*, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Paris, April 8, 1713.

PRAY take this word, writ after our pacquets closed, and the messenger's staying for it, as an equivalent for your dispatches at midnight, when the writer was half asleep. Hang me if I know how to go on, tho' I am in a country where every body does not only write letters, but print them. Our great affair goes on very successfully. We transmit the *Spanish* treaty, concluded at *Madrid*, for your approbation in *England*, and transmission to *Utrecht*; after which I think, *pax sit* will become authentic *Latin*: after which, I suppose, our society will flourish, and I shall have nothing to do but to partake of that universal protection, which it will receive. In the mean time, pray give my great respects to our brethren †; and tell them, that, while in hopes of being favoured they are spending their own money, I am advancing my interest in the *French* language, and forgetting my own mother tongue.

\* He was plenipotentiary to *France*.

† The sixteen. See note to a letter from lord *Harley* to *Swift*, dated *July* 17, 1714.

But we shall have time enough to perfect our *English*, when we have done with other matters. I want mightily to hear from lord treasurer. Tell him so. I owe brother *Arbutnot* a letter. Excuse my not writing to him, till I know what to say. I cannot find *Vanhonrigh* \* since he brought me your letter. I have a rarity of a book to send you by the first fair occasion! It makes but little of the *English* wit, *The Guardian*; but, possibly, I do not yet enter into his design. Let lord *Bolingbroke* know I love him mightily; and pray do you as much for *Dick Skelton*. Adieu, my good friend. I am, very truly, your obedient and faithful servant,

M. PRIOR.

## LETTER XC.

Dr. ATTERBURY, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, to Dr. SWIFT.

Chelsea, Tuesday Morning,  
April 21, 1713.

MR. DEAN,

GIVE me leave to tell you, that there is no man in *England* more pleased with your being preferred than I am. I would have told you so myself at your lodgings, but that my waiting confines me. I had heard a flying report of it before; but my lord *Bolingbroke* yesterday confirmed the welcome news to me.

\* One of the brothers of *Vanessa*. See the note prefixed to the Dean's letter to Miss *Esther Vanhonrigh*, dated July 8, 1713.

I could



I could not excuse myself without saying thus much ;  
and I have not time to say more, but that I am your  
most affectionate and faithful servant,

FR. ATTERBURY.

## LETTER XCI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, May 16, 1713.

YOur new bishop acts very ungratefully. I cannot say so bad of him as he deserves. I begged, by the same post his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave those livings to my disposal. I shall write this post to him, to let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me, that I ought to think of employing somebody to set the tythes of the deanry. I know not what to do at this distance. I cannot be in *Ireland* under a month. I will write two orders; one to *Parvisol*, and the other to *Parvisol* and—, a blank for the fellow whom the last dean employed; and I would desire you to advise with friends, which to make use of. If the latter, let the fellows's name be inserted, and both may act by commission. If the former, then speak to *Parvisol*, and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a stranger alone, as *Parvisol* is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his interest with me; but that is needless, for I am willing to do him any good, that will do me no harm. Pray advise with *Walls* and *Raymond*, and a little with bishop *Sterne* for form.

Tell *Raymond* I cannot succeed to get him the living of *Moymed*. It is represented here as a great fine-cure. Several chaplains have solicited for it; and it has vexed me so, that, if I live, I will make it my business to serve him better in something else. I am heartily sorry for his illness. I thank Mr. *Wall* for his letter. Tell him, that must serve for an answer, with my service to him and her. I shall buy bishop *Sterne's* hair, as soon as his household goods. I shall be ruined, or at least sadly cramped, unless the queen will give me one thousand pounds. I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord treasurer raillies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but *quando*? I am advised to hasten over as soon as possible, and so I will, and hope to set out the beginning of *June*. Take no lodging for me; I can lie somewhere after I land, and I care not where, nor how. Pray think immediately, and give me some commissions, and I will perform them. You did not write to the Dean, &c. and I think you might have had a Dean under your girdle for the subscription. I have just finished my treatise \*, and must be ten days in correcting it.

\* ‘ His *History of the Peace of Utrecht*. ’



## L E T T E R XCII.

Sir THOMAS HANMER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Tuesday.

I Keep only the last book \*, which I shall have gone through before night. The rest I send you, with a very few observations I made upon them, which yet were as many as I could see occasion for; though, I do assure you, I read with the same strictness and ill-nature as in the former part. I am your most, &c.

THO. HANMER.

*Indorsed, Received about May, 1713.*

## L E T T E R XCIII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; † to Dr. SWIFT.

June 2, 1713.

I Hope this will meet you at *Chester*, and that your passage at sea will be favoured with as mild weather as your journey by land has been these two first days. The division yesterday, in the house of lords, was fifty-four against fifty-four. Proxies were

\* ‘Of the MS. history of the Peace of *Utrecht*.’

† ‘Secretary to the lord treasurer, the earl of *Oxford*, and member for *Lestwithiel* in *Cornwall* in the parliament, which met *April 9, 1713*.’

called for, and we had seventeen to thirteen. This is the greatest victory we ever had. The duke of *Argyle* and the *Scotch* were against us to a man. The lords *Weymouth* and *Carteret* were with them. It was very comical to see the tories, who voted with lord treasurer against the dissolution of the Union, under all the perplexities in the world, lest they should be victorious; and the *Scotch*, who voted for a bill of dissolution, under agonies, lest they themselves should carry the point they pretended to desire. In all the time I have been conversant in business, I never before observed both sides, at the same time, acting parts which they thought contrary to their interests. Let us hear from you sometimes, and believe there is nobody with more sincerity yours, than, &c.

## L E T T E R XCIV.

The Rev. Mr. SHARPE to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

London, June 4, 1713.

I Was commanded by his excellency brigadier *Hunter*, governor of *New-York* \*, to deliver the inclosed with my own hand. Had I been so happy, for his service and my own satisfaction, as to have seen you at *London*, I am persuaded your influence here might have contributed to create a better opinion of him, amongst some leading men in the society for propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, who

\* 'He was chaplain to brigadier *Hunter*, governor of *New-York*.'



have been much imposed on by the clamorous memorials of some indiscreet missionaries abroad. He has the just esteem of two-thirds of the clergy in his government, and the greatest part of the laity, who have either sense, probity, or honour ; but his adversaries have made the church's cause a favourable handle for their repeated complaints, which, with the application of their friends here, makes them hopeful of success.

I have been twelve years abroad, in the service of the church in *America*: the last ten were in the station of chaplain to her majesty's forces at *New-York*, where I had the opportunity of being very near to the several governors ; and do assure you, that, if I had ever observed in him any inclination to weaken the interest of the church there, I could not in conscience offer to excuse him ; but he is better known to you, than that I, who am altogether unknown, should presume to give his character.

What I beg leave to intreat of you is, to recommend me, in my endeavours for his service, to the advice and assistance of your friends.

The perplexity of all his affairs at this time claims the good offices of all that wish him well. If, in favour to his excellency, you are pleased to honour me with the pardon of this, and what return the inclosed may require, direct for me to the care of Mr. *James Douglas*, in *Fen-court, Fenchurch-Street, London*. I beg leave to subscribe myself, with great respect, reverend Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN SHARPE.

## LETTER XCV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Chester, June 6, 1713.

I Am come here after six days. I set out on *Monday* last, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider! and all the ships and people went off yesterday, with a rare wind. This was told me to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not been used to riding these three years, made me terrible weary; yet I resolve on *Monday* to set out for *Holyhead*, as weary as I am: 'tis good for my health. I will come when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I shall be three days going to *Holyhead*; I cannot ride faster. You will say, I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would fain escape this *Holyhead* journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it will be almost necessary I should be in *Dublin* before the twenty-fifth instant, to take the oaths; otherwise I must wait to a quarter session. I will lodge as I can; therefore take no lodgings for me, to pay in my absence. The poor Dean can't afford it. I spoke again to the duke of *Ormond* for *Raymond*, and hope he may have it; for I laid it strongly to the duke, and gave him the bishop of *Meath*'s memorial. I will speak to lord treasurer about Mrs. *South* to-morrow.—Odso! I forgot; I thought I had been in *London*. The letters to *Ireland*



land go at so uncertain an hour, that I am forced to conclude. Farewel.

## LETTER XCVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Whitehall, July 9, 1713.

WE are all running headlong into the greatest confusion imaginable. Sir *Thomas Hanmer* \* is gone into the country this morning, I believe much discontented; and I am very apprehensive neither lord *Anglesea* †, nor he, will continue long with us. I heartily wish you were here; for you might certainly be of great use to us, by your endeavours to reconcile, and by representing to them the infallible consequences of these divisions. We had letters this morning from *Ireland*. What is the reason I had none from you? Adieu. I hope your want of health is not the cause.

## LETTER XCVII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Whitehall, July 30, 1713.

THIS day se'nnight the queen goes to *Hampton-Court*, and the *Monday* following to *Windsor*. I fancy

\* Speaker of the house of commons.

† 'Arthur, who was joint vice-treasurer of *Ireland* with *Edward* earl of *Clarendon*.'

By that time Mr. *Bromley*\* will be secretary of state in the room of my lord †. Lord treasurer was abroad this evening, for the first time after a fortnight's illness. I hear there came a dozen of letters from you by the same post to your friends here. My lord treasurer desires you'll make all possible haste over; for we want you extremely.

## L E T T E R   X C V I I I .

Mr. P R I O R to Dr. S W I F T .

Paris, August 15-16, 1713.

AS I did not expect, my good friend *Jonathan*, to have received a letter from you at *Dublin*, so I am sure I did not intend to write one thither to you; but Mr. *Rosingrave* ‡ thinks it may do him service,

\* \* *William Bromley*, Esq; appointed secretary of state, Aug. 17, 1713, in the room of *William* earl of *Dartmouth*, made lord privy-seal.

† \* *Dartmouth*, to whom Mr. *Lewis* had been secretary.

‡ *Thomas Rosingrave*, a celebrated performer in music. When he arrived in *Ireland*, he played a voluntary at *St. Patrick's* cathedral, Dr. *Pratt*, then provost of *Dublin College*, and the Dean, being present. The Doctor, who happened to dine at the deanry the same day, was so extravagant in his encomiums on *Rosingrave's* voluntary, that several of the company said they wished they had heard it. Do you? said *Swift*; then you shall hear it still: and he immediately sung out so lively, and yet so ridiculous an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter, except one old gentleman, who sat with great  
compo-



in recommending him to you. If so, I am very glad of it ; for I can be of no other use imaginable. I have writ letters now above twenty-two years. I have taken towns, destroyed fleets, made treaties, and settled commerce, in letters. And what of all this ? Why nothing ; but that I have had some subject to write upon. But to write a letter only, because Mr. *Rosgrave* has a mind to carry one in his pocket, to tell you, that you are sure of a friendship, which can never do you three pence worth of good, and to wish you well in *England* very soon, when I do not know when I am likely to be there myself. All this, I say, is very absurd for a letter, especially when I have this day written a dozen much more to the purpose. If I had seen your manuscript \* ; If I had received Dr. *Parnell's* poem ; if I had any news of *Landen* being taken, why well and good ; but as I know no more than that the duke of *Shrewsbury* designs for *England* within three weeks ; that I must stay here till somebody else comes, and then brings me necessarily to say, good Mr. Dean, that I am like the fellow in the *Rehearsal*, who did not know if he was to be merry or serious, or in what way or mood to act his part. One thing only I am assured of, that

composure, and though he listened, yet neither shewed curiosity nor approbation. After the entertainment, he was asked by some of the company, how it happened, that he had been no more affected by the music ? To which he answered, with great gravity, that he heard Mr. *Rosgrave* play it himself before.

\* ‘ Of the History of the Peace of *Utrecht*. ’

I love you very well ; and am, most sincerely and faithfully, dear Sir, your servant and brother \*,

M. PRIOR.

Lord and lady *Shrewsbury* give their service to you.  
*Vanhomrigh* has run terribly here in debt, and, being in durance, has sent to his mother upon pecuniary concerns. Adieu once more.

What we are doing, or what is to become of us, I know not.

*Prudens futuri temporis exitum  
 Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus,  
 Ridetque——*

This is all the *Latin* and writing I can at present spare you.

Pray give my service to your chancellor †, and be much acquainted with judge *Nutley*, and love him very well for my sake. Adieu. Once more, find out my cousin *Pennyfather* and *Nutley* (if he is not too grave for you) ; and according to the laudable custom of your country, drink this Louis out, for a token of my generosity and your sobriety. And now, I think, I have furnished out a very pretty letter.

\* He was one of the sixteen.

† ' Sir *Constantine Phipps*.'



## L E T T E R    X C I X.

Mr. LEWIS to Dr. SWIFT.

Whitehall, August 6, 1713.

I Have so often, and in so pressing a manner, desired you to come over, that, if what I have already said has no effect, I shall despair of better success by any farther arguments. If I were to recapitulate the several reasons you offer to the contrary, and answer them separately, I should grow peevish; which I have no way to avoid, but by telling you in general, it is all wrong. You and I have already laid it down for a maxim, that we must serve lord t—\*, without receiving orders or particular instructions; and I do not yet see a reason for changing that rule. His mind has been communicated more freely to you than any other †: but you will not understand it. The desires of great men are commands at least; the only ones, I hope, they ever will be able to use. You have a mind to stay in *Ireland* till *October*, and desire me to give my opinion whether you should come sooner. I answer yes. Then you bid me consider again; that is, you would have me say I am of opinion you should stay till *October*. When judges would have a jury change their verdict, they bid them consider again; when a man is determined to marry a

\* Treasurer.

† By this it appears, that the late lord Orrery was mistaken, when he said that *Swift* was employed, not trusted.

woman, and his friend advises him against it, he asks his opinion again; and if his friend is so silly as not to alter his advice, he marries without it. I am as much in the spleen now I am answering your letter, as you were when you writ it. Come over; you will cure yourself and me too. Adieu.

The End of the First Volume.



L E T T E R S;

WRITTEN BY

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1703 TO 1740.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL.

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL. D.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

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L E T T E R S

FROM AND TO

DOCTOR SWIFT.

LETTER C.

Dr. SMARLIDGE \* to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN,

Sept. 27, 1713.

W Hen you was so kind as to favour the master of the *Temple* † and me, with your company at the chaplain's table at *Kensington*, there dined with us one Mr. *Fiddes* ‡, a well deserving clergyman, whose circumstances, we told you, were not at all suitable to his merits. You expressed on that occasion so generous a concern for him, and so great a readiness to do him any good offices, which might lie in your way, that he seems to think he should be wanting to himself, if he did not endeavour to cultivate an interest with one so willing and so able to serve him. He has therefore made repeated instances to me, that I

\* 'Afterwards bishop of *Bristol*.'

† 'Dr. *Sherlock*, afterwards bishop of *London*.'

‡ 'Richard *Fiddes*, afterwards D. D. author of a *Body of Divinity*, the *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, &c.'

would remind you of him, which I should not have hearkened to, were I not assured, that you would excuse, if not thank me, for furnishing you with an opportunity of doing a generous and good-natured thing. You will not, I fancy, think a formal application to any great man in his behalf, either proper or requisite; but if you should, upon the perusal of one or two of his sermons, think as well of them as I do, and should, in conversation with my lord treasurer, express a good opinion of the author, one kind word from you, seasonably dropped, might determine his fortune, and give you the satisfaction of having made him and his family happy as they can wish to be.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

GEO. SMALRIDGE.

## LETTER CI.

Lord Chancellor PHIPPS to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Dublin, Oct. 10, 1713.

I Had the favour of your kind letter of the twenty-second of *September*, and had sooner acknowledged it, if I had not been prevented by the constant hurry we have been in, with relation to the city and parliament affairs.

I heartily congratulate your safe arrival in *London*, and return you, with all the gratitude imaginable, my thanks for the great trouble you have given yourself, as well on behalf of my son in particular, as of this kingdom in general. And I am sorry you should



venture so far as to burn your fingers ; but you prove such misfortunes often happen to gentlemen, who have a hearty zeal for the interest of their friends. But this comfort attends them, that the burning goes off soon ; whereas the credit and honour of serving one's friend last always. The account you sent me of Mr. *Worsey*'s being an envoy was new, and had not reached us before your letter came. I know not how sufficiently to acknowledge the obligations you have laid on me ; but assure you, if you have any commands on this side of the water, there is no one will be more proud of being honoured with them, than he, who is, with very great respect, your most obedient humble servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

## LETTER CII.

Lord Chancellor PHIPPS to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Dublin, Oct. 24, 1713.

I Am indebted to you for your kind letters of the eighth and tenth instant, and I very heartily acknowledge the obligation. That of the eighth gave me a great many melancholy thoughts, when I reflected upon the danger our constitution is in, by the neglect and supineness of our friends, and the vigilance and unanimity of our enemies : but I hope your parliament proving so good, will awaken our friends, and unite them more firmly, and make them more active.

That part of your letter of the tenth, which related to my son, gave me a great satisfaction ; for though your commissioners here have heard nothing of it, yet I believed Mr. *Keightly* might bring over full instructions in it: but he is arrived, and knows nothing of it; so that whatever good intentions my lord treasurer had in relation to my son, his lordship has forgotten to give any directions concerning him; for, with him, things are just as they were when you left *Dublin*. If you will be so kind to put his lordship in mind of it, you will be very obliging.

I cannot discharge the part of a friend, if I omit to let you know, that your great neighbour at *St. Pulcher's* is very angry with you. He accuseth you for going away without taking your leave of him; and intends in a little time to compel you to reside at your deanry. He lays some other things to your charge, which you shall know in a little time.

We hourly expect my lord lieutenant \*. The whigs begin to be sensible they must expect no great countenance from him, and begin to be a little down in the mouth, since they find *Broderick* is not to be their speaker †. I am with very great truth, your most obedient servant.

\* ‘ Duke of *Shrewsbury*. ’

† ‘ He was, however, chosen speaker, by a majority of four voices. ’



## L E T T E R CIII.

Dr. DAVENANT \* to Dr. SWIET.

SIR,

Windsor, Nov. 3, 1713.

YOU have the character of employing, in good offices to others, the honour and happiness you have of being often with my lord treasurer. This use of your access to him is an uncommon instance of generosity, deserving the highest praises ; for, most commonly, men are most apt to convert such advantages to their own single interest, without any regard of others ; though, in my poor opinion, not so wisely. Acts of friendship create friends, even among strangers, that taste not of them ; and, in my experience, I hardly ever knew a man friendly in the course of his proceedings, but he was supported in the world ; ingratitude being the vice, of which the generality of men are most ashamed to be thought guilty.

My son † and I have reasons to return you our thanks, for what you have already done of this kind in his favour, and we beg the continuance of it. Ministers of state have such multiplicity of business, that it is no wonder, if they forget low individuals ; and, in such a case, private persons must be beholding to some good natured man, to put those in power in mind of them ; otherwise they may be forgotten, till

\* Inspector-general of the exports and imports.

† ‘ Henry Davenant, Esq; who had been employed in Germany as resident.’

old age overtakes them. Such well-disposed remembrancers deserve access, familiarity, and interest with great men; and, perhaps, they are the most useful servants they can countenance in their hours of leisure.

I need not tell you, that, in point of time, he is above all pretenders to foreign business; that his affairs have now depended almost three years; that in the interim, it has gone very hard with him; and, that he gave a very early instance of his zeal to the present administration. But what he builds his hopes most upon, is the promise my lord treasurer was pleased to make to the duke of *Shrewsbury*, just as his grace left *Windsor*, that a provision should be made for Mr. *Davenant*. We must intreat you to find some lucky moment of representing to my lord, that the young man is pressed by a nearer concern than that of making his fortune, and that lovers can hardly be persuaded to be as patient as other men. The duke has carried his mistress from him, and will not consent to make him happy, till he sees him in some way of being settled, in which how anxious any delay must be (possession depending upon it) he leaves you to judge, who have so well studied mankind, and who know, that love is a passion, in one of his age, much stronger than ambition. I beg your pardon for this long trouble, and am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

CHA. DAVENANT.



## L E T T E R C I V.

The Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

DOCTOR,      Nov. 3, 1713. Eleven o'clock at night.

I Hope your servant has told you, I sent to beg the favour of you to come hither to-night; but since you could not conveniently, I hope you will not deny me the satisfaction of seeing you to-morrow morning. My lord joins with me in that request, and will see no company but you. I hope you will come before ten o'clock, because he is to go at that hour to *Windsor*. I beg your pardon for sending so early as I have ordered them to carry this; but the fear of your being gone abroad, if they went later, occasioned that trouble given you by, Sir, your most sincere and most faithful humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

## L E T T E R C V.

Dr. SWIFT to the Bishop of *Dromore* \*.

MY LORD,      London, Dec. 19, 1713.

I Have two letters from you to acknowledge, one of the fifth, and the other of the eleventh instant. I am very glad it lies in my way to do any service to Mr. *Worrall* †, and that his merits and my inclina-

\* Dr. *Sterne*.

† See note preceding the first letter to Mr. *Worrall* in this collection.

tions agree so well. I wrote this post to Dr. *Synge*, to admit him. I am glad your lordship thinks of removing your palace to the old, or some better place. I wish I were near enough to give my approbation; and if you do not chuse till summer, I shall, God willing, attend you. Your second letter is about Dr. *Marsh*, who is one I always loved, and have shewn it lately, by doing every thing he could desire from a brother. I should be glad, for some reasons, that he would get a recommendation from the lord lieutenant, or at least that he be named. I cannot say more at this distance, but assure him, that all due care is taken of him. I have had an old scheme, as your lordship may remember, of dividing the bishoprics of *Kilmore* and *Ardagh* \*. I advised it many months ago, and repeated it lately; and the queen and ministry, I suppose, are fallen into it. I did likewise lay very earnestly before proper persons the justice, and indeed necessity, of chusing to promote those of the kingdom; which advice has been hearkened to, and I hope will be followed. I would likewise say something in relation to a friend of your lordship's; but I can only venture thus much, that it was not to be done, and you may easily guess the reasons.

I know not who are named among you for the preferments; and, my lord, this is a very nice point to talk of at the distance I am. I know a person there better qualified, perhaps, than any that will succeed.

\* These sees were then vacant, and were granted the month following to the lord lieutenant's chaplain, Dr. *Godwyn*.



But, my lord, our thoughts here are, that your kingdom leans too much one way ; and, believe me, it cannot do so long, while the queen and administration here act upon so very different a foot. This is more than I care to say ; and I will for once venture a step farther than, perhaps, discretion should let me, that I never saw so great a firmness in the court, as there now is, to pursue those measures, upon which this ministry began, whatever some people may pretend to think to the contrary : and were certain objections made against some persons we both know, removed, I believe I might have been instrumental to the service of some, whom I much esteem. Pick what you can out of all this, and believe me to be ever yours, &c.

## L E T T E R C V I.

Lord Primate LINDSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dec. 26, 1713.

Yours of *December* the 8th I have received, and have obeyed your commands ; but am much troubled to find, that the trade of doing ill offices is still continued. As for my part, I can entirely clear myself from either writing or saying any thing to any one's prejudice upon this occasion \* ; and if others have

\* ' There was at this time a great difference between the house of lords and commons in *Ireland*, about the lord chancellor *Phipps* of that kingdom ; the latter addressing the queen to remove him from his post, and the former addressing in his favour.

wounded

wounded me in the dark, it is no more than they have done before; for archbishop *Tillotson* formerly remembered, that if he should hearken to what the *Irish* clergy said of one another, there was not a man in the whole country, that ought to be preferred.

We are now adjourned for a fortnight, and the commons for three weeks. I hear our lord lieutenant is not well pleased, that we have adjourned short of them: and I fancy the queen will not be well pleased, that the commons have had so little regard to the dispatch of public business, as to make so long an adjournment as three weeks: and indeed they lately seem to intimate, that if the lord chancellor \* is not removed by that time, they will give her majesty no more money; and some of them do not stick to say as much; and think it a duty incumbent on the crown, to turn out that minister, (how innocent soever he be) whom the commons have addressed against.

I think it is plain to any, who know the state of affairs here, that no party hath strength enough directly to oppose a money-bill in this kingdom, when the government thinks fit to exert itself, as to be sure it always will do upon such occasions: and the half-pay officers, no doubt, will readily come in to that supply, out of which they are to receive their pay. But should all fail, yet the queen still may make herself easy, by disbanding two or three regiments, and striking off some unnecessary pensions.

\* *Sir Constantine Phipps.*



*Hobbes*, in his *Behemoth*, talks of a heighth in time as well as place ; and if ever there was a heighth in time here, it is certainly now ; for some men seem to carry things higher, according to their poor power, than they did in *England* in 1641. And now they threaten, (and am pretty well assured, have resolved upon it) that if the chancellor is not discarded, they will impeach him before the lords in *England*. But if they have no more to say against him, than what their address contains, I think they will go upon no very wise errand. I question not but that you will receive the votes, addresses, and representations of both houses from other hands, and therefore I have not troubled you with them : but if the parliament shall continue to sit, you may expect a great product of that kind ; for the commons have taken upon themselves to be a court of judicature, have taken examinations out of the judges hands about murder, (which is treason here) without ever applying to the government for them ; and before trial, have voted the sheriffs and officers to have done their duty, and acquitted themselves well, when possibly the time may yet come, that some may still be hanged for that fact, which, in my poor opinion, is entirely destructive of liberty and the freedom of elections.

I am your most humble servant, &c.

## L E T T E R C V I I .

Lord Primate L I N D S A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Jan. 5, 1713-14.

Yours I received the 2d instant, and immediately got Mr. justice *Nutley* to write to the bishop of *Killala*\*, at *Kells*, to know of him, whether, if we could get him translated to the bishoprick of *Raphoe*, he would accept of it: and this day we received his answer, that it was not worth his while to carry his family so far northwards, for so little advantage as that bishopric would bring him; his own being upwards of a thousand pounds a year, and *Raphoe* not much above eleven hundred. The reason why I got judge *Nutley* to write was because I apprehended it might seem irksome to him to be persuaded by myself to accept of what I left: though at the same time I can assure you, I have done little more than saved myself whole by that bishopric; and he might, if he pleased, in a little time have received 1600*l.* or 1700*l.* for fines; so that if this comes time enough to your hands, you will prevent any further motion that way. But if *Meath* drops, I believe it would be an acceptable post; and the truth is, he hath always, in the worst of times, voted honestly, and behaved himself as a true son of the church. In the mean time, be assured the judge knows not that you are concerned in this affair.

\* Dr. *William Lloyd*.

There



There is a gentleman, whom I believe you must have heard of, Dr. *Andrew Hamilton*\*, archdeacon of *Raphoe*, a man of good learning and abilities, and one of great interest in that country, whom I could wish you would move for (since the bishop of *Killala* refuseth) to succeed me in *Raphoe*, as one, that is the most likely to do good in that part of the country, of any one man I know.

And now be pleased to accept my thanks for the great services you have done me; and as you have contribute much to my advancement, so I must desire you, upon occasion, to give me your farther assistance for the service of the church.

The parliament is prorogued to the 18th instant; but the whigs continuing obstinate, and deaf to all persuasions to carry on the queen's business with peace and gentleness, we conclude it must be dissolved.

If this should not come time enough to your hands, to prevent the bishop of *Killaloe*'s letter for a translation to *Raphoe*, I will labour all I can to make him easy. I am, &c.

\* Though recommended by the primate to succeed him in the see of *Raphoe*, he was not preferred to it; Dr. *Edward Synge* being then advanced to that bishopric.

## L E T T E R C V I I I.

Lord Chancellor P H I P P S to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Dublin, Jan. 15, 1713:

MAny of my letters from *London* tell me how much I am obliged to you for your friendly solicitation on my son's behalf, which will be always remembered by us both, with the same gratitude, as if it had succeeded. I had congratulations from the duke of *Ormond*, my lord *Bolingbroke*, and others, on account of my son's having the place; for they sent me word it was actually done; and several others had letters of it, and our friends were extremely rejoiced at the well timing of it, and it was a great addition to the mortification of the whigs: and the disappointment will be a cause of great joy to them. But in this, and all other things, I submit to the judgement of my superiors, who know best what is fit to be done. As to looking out for any thing else for my son, there is nothing else here, that I know is fit for him; and if any thing worth his having falls in *England*, it will be disposed of before I can have notice of it.

We are told by every body, that the rest of our vacant bishoprics will be filled to our satisfaction: if they are, you must be one of them. But if you are resolved, that you will not yet *Episcopari* there, give me leave to recommend to you an affair of my lord *Abercorn's*, which the vicars choral have made with

him



him for renewing his lease\*. I am informed there are some misunderstandings between you. It is very unhappy there should be any difference between two such sure and great friends to the common cause. I do assure you, we are very much obliged to my lord *Abercorn* for his great service in these times of difficulty: he is as good a friend as any in the world, and as bad an enemy; and I am very sure, if you would make him a compliment, and oblige him in this matter, you would gain an entire true friend of him for the future, and oblige a great many of your friends here, who have all a great value and esteem for him.

I heartily congratulate you on her majesty's recovery, and the good effect it has had in uniting our friends. That, together with the resolution, that is taken to support the church-interest, will, without doubt, in a little time render all things easy and quiet in both kingdoms; though as yet our whigs here are as obstinate and perverse as ever. The commons are resolved, they will give no money-bill till I am removed: and the aldermen will not own my lord mayor, nor proceed to any election, notwithstanding the opinion of all the judges here, and of the attorney-general, and all the queen's council (except Sir *Joseph Jekyll*) in *England*.

\* This lease was for the greatest part of *York-street*, in which lord *Abercorn* lived; and by the terms of their charter, the vicars choral cannot make leases, without consent of the dean and chapter.

I wish you many happy new years, and should be very proud to receive your commands here, being, with the utmost sincerity and esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

## LETTER CIX.

Earl of ANGLESEY to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN,

Dublin, Jan. 16, 1713-14.

YOU judged extremely right of me, that I should, with great pleasure, receive what you tell me, that my endeavours to serve her majesty, in this kingdom, are agreeable to my lord treasurer, and the rest of the ministers. I have formerly so freely expressed to you the honour I must always have for his lordship, that I think I cannot explain myself more fully on that subject. But what his lordship has already done for the church, and the church-interest here, and what we have assurance will soon be done, will give his lordship so entire a command in the affections of all honest men here (which are not a few) that, I am persuaded, he will soon find *Ireland* an easy part of the administration. For it is my firm opinion, that steady and vigorous measures will so strengthen the hands of our friends in both kingdoms, that, after the efforts of despair (which never last long) are over, her majesty, and her ministers, will receive but little trouble from the faction, either on this or your side of the water.

You



You are very kind to us in your good offices for Mr. *Phipps*, because a mark of favour so seasonably, as at this time, conferred on lord chancellor's son, will have a much greater influence, and reach farther than his lordship's person. I am preparing for my journey, and I hope I shall be able to lay such a state of this kingdom before my lord treasurer, as may prevent future disappointments, when it shall be thought necessary to hold a parliament. If this parliament is not to sit after the present prorogation, I do think, were I with you, I could offer some reasons why the filling the vacant bishoprics should be deferred for a little time. I praise God for his great goodness in restoring her majesty to her health; the blessing of which, if we had no other way of knowing, we might learn from the mortification it has given a certain set of men here.

I shall trouble you with no compliments, because I hope soon to tell you how much I am, dear Sir, yours,

ANGLESEY.

## LETTER CX.

Earl of PETERBOROW to Dr SWIFT.

March 5, 1713-14.

QUERIES for Dr. *Swift*, next *Saturday*, at dinner.

Whether any great man, or minister, has favoured the earl of *Peterborow* with one single line since he left

*land*\*; for, as yet, he has not received one word from any of them, nor his friend of *St. Patrick*?

Whether, if they do not write till they know what to write, he shall ever hear from them?

Whether any thing can be more unfortunate, than to be overcome when strongest, outwitted having most wit, and baffled having most money?

Whether betwixt two stools (reverend Dean) be not a good old proverb, which may give subject for daily meditation and mortification?

I send the lazy scribler a letter from the extremities of the earth, where I pass my time, admiring the humility and patience of that power heretofore so terrible; and the new scene, which we see, to wit, the most Christian king waiting with so much resignation and respect, to know the emperor's pleasure as to peace or war.

Where I reflect, with admiration, upon the politics of those, who, breaking with the old allies, dare not make use of the new ones; who pulling down the old rubbish and structure, do not erect a new fabric on solid foundations. But this is not so much to the purpose; for in the world of the moon, provided toasts continue, the church and state can be in no danger.

But, alas! in this unmerry country, where we have time to think, and are under the necessity of thinking; where impiously we make use of reason, without a blind resignation to providence, the bottle

\* This letter was written from *Sicily*, the earl of *Peterborough* being abroad on embassies.



or chance, what opinion, think you, we have of the present management in the refined parts of the world, where there are just motives of fear? When neither steadiness nor conduct appears, and when the evil seems to come on apace, can it be believed, that extraordinary remedies are not thought of?

Heavens! what is our fate! What might have been our portion, and what do we see in the age we live in? *France* and *England*, the kings of *Spain* and *Sicily*, perplexed and confounded by a headstrong youth\*; one, who has lost so many kingdoms by pride and folly; and all these powerful nations at a gaze, ignorant of their destiny; not capable of forming a scheme, which they can maintain, against a prince, who has neither ships, money, nor conduct. Some of the ministers assisted and supported with absolute power, others with a parliament at their disposal, and the most inconsiderable of them with the Indies at their tail.

And what do I see in the centre, as it were, of ignorance and bigotry? The first request of a parliament to their king is to employ effectual means against the increase of priests; the idle devourers of the fat of the land. We see churches, shut up by the order of the pope, set open by dragoons, to the general content of the people. To conclude; it fell out, that one of our acquaintance † found himself, at a great

\* *Charles* the twelfth of *Sweden*.

† 'Probably the Rev. Mr. *George Berkeley*, fellow of *Dublin* college, who went chaplain and secretary to the earl of *Peterborough* to *Sicily*, at the recommendation of Dr. *Swift*.'

table, the only excommunicated person by his holiness; the rest of the company eating and toasting, under anathemas, with the courage of a hardened heretic.

Look upon the prose I send you. See, nevertheless, what a sneaking figure he makes at the foot of the parson. Who could expect this from him? But he thinks, resolves, and executes.

If you can guess from whence this comes, address your letter to him. A messieurs *Raffnell et Fretti Sacerdotti, Genoa.*

## LETTER CXI.

Lord Treasurer OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT\*.

Indorsed,

“ Letter with Bill £100. .

Received March 14, 1713-14.”

Wednesday Night.

I Have heard, that some honest men, who are very innocent, are under trouble, touching a printed pamphlet. A friend of mine an obscure person, but charitable, puts the enclosed bill in your hands, to answer such exigencies, as their case may immediately

\* This letter, written in a counterfeit hand, was sent to Dr. Swift, when the printer *Morpheo* was prosecuted by the House of Lords, for *The public Spirit of the Whigs*: a pamphlet written in answer to a tract of Sir Richard Steele's, called the *Crisis*, and published on the second of March, 1713-14. All the Scots lords then in London went to the queen, and complained of the affront put on them and their nations by the author; upon which, a proclamation was published by her majesty, offering a reward of three hundred pounds to discover him.

require.



require. And I find he will do more, this being only for the present. If this comes safe to your hands, it is enough.

## L E T T E R CXII.

A Letter from an Informer to Lord TREASURER, offering to discover the Author of the Pamphlet, called, *The public Spirit of the Whigs*.

March 18, 1713-14.

PURsuant to her majesty's proclamation, of the fifteenth of this instant *March*, for discovering the author of a false, malicious, and factious libel, intituled, *The public Spirit of the Whigs*; wherein her majesty is graciously pleased to promise a reward of three hundred pounds, to be paid by your lordship; which said discovery I can make. But your lordship, or some persons under your lordship, have got such an ill name in paying such rewards. Instance two poor men, viz. *John Greenwood* and *John Bouch*, who took and brought to justice six persons, vulgarly *Mockers*; which the said two poor men never received more than twenty pounds, and the latter thirty; and they had no partners concerned with them, as appears by the attorney-general's report to your lordship; which if I should be so served, to cause any persons to be punished, and be no better rewarded, will be no encouragement for me to do it; for these two poor men being so plain a precedent for me to go by. Your lordship's most humble, and most obedient servant,

L. M.

L E T-

## L E T T E R CXIII.

Humorous Lines by Lord Treasurer OXFORD, sent  
to Dr. SWIFT, Dr. ARBUTHNOT, Mr. POPE,  
and Mr. GAY.

April 14, 1714. Back Stairs, past Eight.

Gay.

I N a summons so *large*, which all clergy contains,  
I must turn *Dismal's* \* convert, or part with my brains,  
Should I scruple to quit the back stairs for your blind  
ones,

Or refuse your true juncto † for one of —

The following is their answer to his lordship, chiefly  
written by the Dean.

Let not the whigs our tory club rebuke;  
Give us our earl ‡, the devil take their duke ||.

*Quædam quæ attinent ad Scriblerum,*  
Want your assistance now to clear 'em.

One day it will be no disgrace,

In *Scribler* to have had a place.

Come then, my lord, and take your part in  
The important history of *Martin*,

\* *Dismal* was lord Nottingham.

† Dr. *Swift*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Pope*, and Mr. *Gay*, were  
writing the history of *Martinus Scriblerus*; and these four wits,  
in conjunction, are stiled by lord treasurer a juncto.

‡ 'Of Oxford.'

|| 'Of Marlborough.'



## T H E D E A N.

A pox on all fenders  
 For any pretenders,  
 Who tell us these troublesome stories,  
 In their dull hum-drum key,  
 Of *arma virumque*,

\* *Hanonix qui primus ab oris.*

A pox too on *Hanmer*,  
 Who prates like his gran-mere,  
 And all his old friends would rebuke.  
 In spite of the carle,  
 Give us but our earl,  
 The devil may take their duke.

Then come and take part in  
 The memoirs of *Martin*;  
 Lay down your white staff and grew habit:  
 For trust us, friend *Mortimer*,  
 Should you live years forty more,  
*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*

## L E T T E R C X I V.

More Lines of Humour, by Lord TREASURER.

April 14, 1714.

I Honour the men, Sir,  
 Who are ready to answer,

\* The duchy of *Hainault*.

When I ask them to stand by the queen ;  
 In spite of orators,  
 And blood-thirsty praters,  
 Whose hatred I highly esteem.  
 Let our faith's defender  
 Keep out ev'ry pretender,  
 And long enjoy her own ;  
 Thus you four, five,  
 May merrily live,  
 Till faction is dead as a stone.

## L E T T E R CXV.

The Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

BROTHER\*,

April 24, 1714.

I Should sooner have thanked you for your letter, but that I hoped to have seen you here by this time. You cannot imagine how much I am grieved, when I find people I wish well to, run counter to their own interest, and give their enemies such advantages, by being so hard upon their friends, as to conclude, if they are not without fault, they are not to be supported, or scarce conversed with. Fortune is a very pretty gentlewoman ; but how soon she may be changed, nobody can tell. Fretting her, with the seeing all she does for people only makes them despise her, may

\* The duke of *Ormond* was one of the sixteen brothers ; the duchess, therefore, calls *Swift* brother in her lord's right. See the note to a letter from lord *Harley* to the Dean, dated *July 17, 1714.*



make her so sick as to alter her complexion ; but I hope our friends will find her constant, in spite of all they do to shock her. And remember the \* story of the arrows, that were very easily broke singly ; but when tied up close together, no strength of man could hurt them. But that you may never feel any ill consequences from whatever may happen, are the sincere wishes of, brother, yours, with all sisterly affection,

M. O.

\* In this letter the duchess alludes to the division then subsisting among the ministers at court ; and it is probable, that the hint *about the story of the arrows* produced the poem called *the faggot*, which the Dean wrote about this time. It said, under the title, to have been written in the year 1713, when the queen's ministers were quarrelling among themselves. It begins thus ;

Observe the dying father speak ;  
 Try, lads, can you this bundle break  
 Then bids the youngest of the six  
 Take up a heap of well bound sticks.  
 They thought it was an old man's maggot,  
 And strove by turns to break the faggot.  
 In vain ; the complicated wands  
 Were much too strong for all their hands.  
 See, said the sire, how soon 'tis done :  
 Then took and broke them one by one.

Sc.

## L E T T E R CXVI.

CHIVERTON CHARLTON, Esq; Captain of the  
Yeomen of the Guard, to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

May 22, 1714.

H Earing from honest *John* \*, that you still persist in your resolution of retiring into the country, I cannot but give you my thoughts of it, at the same time that I am sensible how intruding it may appear in me to trouble you with what I think : but you have an unlucky quality, which exposes you to the forwardness of those who love you ; I mean, good nature. From which, though I did not always suspect you guilty of it, I now promise myself an easy pardon. So that, without being in much pain as to the censure you may pass upon my assurance, I shall go on gravely to tell you, I am entirely against your design.

I confess a just indignation at several things, and particularly as the return your services have met with, may give you a disgust to the court ; and that retirement may afford a pleasing prospect to you, who have lived so long in the hurry, and have borne so great a share of the load of business ; and the more so at this juncture, when the distraction among your friends is enough to make any one sick of a courtier's life. But on these very accounts, you should chuse to sleep, and convince the world, that you are as much

\* Alderman Barber.



above private resentment, where the public is concerned, as you are incapable of being tired out in the service of your country; and that you are neither afraid, nor unwilling, to face a storm in a good cause.

It is true, you have less reason than any one I know, to regard what the world says of you; for I know none, to whom the world hath been more unjust. Yet since the most generous revenge is to make the ungrateful appear yet more ungrateful, you should still persecute the public with fresh obligations; and the rather, because some there are of a temper to acknowledge benefits; and it is to be hoped the rest may not always continue stupid. At least (suppose the worst) the attempt to do good carries along with it a secret satisfaction, with which if you are not sensibly affected, I am at loss how to account for many of your actions. I remember very well, what you have sometimes said upon this subject; as if you were now grown useless, &c. To which I have this to answer that though your efforts are in vain to-day, some unforeseen accident may make them otherwise to-morrow; and that, should you by your absence lose any happy opportunity, you will be the first to reproach yourself with running away, and be the last man in the world to pardon it. If I denied self-interest to be at the bottom of all I have said, I know you would think I ly'd villainously, and perhaps not think amiss; for I still flatter myself with the continuance of that favour you have, on many occasions, been pleased to shew me; and am vain enough to fancy I should be a

considerable loser, if you were where I could not have an opportunity of clubbing my shilling with you now and then at good eating. But as much as I am concerned on this account, I am not so selfish to say what I have done, if it were not my real opinion ; which, whether you regard or not, I could not deny myself the satisfaction of speaking it, and of assuring you, that I am, with the utmost sincerity and respect, Sir, your most obliged, and most faithful humble servant,

CH. CHARLTON.

My lady duchess \*, I can answer for her, is very much your servant, though I have not her commands to say so. She is gone to see the duke of *Beaufort*, who is so ill, 'tis feared he cannot recover. She went this morning so early, I have had no particular account how he is ; but am told, he does nothing but doze. The messenger came to her at three in the morning ; and she went away immediately afterwards.

Lady *Betty* desires me to thank you for your letter, and would be glad, since the provost is graciously pleased to stay her majesty's time, to know where it is he designs to stay.

Honest *Townshend* and I have the satisfaction to drink your health, as often as we do drink together. Whether you approve of your being toasted with the bishop of *London*, and such people, I cannot tell.

My servant is just now come from the duchess of *Ormond*, and gives such an account of the duke of *Beaufort*, that it is thought he cannot possibly recover.

\* Of *Ormond*.



## L E T T E R CXVII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, June, 8, 1714.

SINCE you went out of the town, my lord *Clarendon* was appointed envoy extrodinary to *Hanover*, in the room of lord *Paget*; and by making use of those friends, which I entirely owe to you, he hath accepted me for his secretary. This day, by appointment, I met his lordship at Mr. secretary *Bromley's* office \*: he then ordered me to be ready by *Saturday*. I am quite off from the duchess of *Monmouth* †. Mr. *Lewis* was very ready to serve me upon this occasion, as were Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and Mr. *Ford*. I am every day attending my lord treasurer for his bounty, in order to set me out; which he hath promised me upon the following petition, which I sent him by Dr. *Arbuthnot*.

The Epigrammatical Petition of *John Gay*.

I'm no more to converse with the swains,

But go were fine people resort.

One can live without money on plains,

But never without it at court—

If, when with the swains I did gambol,

I array'd me in silver and blue;

When abroad, and in courts I shall ramble,

Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

\* *Bromley* was joint secretary, with *Bolingbroke*.

† 'Mr. *Gay* had been secretary, or domestic steward, to the duchess, widow of the duke of *Monmouth*, who was beheaded in the first year of king *James II.*'

We had the honour of the treasurer's company last *Saturday*, when we sat upon *Scriblerus* \*. *Pope* is in town, and hath brought with him the first book of *Homer*.

I am to be at Mr. *Lewis's* this evening with the provost †, Mr. *Ford*, *Parnell*, and *Pope*. It is thought my lord *Clarendon* will make but a short stay at *Hannover*. If it was possible, that any recommendation could be procured to make me more distinguished than ordinary, during my stay at that court, I should think myself very happy, if you could contrive any method to prosecute it; for I am told, that their civilities very rarely descend so low as the secretary. I have all the reason in the world to acknowledge this as wholly owing to you. And the many favours I have received from you, purely out of your love to doing good, assures me you will not forget me in my absence. As for myself, whether I am at home or abroad, gratitude will always put me in mind of the man to whom I owe so many benefits.

I am your most obliged humble servant,

J. GAY.

\* *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*; a joint work of *Pope*, *Arbutnot*, and others. See *Pope's* works.

† 'Of *Dublin-college*, Dr. *Benjamin Pratt*.'



## LETTER CXVIII.

Mr. JOHN BARBER \* to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, June 8, 1714.

I Have inclosed all the letters that have come to my hands. I saw my lord treasurer to day, who asked me where you were gone? I told his lordship you were in *Berkshire* †. He answered, it is very well; I suppose I shall soon hear from him. My lord *Bolingbroke* was very merry with me upon your journey, and hoped the world would be the better for your retirement, and that I should soon be the midwife. The schism bill was read the second time yesterday, and committed for to-morrow, without a division. Every body is in the greatest consternation at your retirement, and wonders at the cause. I tell them, it is for your health's sake. Mr. *Gay* is made secretary to my lord *Clarendon*, and is very well pleased with his promotion. The queen is so well, that the *Sicilian*

\* Afterwards alderman, and chosen lord mayor in Sept. 1732. In 1733 he distinguished himself in the opposition to what was called *The Excise Scheme*.

† *Swift* having in vain endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between lord *Oxford* and lord *Bolingbroke*, retired about this time to the house of a friend, the Rev. Mr. *Gerie*, at *Letcombe* near *Wantage*, in *Berkshire*, who died about two years ago. While he was there, he wrote a discourse called, "*Free thoughts on the present state of affairs*," and sent it up to *London*: but some difference of opinion between him and lord *Bolingbroke* prevented its publication at that time. The queen died about ten weeks afterwards, and the discourse has been since printed in his works.

ambassador

ambassador hath his audience to-night. She can walk, thank God, and is very well recovered.

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

TYRANT\*.

## LETTER CXIX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT, the Queen's domestic Physician,  
to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER †, St. James's, June 12, 1714.

I Am glad your proud stomach is come down, and that you submit to write to your friends. I was of opinion, that if they managed you right, they might bring you to be even fond of an article in the *Post-Boy*, or *Flying-Post*. As for the present state of our court affairs, I thank God, I am almost as ignorant as you are, to my great ease and comfort. I have never enquired about any thing, since my lady *Masham* told the dragon ‡, that she would carry no more messages, nor meddle nor make, &c. I don't know whether things were quite so bad when you went. The *dragon* manages this bill § pretty well, for you know, that is his *forte*: and I believe, at the rate they go on, they

\* Alderman *Barber* made a present of Dr. *Swift's* picture, taken in the early time of his life, to the university of *Oxford*. see the inscription on it, in his works, vol. XIV.

† One of the sixteen.

‡ 'Lord treasurer *Oxford*.'

§ 'To prevent the growth of schism, and for the further security of the church of England, as by law established. It passed the house of lords, June 13, 1714.'



will do mischief to themselves, and good to no body else.

You know, that *Gay* goes to *Hanover*, and my lord treasurer has promised to equip him. *Monday* is the day of departure ; and he is now dancing attendance for money to buy him shoes, stockings, and linen. The duchess has turned him off \*, which I am afraid will make the poor man's condition worse, instead of better.

The *dragon* was with us on *Saturday* night last, after having sent us really a most excellent copy of verses. I really believe, when he lays down, he will prove a very good poet. I remember the first part of his verses was complaining of ill usage ; and at last he concludes,

“ He that cares not to rule, will be sure to obey,  
 “ When summon'd by *Arbuthnot*, *Pope*, *Parnell*,  
 and *Gay*.”

*Parnell* has been thinking of going chaplain to my lord *Clarendon* † ; but they will not say whether he should or not. I am to meet our club at the *Pall-Mall* coffee-house, about one to-day, where we cannot fail to remember you. The queen is in good health ; much in the same circumstances with the gentleman I mentioned, in attendance upon her ministers for something she cannot obtain. My lord and my

\* The duchess of *Monmouth*, to whom he had been secretary.

† ‘ Who was sent by the queen to the court of *Hanover*.’

lady *Masbam*, and lady *Fair*, remember you kindly ;  
and none with more sincere respect than your affectionate brother, and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

L E T T E R CXX.

THOMAS HARLEY\*, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

June 19, 1714.

YOur letter gave me a great deal of pleasure. I do not mean only the satisfaction one must always find in hearing from so good a friend, who has distinguished himself in the world, and formed a new character, which nobody is vain enough to pretend to imitate. But you must know, the moment after you disappeared, I found it was to no purpose to be unconcerned, and to slight (as I really have done) all the silly stories and schemes I met with every day; the effects of self-conceit, and a frightened, hasty desire of gain. They asked me, Has not the Dean left the town? Is not Dr. *Swift* gone into the country? Yes. And I would have gone into the country too, if I had not learned, one cannot be hurt, till one turns one's back: for which reason, I will go no more on their errands. But seriously, you never heard such bellowing about the town of the state of the nation, especially among the sharpers, sellers of bear-skins †,

\* This gentleman was cousin to the lord treasurer. He died in Jan. 1737, and left his estate to *Edward Harley*, Esq;

† Stock-jobbers. He who sells that, of which he is not possessed,



and the rest of that kind: nor such crying and squalling among the ladies; insomuch that it has at last reached the house of commons; which I am sorry for, because it is hot and uneasy sitting there in this season of the year. But I was told to-day, that in some countries, people are forced to watch day and night, to keep wild-beasts out of their corn. Do you not pity me, for yielding to such grave sayings, to be stifled every day in the house of commons?

When I was out of *England*, I used to receive four or five letters each post with this passage, “as for what passes here, you will be informed by others much better; therefore I shall not trouble you with anything of that sort.” You will give me leave to use it now, as my excuse to you for not writing news. I hope honest *Gay* will be better supplied by some friend or other. Before I received your direction, I had ordered my servant, who comes next *Monday* out of *Herefordshire*, to leave your horse at the *Crown* in *Farrington*, where you can easily send for him. I hear he was so fat, they could not travel him till he was taken down; and I ordered he should go short journeys: he is of a good breed, and therefore I hope will prove well; if not use him like a bastard, and I will chuse another for you.

I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

T. HARLEY.

fessed, is said proverbially to sell the bear's skin, while the bear runs in the woods. And it being common for stock-jobbers to make contracts for transferring stock at a future time, though they were not possessed of the stock to be transferred, they were called sellers of bear-skins.

## LETTER CXXI.

Mr. THOMAS \* to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

June 22, 1714.

IT was with some difficulty, that I prevailed with myself to forbear acknowledging your kind letter. I can only tell you, it shall be the business of my life, to endeavour to deserve the opinion you express of me, and thereby to recommend myself to the continuance of your friendship.

My lord treasurer does, upon all occasions, do justice to your merit; and has expressed to all his friends the great esteem he has for so hearty and honest a friend, and particularly on occasion of the letter you mention to have lately writ to him. And all his friends can inform you with what pleasure he communicated it to them.

And now for business; I am to acquaint you, that last *Thursday* I received the 50*l.* (which now waits your orders) and dated your receipt accordingly, which I delivered to Mr. *Whetham*, who paid me the money.

I do not pretend to tell you how matters go. Our friend says very bad. I am sanguine enough to hope not worse.

I am, with all possible esteem, ever yours,

WILLIAM THOMAS.

\* Secretary to lord treasurer.

LET-



## L E T T E R CXXII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER,      Kensington, June 26, 1714.

I Had almost resolved not to write to you, for fear of disturbing so happy a state as you describe. On the other hand, a little of the devil, that cannot endure any body should enjoy a paradise, almost provoked me to give you a long and melancholy state of our affairs. For you must know, that it is just my own case. I have with great industry endeavoured to live in ignorance, but at the same time would enjoy *Kensington* garden; and then some busy discontented body or another comes just across me, and begins a dismal story; and before I go to supper, I am as full of grievances as the most knowing of them.

I will plague you a little, by telling you the *dragon* dies hard. He is now kicking and cuffing about him like the devil: and you know parliamentary management is the *forte*, but no hopes of any settlement between the two champions. The *dragon* said last night to my lady *Masham* and me, that it is with great industry he keeps his friends, who are very numerous, from pulling all to pieces. *Gay* had a hundred pounds in due time, and went away a happy man. I have solicited both lord treasurer and lord *Bolingbroke* strongly for the *Parnelian*, and gave them a memorial the other day. Lord treasurer speaks mighty affectionately of him, which you know is an ill sign in

ecclesiastical preferments. Witness some, that you and I know, when the contrary was the best sign in the world. Pray remember *Martin* \*, who is an innocent fellow, and will not disturb your solitude. The ridicule of medicine is so copious a subject, that I must only here and there touch it. I have made him study physic from the apothecary's bill, where there is a good plentiful field for a satyr upon the present practice. One of his projects was, by a stamp upon blistering plaisters and melilot by the yard, to raise money for the government, and to give it to *Ratcliffe* and others to farm. But there was like to be a petition from the inhabitants of *London* and *Westminster*, who had no mind to be flead. There was a problem about the doses of purging medicines published four years ago, shewing, that they ought to be in proportion to the bulk of the patient. From thence *Martin* endeavours to determine the question about the weight of the ancient men, by the doses of physic, that were given them. One of his best inventions was a map of diseases for the three cavities of the body, and one for the external parts; just like the four quarters of the world. Then the great diseases are like capital cities, with their symptoms all like streets and suburbs, with the roads, that lead to other diseases. It is thicker set with towns than any *Flanders* map you ever saw. *Ratcliffe* is painted at the corner of the map, contending for the universal empire of this world, and the

\* *Martinus Scriblerus*, of whom *Pope*, *Arbuthnot*, and others, were to write the memoirs.



rest of the physicians opposing his ambitious designs, with a project of a treaty of partition to settle peace.

There is an excellent subject of ridicule from some of the *German* physicians, who set up a sensitive soul as a sort of first minister to the rational. *Helmont* calls him *Archæus*. *Dolæus* calls him *Microcosmetor*. He has under him several other genii, that reside in the particular parts of the body, particularly prince *Cardimelech* in the heart; *Gasteronax* in the stomach; and the *plastick* prince in the organs of generation. I believe I could make you laugh at the explication of distempers from the wars and alliances of those princes; and how the first minister gets the better of his mistress *Anima Rationalis*.

The best is, that it is making reprisals upon the politicians, who are sure to allegorise all the animal œconomy into state affairs. *Pope* has been collecting high flights of poetry, which are very good; they are to be solemn nonsense.

I thought upon the following the other day, as I was going into my coach, the dust being troublesome.

The dust in smaller particles arose,  
 Than those, which fluid bodies do compose:  
 Contraries in extremes do often meet;  
 'Twas now so dry that you might call it wet.

I don't give you these hints to divert you, but that you may have your thoughts, and work upon them.

I know you love me heartily, and yet I will not own, that you love me better than I love you. My  
 D 4 lord

lord and lady *Masbam* love you too, and read your letter to me with pleasure. My lady says she will write to you, whether you write to her or not. Dear friend, adieu.

## L E T T E R   CXXIII.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR,      London, July 6, 1714.

**I** Had yours of the 3d instant, and am heartily glad of your being in health, which I hope will continue. Pray draw what bills you please: I'll pay them on demand.

I fortunately met lord *Bolingbroke* yesterday, the minute I had your letter. I attacked him for some wine, and he immediately ordered you two dozen of red *French* wine, and one dozen of strong *Arizana* white wine. The hamper will be sent to-morrow by *Robert Stone*, the *Wantage* carrier, and will be there on *Friday*. I am afraid it will cost you 5 s. to *George*, my lord's butler; but I would do nothing without order. My lord bid me tell you this morning, that he will write to you, and let you know, that as great a philosopher as you are, you have had the pip; that the public affairs are carried on with the same zeal and quick dispatch as when you was there; nay, they that are improved in several particulars; that the same good understanding continues; that he hopes the world will be the better for your retirement; that your inimitable pen was never more wanted than

now;



now ; and more, which I cannot remember. I believe he expects you should write to him. He spoke many affectionate and handsome things in your favour. I told him your story of the spaniel, which made him laugh heartily. I am, &c.

## LETTER CXXIV.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R, Lambart Hill, July 6, 1714.

I Thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a packet \* sent last *Sunday*. I have shewn it only to one person, who is charmed with it, and will make some small alterations and additions to it, with your leave. You will the easier give leave, when I tell you, that it is one of the best pens in *England*. Pray favour me with a line. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,  
JOHN BARBER.

Indorsed thus by the Dean ;

“ *John Barber’s* letter about the pamphlet.”

## LETTER CXXV.

Mr. THOMAS to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, July 6, 1714.

I Should not have presumed to break in upon your retirements, nor so much as enquire for your address, had not the enclosed given me a fair occasion

\* Probably *Free thoughts on the present state of affairs*.

to ask after your health. I need not add any thing to what the papers will inform you touching that affair. The person mentioned in the baron's letter has not yet called upon me. When you have indorsed the letter of attorney, please to return that and the baron's letter, that I may follow his directions. I dare not mention any thing of politics to one, that has purposely withdrawn himself from the din of it. I shall only tell you, that your friends applaud your conduct with relation to your own ease; but they think it hard you should abdicate at a juncture your friendship seems to be of most use to them. I am sure some of them want your advice, as well as assistance. You will forgive this digression from business, when I tell I shall not repeat this trouble, not having so much as kept a copy of your direction. You may direct your commands to me, under cover, to our common friend. I hope you believe me too sensible of obligations to need formal assurance of the sincere respect, wherewith I am, reverend Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM THOMAS.

LETTER CXXVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT,

SIR,

Whitehall, July 6, 1714.

YOU give me such good reasons for your desire of knowing what becomes of our grand affair, that, to oblige you, and perhaps to give myself vent, I will tell



tell you what I think on it. The two ladies \* seem to have determined the fall of the *dragon* †, and to entertain a chimerical notion, that there shall be no *Monsieur le Premier*, but that all power shall reside in one, and profit in the other. The man of Mercury ‡ sooths them in this notion with great dexterity and reason, for he will be *Monsieur le premier* then of course, by virtue of the little seal. His character is too bad to carry the great ensigns ; therefore he takes another method, and I think it very artful, viz, to continue his present station, to which the power may altogether be as properly attached as to the wand. In this brangle I am no otherwise concerned, than that I must lose part of the pleasure I had in the conversation of my friends. And that I am really apprehensive the two ladies may suffer by the undertaking ; for the man of Mercury's bottom is too narrow, his faults of the first magnitude ; and we cannot find, that there is any scheme in the world how to proceed. *Mercurialis* || complains, that the *dragon* § has used him barbarously ; that he is in with the democratics, and never conferred a single obligation upon him since he had the wand. *Le temps nous éclaircira.*

I propose to move on the 2d of *August* to *Bath*, and to stay there, or go from thence according as our chaos settles here. I believe I shall not go to *Aber-*

\* The queen and lady *Somerſet*.

† ' Lord treasurer *Oxford*.'

‡ ' Lord *Bolingbroke*.'

|| ' Lord *Bolingbroke*.'

§ ' Lord treasurer.'

*cathy*, otherwise I would attend you. shall not we meet at *Bath*? Before I began this paragraph, I should have added something to the former, which is that the *dragon* is accused of having betrayed his friends yesterday upon the matter of the three explanatory articles of the *Spanish* treaty of commerce, which he allowed not to be beneficial, and that the queen might better press for their being changed, if it was the sense of the house they ought to be so. The address then passed without a negative.

I thank you for the account you gave me of the farm in *Buckinghamshire*. I could like the thing, and the price too very well; but when it comes to a point I own my weakness to you. I can't work myself up to a resolution, whilst I have any hope of the 200*l.* a Year I told you of in my own parish; it lies now at sale: if I miss, I would catch greedily at the other.

When I am at the *Bath* I will set down the hints you desire.

## LETTER CXXVII.

CHARLES FORD \*, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 6 †.

IF *Barber* be not a very great blockhead, I shall soon send you a letter in print, in answer to your last: I

\* This gentleman was by the Dean's interest made *Gazetteer*. See the Dean's letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, dated July 1, 1712.

† The year is omitted, but it should be 1714. This letter is indorsed "affairs go worse."



hope it may be next post, for he had it on *Sunday*. I took care to blot the e's out of *onely*, and the a's out of *sccheame*, which I suppose is the meaning of your question, whether I corrected it? I don't know any other alteration it wanted; and I made none except in one paragraph, that I changed the present to the past tense four times; and I am not sure I did right in it neither. There is so great a tenderneſs and regard all along to the——, that I could have wiſhed this expreſſion had been out [the uncertain timorous nature of the ——]. But there was no ſtriking it out without ſpoiling the beauty of the paſſage: And as, if I had been the author myſelf, I preferred beauty to diſcretion, I really think it is at leaſt equal to any thing you have writ; and I dare ſay it will do great ſervice as matters ſtand at preſent \*.

The *Colonel* †, and his friends, give the game for loſt on their ſide; and I believe by next week we ſhall ſee lord *Bolingbroke* at the head of affairs. The biſhop of *Rocheſter* ‡ is to be lord privy ſeal. They talk of ſeveral other alterations, as that my lord *Tre- vor* is to be preſident of the council; lord *Abington*,

\* It is not known that the Dean publiſhed, or was about to publiſh any thing at this time, except the *Free Thoughts*. It is therefore probable that this tract was printing, or printed, when the Dean ſuppreſſed it for the reaſons mentioned before. The words however, which Mr. *Ford* ſays he could have wiſhed to have blotted out, but ſpared for the beauty of the paſſage, are not to be found in the copy printed in the Dean's works; nor is it eaſy to determine where they originally ſtood.

† Lord *Oxford*.

‡ See *Lewis's* letter of *Auguſt 10, 1714*.

lord *Chamberlain* ; lord *Anglesey*, lord lieutenant of *Ireland* ; that Mr *Bromley* \* is to go out, and a great many more in lesser employments. I fancy these reports are spread to draw in as many as they can to oppose the new scheme. I can hardly think any body will be turned out of the cabinet, except the treasurer and the privy seal †. Perhaps my lord *Paulet* ‡ may lay down. Certainly the secretary may continue in, if he pleases, and I don't hear that he is disposed to resign, or that he is so attached to any minister, as to enter into their resentments. What has *John* of *Bucks* || done ? and yet the report is very strong, that he is to be succeeded by my lord *T*——or §. The duke of *Shrewsbury* was one out of eight or nine lords, that stood by my lord *Bolingbroke* yesterday, in the debate about the *Spanish* treaty, and spoke with a good deal of spirit. Is it likely he is to be turned out of all ? The lords have made a representation to the queen, in which they desire her to surmount the insurmountable difficulties the *Spanish* trade lies under by the last treaty. It is thought there was a majority in the house to have prevented such reflection upon the treaty, if they had come to a division. The clamour of the merchants, whig and tory, has been too

\* Secretary for the northern provinces.

† Lord *Dartmouth*.

‡ Lord steward.

|| ' *John Sheffield*, duke of *Buckinghamshire*.'

§ ' *Trevor*, lord chief justice of the common-pleas. He had been created lord *Trevor* of *Bromham* in *Bedfordshire*, January 1, 1711-12.'



great to have passed a vote in vindication of it, as it stands ratified. But my lord *Anglesey* and his squadron seemed willing to oppose any censure of it; and yet this representation was suffered to pass nobody knows how. To-day they are to take into consideration the queen's answer to their address, desiring to know who advised her to ratify the explanation of the three articles. She sent them word she thought there was little difference between that and what was signed at *Utrecht*. When they rise I will tell you what they have done. The last money-bill was sent up yesterday; so that in all probability the parliament will be up in two or three days, and then we shall be entertained with court affairs. I hope you got mine last post, and one a fortnight ago. Will the change of the ministry effect *Elwood*? He is in pain about it. I am told the people of *Ireland* are making a strong opposition against the present provost.

The consideration of the queen's answer is deferred till to-morrow. I am now with lord *Guildford* and three other commissioners of trade, who were examined to-day at the bar of the house of lords. They are prodigiously pleased with what has been done. But I don't understand it well enough to give you an account of it. For the rapture they are in hinders them from explaining themselves clearly. I can only gather from their manner of discourse, that they are come off without censure.

## L E T T E R CXXVIII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, July 10, 1718.

W HAT answer shall I send ? I am against any alteration, but additions, I think, ought by no means to be allowed. I wish I had called sooner at *St. Dunstan's*; but I did not expect it would have come out till *Thursday*, and therefore did not go there till yesterday. Pray let me know what you would have done. *Barber* was a blockhead to have shewed it at all ; but who can help that ? Write an answer either for yourself or me ; but I beg of you to make no condescensions \*.

Yesterday put an end to the session, and to your pain. We gained a glorious victory at the house of lords the day before : the attack was made immediately on *Arthur Moore* †, who appeared at the bar, with the other commissioners of trade. The *South-Sea* company had prepared the way for a censure, by voting him guilty of a breach of trust, and incapable of serving them in any office for the future. This passed without hearing what he had to say in his defence, and had the usual fate of such unreasonable reflections. Those, who proposed the resolutions, were blamed for their violence ; and the person accused,

\* This probably relates to the "*Free thoughts.*"

† ' One of the commissioners of trade and plantations, who was accused of being bribed by the court of *Spain*, to favour that kingdom in the treaty of commerce made between it and *England.*'  
appearing



appearing to be less guilty than they made him, was thought to be more innocent than I doubt he is. The whigs proposed two questions in the house of lords against him, and lost both, one by twelve, and the other, I think, by eighteen votes.

Court affairs go on as they did. The cry is still on the *captain's* side \*. Is not he the person *Barber* means by one of the best pens in *England*? It is only my own conjecture, but I can think of nobody else. Have you the queen's speech, the lord's address, &c. or shall I send them to you? and do you want a comment? Have *Pope* and *Parnell* been to visit you as they intended?

I had a letter yesterday from *Gay*, who is at the *Hague*, and presents his humble service to you. He has writ to Mr. *Lewis* too, but his respect makes him keep greater distance with him; and I think mine is the pleasanter letter, which I am sorry for.

We were alarmed by *B.* † two days ago: he sent *Tooke* word, our friend was ill in the country; which we did not know how to interpret, till he explained it. It was Mrs. *M.* ‡ he meant; but she is in no danger. Pray, write immediately, that there may be no further delay to what we ought to have had a week ago.

\* Lord *Bolingbroke*; alluding to his difference with lord *Oxford*. See the next letter.

† Probably *John Barber*.

‡ Probably Mrs *Manley*, the writer of the *Atalantis*, who lived with *Barber* at that time.

## LETTER CXXIX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER,      Kensington, July 10, 1714.

I Have talked of your affairs to nobody but my lady *Masham*. She tells me, that she has it very much at heart, and would gladly do it for her own sake and that of her friends; but thinks it not a fit season to speak about it. We are indeed in such a strange condition as to politics, that nobody can tell now who is for who. It were really worth your while to be here for four and twenty hours only, to consider the oddness of the scene. I am sure it would make you relish your country life the better.

The *dragon* holds fast with a dead gripe the little machine \*. If he would have taken but half so much pains to have done other things, as he has of late, to exert himself against the esquire, he might have been a *dragon*, instead of a *dragon*. I would no more have suffered and done what he has, than I would have sold myself to the gallies. *Hæc inter nos*. However, they have got rid of the parliament, and may have time to think of a scheme: perhaps they may have one already. I know nothing, but it is fit to rally the broken forces under some head or another. They really did very well the last day but one in the house of lords; but yesterday, there were in a flame about the queen's answer, till the queen came in, and put an end to it.

\* His treasurer's staff.



The *dragon* shewed me your letter, and seemed mightily pleased with it. He has paid ten pounds for the manuscript, of which I believe there are several in town.

It is a \* history of the last invasion of *Scotland*, wrote just as plain, though not so well, as another history, which you and I know, with characters of all the men now living, the very names and invitation, that was sent to the pretender. This by a flaming *Jacobite*, that wonders all the world are not so. Perhaps it may be a whig, that personates a *Jacobite*. I

\* This history was published about ten days after ; being conveyed to the press by some of the transcribing clerks. The author laments the miscarriage of the pretender's expedition to *Scotland*, and hates the union, as a bar to the like designs of *France* for the future. It is plain enough from the preface, what induced Dr. *Arbuthnot* (who had only read the two first sheets of it in manuscript) to say to the Dean, *It was wrote as plain, though not so well, as another history, that you and I know*. He means here, Dr *Swift's* history of the peace of *Utrecht*, which he had then written, and had shewn to most of his friends. The *Scotch* author gives this account of his own work in the preface, *That having used a little freedom with several persons of rank and power in the characters I have given of them, and in the relation of several matters of fact ; common prudence requires these memoirs should lie dormant, till such be out of capacity to resent the same either on myself or posterity*. From these words it is plain, Dr. *Arbuthnot* did expect to find the characters of some considerable persons of that age drawn in that work, with the same freedom, that he found some others in the Dean's history ; though he well knew, that this obscure writer was as far inferior to his friend in genius, as he was different in principles, the Dean having always been so firmly attached to the protestant settlement, that he never did, either directly or indirectly, write, or advise his friends to write, one word in favour of the pretender.

saw two sheets of the beginning, which was treason every line. If it goes on at the same rate of plain-dealing, it is a very extraordinary piece, and worth your while to come up to see it only. Mr. *Lockhart*, they say, owns it. It is no more his than it is mine. Do not be so dogged ; but, after the first shower, come up to town for a week or so. It is worth your while. Your friends will be glad to see you, and none more than myself. Adieu.

## L E T T E R   CXXX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

July 13, 1714.

I Never laughed, my dear Dean, at your leaving the town : on the contrary, I thought the resolution of doing so, at the time when you took it, a very wise one. But, I confess, I laughed, and very heartily too, when I heard, that you affected to find, within the village of *Letcombe*, all your heart desired. In a word, I judged of you, just as you tell me in your letter, that I should judge. If my grooms did not live a happier life than I have done this great while, I am sure they would quit my service. Be pleased to apply this reflection. Indeed, I wish I had been with you, with *Pope* and *Parnell*, *quibus neque animi candidiores*. In a little time, perhaps, I may have leisure to be happy. I continue in the same opinions and resolutions as you left me in ; I will stand or fall by them. Adieu. No alteration in my  
fortune,



fortune, or circumstances, can alter that sincere friendship, with which I am, dear Dean, yours.

I fancy you will have a visit from that great politician and casuist the duke \*. He is at *Oxford*, with Mr. *Clarke* †.

## LETTER CXXXI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

July 17, 1714.

I Am sorry to find by those, that have fresher advices from you, than yours of the eleventh instant to me, that *Parvisol's* ‡ conduct puts you under a necessity of changing the administration; for it will probably draw you to *Ireland*, whether you will or no. However, I hope to see you at *Bath* three weeks hence, whatever happens. I meet with no man or woman, who pretend upon any probable grounds to judge who will carry the great point. [A] Our female friend told the [B] *dragon*, in her own house,

\* Perhaps the duke of *Ormond*.

† *George Clarke*, doctor of laws, fellow of *All souls*, who had been secretary to prince *George* of *Denmark*, as lord high admiral, and was member of parliament for the university of *Oxford*.

‡ *Parvisol* was the Dean's agent in *Ireland*. The Dean's observations on the names marked A, B, C, are thus written on the blank part of the original letter. [A] Mrs. *Masham*, who was the queen's favourite, fell out in a rage, reproaching lord *Oxford* very injuriously. [B] the *dragon*, lord treasurer *Oxford*, so called by the Dean by contraries; for he was the mildest, wisest, and best minister, that ever served a prince. [C] Lord *Bolingbroke*, called so by Mr. *Lewis*.

last *Thursday* morning these words: *You never did the queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any.* He made no reply, but supped with her and [C] *Mercurialis*, that night, at her own house. His revenge is not the less meditated for that. He tells the words clearly and distinctly to all mankind. Those, who range under his banner, call her ten thousand bitches and kitchen-wench. Those, who hate him, do the same. And from my heart I grieve, that she should give such a loose to her passion; for she is susceptible of true friendship, and has many sociable and domestic virtues. The great attorney \*, who made you the sham offer of the *Yorkshire* living, had a long conference with the *dragon* on *Thursday*, kissed him at parting, and cursed him at night. He went to the country yesterday; from whence, some conjecture, nothing considerable will be done soon. Lord *Harley* † and lady *Harriot* ‡ went this morning to *Oxford*. He has finished all matters with lord *Pelham* ||, as far as can be done without an act of parliament. The composition was signed by the auditor, and *Naylor*, brother-in-law to *Pelham*. This day se'n-night lord *Harley* is to have the whole *Cavendish* estate, which is valued at ten thousand pounds *per annum*, and has upon it forty thousand pounds worth of timber. But three of this ten thousand pounds a year he had by the will. He remits to lord *Pelham* the twenty

\* Perhaps lord chancellor *Harcourt*.

† 'Edward, son to the lord treasurer *Oxford*.'

‡ 'Wife of lord *Harley*.'

|| 'The present duke of *Newcastle*.'



thousand pounds charged for lady *Harriot's* fortune on the *Holles* estate; and gives him some patches of land, that lie convenient to him, to the value of about twenty thousand pounds more. According to my computation, lord *Harley* gets by the agreement (if the timber is worth forty thousand pounds) one hundred and forty thousand pounds; and when the jointures fall in to him, will have sixteen thousand pounds a year. But the cant is, twenty-six thousand pounds. Lord *Pelham* will really have twenty-six thousand pounds a year from the *Newcastle* family, which, with his paternal estate, will be twice as much as lord *Harley's*. The estate of the latter is judged to be in the best condition; and some vain-glorious friends of ours say, it is worth more than the other's; but let that pass. Adieu.

## L E T T E R CXXXII.

Lord HARLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

BROTHER SWIFT\*, July 17, 1714.

YOur sister † has at last got rid of her lawyers. We are just setting out for *Oxford*, where we hope to see you. I am your affectionate brother,  
HARLEY.

\* A company of sixteen, all men of the first class, *Swift* included, dined once a week at the house of each other, by rotation, and went under the general denomination of brothers. The number was afterwards enlarged, and they dined at a tavern every *Thursday*. Lord *Harley* was one, which accounts for the address of this letter.

† Lady *Henrietta Harley*, wife of lord *Harley*.

## L E T T E R CXXXIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER, London, July 17, 1714.

I Thought it necessary to speak to lady *Masham* about that affair, because I believe it will be necessary to give her majesty the same notion of it, which the memorial does \*, and not that you are asking a little scandalous salary for a sinecure. *Lewis* despairs of it, and thinks it quite over since a certain affair. I will not think so. I gave your letter, with the inclosed memorial *cavalierment*, to lord *Bolingbroke*. He read it, and seemed concerned at some part of it, expressing himself thus; *That it would be amongst the eternal scandals of the government to suffer a man of your character, that had so well deserved of them, to have the least uneasy thought about those matters.* As to the fifty pounds, he was ready to pay it; and, if he had had it about him, would have given it me. The *dragon* was all the while walking with the duke of *Shrewsbury*. So my lord *Bolingbroke* told me, *I would immediately stir in this matter; but I know not how I stand with some folks; (for the duke of Shrewsbury has taken himself to the dragon in appearance). I know how I stand with that man (pointing to the dragon). But as to the other, I cannot tell; however, I will claim his promise: and so he took the memorial.*

\* A memorial to the queen, humble desiring her majesty to appoint him historiographer. See *Swift's* letter to Miss *Vanbomrigb*, in this collection, dated *August 1, 1714.*



Do not think I make you a bare compliment in what I am going to say; for I can assure you I am in earnest. I am in hopes to have two hundred pounds before I go out of town, and you may command all or any part of it you please, as long as you have occasion for it. I know what you will say; *To see a scoundrel pretend to offer to lend me money.* Our situation at present is in short thus: they have *rompu en visiere* with the *dragon*, and yet don't know how to do without him. My lady *Masham* has in a manner bid him defiance, without any scheme or likeness of it in any form or shape, as far as I can see. Notwithstanding he visits, cringes, flatters, &c. which is beyond my comprehension.

I have a very comical account of *Letcombe*, and the dean of *St. Patrick's*, from *Pope*, with an episode of the burning-glass. I was going to make an epigram upon the imagination of your burning your own history with a burning-glass. I wish *Pope* or *Parnell* would put it into rhyme. The thought is this: *Apollo* speaks, 'That since he had inspired you to reveal  
' those things, which were hid, even from his own  
' light, such as the feeble springs of some great  
' events; and perceiving that a faction, who could  
' not bear their deeds to be brought to light, had  
' condemned it to an ignominious flame; that it  
' might not perish so, he was resolved to consume it  
' with his own; a celestial one.' And then you must conclude with some simile; thus, &c. There are two or three that will fit it.

*Whiston*

*Whiston* has at last published his project of the longitude; the most ridiculous thing, that ever was thought on. But a pox on him! he has spoiled one of my papers of *Scriblerus*, which was a proposal for the longitude, not very unlike his, to this purpose; that since there was no pole for east and west, that all the princes of *Europe* should join and build two prodigious poles, upon high mountains, with a vast light house to serve for a pole-star. I was thinking of a calculation of the time, charges, and dimensions. Now you must understand, his project is by light-houses, and explosion of bombs at a certain hour.

*Lewis* invited me to dinner to-day, and has disappointed me. I thought to have said something more about you. I have nothing more to add, but, my dear friend, adieu.

## LETTER CXXXIV.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 20, 1714.

WHO would ever do any thing for them, when they are so negligent of their own interest? The *captain* must see what use it would be to him to have it published, and yet he has not returned it. You have another copy by you; I wish you would send it; and if you don't care it should appear in your own hand, I will get it transcribed. My secretary is a boy of ten or eleven years old, and no discovery can be made by him. I don't know what my lord *Bolingbroke* may do,



do, but I dare say *Barber* does not suspect from whence it comes. However, I wonder he has not mentioned it to you \*.

I thought you had heard the historiographer's place has been disposed of this fortnight. I know no more of him who has it, than that his name is *Maddocks* †. It would be impudence in them to send for you, but I hope you will come. A reconciliation is impossible ; and I can guess no reason why matters are delayed, unless it be to gain over some lords, who stick firm to the *dragon*, and others that are averse to the *captain* ‡. The duke of *Shrewsbury* declares against him in private conversation; I suppose because he is against every chief minister, for it is known he has no kindness for the *colonel* ||. Lord *Anglesey* rails at the chancellor, for some opinion the attorney and solicitor general have given relating to *Ireland*. Who can act, when they have so much caprice to deal with?

Mr. *Lewis* says, he will speak to Mr. *Bromley* for his part, and will engage it shall be paid as soon as lord *Bolingbroke* has given his. But it was mentioned before my lord treasurer, and he immediately took the whole upon himself. If they lived near one another, and a house between them was on fire, I fancy they would contend who should put it out, until the whole street were burned. Mr. *Lewis* goes into *Wales*

\* This relates to the *Free Thoughts*.

† *Thomas Maddocks*, Esq;

‡ Lord *Bolingbroke*.

|| Lord *Oxford*.

the week after next. I shall have the whole town to myself. Now it is my own, I begin not to value it. *Pope* and *Parnell* tell me, you design them a visit. When do you go? If you are with them in the middle of a week, I should be glad to meet you there. Let me know where you are to be in *Herefordshire*, and I will send you some claret. It is no compliment, for I am overstocked, and it will decay before I drink it. You shall have either old or new; I have two much of both.

Pray send me the other copy \*, or put me in a way of recovering the former.

I am, &c.

## LETTER CXXXV.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Whitehall, July 22, 1714.

I Received a letter from you last *Monday*, for my lord treasurer, in a blank cover. Last *Friday* lord chancellor went into the country, with a design to stay there till the tenth of *August*; but last *Tuesday* he was sent for express by lord *Bolingbroke*. Next *Tuesday* the queen goes to *Windsor*. What changes we are to have, will probably appear before she goes. Dr. *Arbutnot* dines with me to-day, and in the evening we go to *Kensington*.

\* Of the *Free Thoughts*.

LET-



## L E T T E R CXXXVI\*.

The Duke of ORMOND † to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

July 22, 1714.

I AM very glad to hear from you. I thought you had hid yourself from the world ‡, and given over all thoughts of your friends. I am very sorry for the reason of your retirement. I am a witness to your endeavours to have made up, what I believe the great man you mention will hardly compass. I am of your opinion, that it is shameful, that the vacant bishoprics are not disposed of. I shall do all that lies in my power to serve the gentlemen that I have already mentioned to the queen, and hope with good success.

For the lady you mention ||, I shall endeavour to see her as often as I can. She is one, that I have a great esteem for. I send you some *Burgundy*, which I hope you will like. It is very good to cure the spleen. Believe me with great truth, Sir, your most affectionate friend, and humble servant,

O R M O N D.

\* See the letter, to which this is an answer, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

† He was appointed lord lieutenant of *Ireland* in the year 1710. He succeeded the duke of *Marlborough* in the command of the army, and his duchess was lady of the bedchamber.

‡ He was now retired into *Berkshire*.

|| Lady *Masham*.

## L E T T E R CXXXVII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 22, 1714.

PRay send me the other copy, and let us have the benefit of it, since you have been at the trouble of writing. Unless ——— \* be served against his will, it is not likely to be done at all; but I think you used to take a pleasure in good offices of that kind; and I hope you won't let the cause suffer; though I must own, in this particular, the person who has the management of it does not deserve any favour. Nothing being left for me at *St. Dunstan's*, I sent to B—— † for an answer to my last. He says, it is not yet restored to him; as soon as it is, I shall have it. This delay begins to make me think all ministers are alike; and as soon as the *captain* is a colonel, he will act as his predecessors have done.

The queen goes to *Windfor* next *Tuesday*, and we expect all matters will be settled before that time. We have had a report, that my lord privy seal is to go out alone; but the learned only laugh at it. The *captain's* ‡ friends think themselves secure; and the *colonel's* || are so much of the same opinion, that they only drink his health while is yet alive. However, it is thought he will fall easy, with a pension of four

\* ' This blank should probably be filled up with the word *treasurer* or *Oxford*.'

† *Barber*.

‡ *Bolingbroke*.

|| *Oxford*.



thousand pounds a year, and a dukedom. Most of the staunch Tories are pleased with the alteration; and the whimsicals pretend, the cause of their disgust was, because the Whigs were too much favoured.

In short, we propose very happy days to ourselves, as long as this reign lasts; and if the uncertain timorous nature of———does not disappoint us, we have a very fair prospect. The *dragon* and his antagonist \* meet every day at the cabinet. They often eat, and drink, and walk together, as if there was no sort of disagreement: and when they part, I hear they give one another such names, as nobody but ministers of state could bear, without cutting throats. The duke of *Marlborough* is expected here every day. Dr. *Garth* says, he only comes to drink the *Bristol* waters, for a diabetes. The Whigs are making great preparations to receive him. But yesterday I was offered considerable odds, that not one of those, who go out to meet him, will visit him in half a year. I durst not lay, though I can hardly think it. My lord *Marr* is married to lady *Frances Pierrepont*; and my lord *Dorchester*, her father, is to be married next week to lady *Bel. Bentinck*. Let me know if you go to *Pope's*, that I may endeavour to meet you there? I am, &c.

\* *Bolingbroke*,

## LETTER CXXXVIII.

CHARLES FORD Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 24, 1714.

WE expected the grand affair would have been done yesterday, and now every body agrees it will be to-night \*. The bishop of *London*, lord *Bathurst*, Mr. *Bridges*, Sir *William Wyndham*, and *Campion*, are named for commissioners of the treasury, but I have not sufficient authority for you to depend upon it. They talk of the duke of *Ormond* for our lord lieutenant. I cannot get the pamphlet back †. What shall I do? I wish you would send me the other copy. My lord *Anglesey* goes next *Monday* to *Ireland*. I hear he is only angry with the chancellor, and not at all with the captain. I am, &c.

## LETTER CXXXIX.

ERASMUS LEWIS Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Whitehall, July 24, 1714.

I Saw lord *Harley* this morning. He tells me, that he left you horridly in the dumps. I wish you were; for, after given a quarter of an hour's vent to our grief for the departure of our *Don Quixote* ‡, we

\* The dismissal of lord *Oxford*.

† *Free Thoughts*.

‡ Lord *Oxford*, who was just at this time dismissed from his employment as first minister, and immediately succeeded by lord *Bolingbroke*.



should recover ourselves, and receive consolation from each other. The triumph of the enemy makes me mad. I feel a strange tenderness within myself, and scarce bear the thoughts of dating letters from this place, when my old friend is out, whose fortune I have shared for so many years. But *fiat voluntas tua*. The damned thing is, we are to do all dirty work. We are to turn out *Monckton* \*. And, I hear, we are to pass the new commission of the treasury. For God's sake, write to lady *Masham*, in favour of poor *Thomas* †, to preserve him from ruin. I will second it. I intended to have wrote to you a long letter; but the moment I had turned this page, I had intelligence that the *dragon* had broke out into a fiery passion with

*lingbroke*. On *Tuesday* the twenty-seventh of the same month he surrendered his staff as lord treasurer, and on the thirtieth lord *Shrewsbury* was appointed to succeed him in that office. See the letter from Mr. *Ford*, dated *July 31*; and an enquiry into the behaviour of the queen's last ministry, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

\* *Robert Monckton*, one of the commissioners for trade and plantations, who had given information against *Arthur Moore*, one of his brother commissioners, for accepting a bribe from the *Spanish* court, to get the treaty of commerce continued.

† Mr. *Thomas* had been secretary under the old commission of the treasury, and he wrote to the Dean, by the same post, for a recommendation to lady *Masham*, either to be continued in the same office under the new commissioners, or to be considered in some other manner, by way of compensation. He urges a precedent for this in the case of his predecessor, who, being removed from his post of secretary, got the office of controller of the lotteries, worth five hundred pounds *per annum*, for thirty-two years.

my lord chancellor \*, and swore a thousand oaths he would be revenged of him. This impotent, womanish behaviour vexes me more than his being out. This last stroke shews, *Quantula sint hominum corpuscula*. I am determined for the *Bath*, on the second or the ninth of *August* at farthest.

## L E T T E R CXL.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER,

July 24, 1714.

I Suppose you have received the account of *St. Kilda*. There is an officer there, who is a sort of *tribunus plebis*, whose office it is to present the grievances of the people to the laird of *M<sup>r</sup> Leod*, who is supposed to be their oppressor. He is bound to contradict the laird, till he gives him three strokes with a cane over the head, and then he is at liberty to submit. This I have done, and so has your friend *Lewis*. It has been said, that we and the Dean were the authors of all that has since happened, by keeping the *dragon* in, when there was an offer to lay down. I was told to my face, that what I said in this case went for nothing; that I did not care, if the great person's affairs went to entire ruin, so I could support the interests of the *dragon*. That I did not know the half of his proceedings. Particularly it was said, though I am confident it was a mistake, that he had

\* Lord Harcourt.



attempted the removing her from the favour of a great person. In short, the fall of the *dragon* does not proceed altogether from his old friend, but from the great person, whom I perceive to be highly offended, by little hints that I have received. In short, the *dragon* has been so ill used, and must serve upon such terms for the future, if he should, that I swear I would not advise *Turk*, *Jew*, nor infidel, to be in that state. Come up to town, and I can tell you more. I have been but indifferently treated myself, by somebody at court in small concerns. I can tell who it is. But mum for that. Adieu.

## LETTER CXLI.

Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

July 27, 1714\*.

IF I tell my dear friend the value I put upon his undeserved friendship, it will look like suspecting you or myself. Though I have had no power since the twenty-fifth of *July*, 1713†, I believe now, as a private man, I may prevail to renew your licence of absence, conditionally you will be present with me; for to-mor-

\* ‘Just before the loss of his staff.’

† ‘The earl of Oxford, in his *Brief Account of Public Affairs*, presented to the queen, on the ninth of *June*, 1714, and published in the *Report* of the *Secret committee*, mentions, that he wrote a large letter, dated *July* 25, 1713, to lord *Bolingbroke*, “containing his scheme of the queen’s affairs, and what was necessary for lord *Bolingbroke* to do;” which letter was answered by that lord, on the twenty-seventh of that month.’

row morning I shall be a private person. When I have settled my domestic affairs here, I go to *Wimble*; thence alone, to *Herefordshire*. If I have not tired you, *tete a tete*, fling away so much time upon one, who loves you. And I believe, in the mass of souls ours were placed near each other. I send you an imitation of *Dryden*, as I went to *Kensington*.

To serve with love,  
And shed your blood,  
Approved is above.  
But here below,  
Th' examples shew,  
'Tis fatal to be good.

## L E T T E R CXLII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Whitehall, July 27, 1714.

I Have yours of the twenty-fifth. You judge very right; it is not the going out, but the manner, that enrages me. The queen has told all the lords the reasons of her parting with him, *viz.* that he neglected all business; that he was seldom to be understood; that when he did explain himself, she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that, lastly, to crown all, he behaved himself towards her with bad manners, indecency, and disrespect. *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis.*

I am



I am distracted with the thoughts of this, and the pride of the conqueror \*. I would give the world I could go out of town to-morrow; but the secretary saith, I must not go till he returns, which will not be till the sixteenth of *August*, or perhaps the twenty-third; but I am in hopes I may go towards *Bath* the sixteenth.

The runners are already employed to go to all the coffee-houses. They rail to the pit of hell. I am ready to burst for want of vent. The † stick is yet in his hand, because they cannot agree who shall be the new commissioners. We suppose the blow will be given to-night or to-morrow morning. The sterility of good and able men is incredible. When the matter is over, I will wait upon our friend ‡. If she receives me as usual, I'll propose to her, that I will serve where I do, provided I may be countenanced, and at full liberty to pay my duty to all the *Harleian* family in the same manner I used to do. If that is not allowed me in the utmost extent, consistent with

\* Lord *Bolingbroke*.

† On the night of *Tuesday, July 27*, the day on which this letter is dated, a cabinet council was held (after the earl of *Oxford* had resigned the staff, which he did on that day) to consult what persons to put in commission for the management of the treasury. The number to be five. Sir *William Wyndham*, chancellor of the exchequer, was to be one; but they could not agree in the choice of the other four. Their debate about the matter lasted till near two o'clock in the morning, at which the queen being present, it raised a violent agitation in her spirits, which affected her head.

‡ Lady *Masbam*.

my trust here, I will propose an employment in the revenues, or to go out without any thing; for I will not be debarred going to him. If she does not receive me as she used to do, I will never go again. I flatter myself she will be so friendly as to enter into the consideration of my private circumstances, and preserve her old goodness to me.

There is no seeing the *dragon* till he is out, and then I will know his thoughts about your coming to *Brampton*. I hear he goes out of town instantly to *Wimple*, and my lady to *Brampton*; that he will join her there, after a few days stay at *Wimple*. Adieu. I am yours, &c.

## L E T T E R CXLIII.

Lady MASHAM \*, to Dr. SWIFT.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

July 29, 1714.

I Own it looks unkind in me not to thank you, in all this time, for your sincere kind letter; but I was resolved to stay till I could tell you the queen had got so far the better of the *dragon*, as to take her power out of his hands. He has been the most ungrateful man to her, and to all his best friends, that ever was born. I cannot have so much time now to write all my mind, because my dear mistress is not

\* This lady's name was *Hill*. She was bedchamber woman to the queen, and, in conjunction with Mr. *Harley*, afterwards earl of *Oxford*, brought about the change in the ministry. See the note to a letter from lord and lady *Masham*, dated *April 17, 1733*.  
well,



well, and I think I may lay her illness to the charge of the treasurer, who, for three weeks together, was teasing and vexing her without intermission, and she could not get rid of him till *Tuesday* last. I must put you in mind of one passage in your letter to me, which is, *I pray God send you wise and faithful friends to advise you at this time, when there are so great difficulties to struggle with.* That is very plain and true; therefore will you, who have gone through so much, and taken more pains than any body, and given wise advice (if that wretched man had had sense enough and honesty to have taken it); I say, will you leave us, and go into *Ireland*? No, it is impossible; your goodness is still the same, your charity and compassion for this poor lady, who has been barbarously used, won't let you do it. I know you take delight to help the distressed; and there cannot be a greater object than this good lady, who deserves pity. Pray, dear friend, stay hear; and don't believe us all alike, to throw away good advice, and despise every body's understanding but their own. I could say a great deal upon the subject, but I must go to her, for she is not well. This comes to you by a safe hand, so that neither of us need be in any pain about it.

My lord and brother are in the country. My sister and girls are your humble servants.

## L E T T E R CXLIV.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

July 29, 1714.

I Have yours of the twenty-seventh. I write this in the morning, for I go in the evening to *Kensington*. If I am well received, I will continue my homage; if not, they shall hear of me no more. Where shall I write to you again? for I cannot stir from hence till the sixteenth of *August* at soonest. Nothing could please me more than to pass a few months with you at *Abercathy*\*; but I am yet uncertain whether I shall go there at all. All I am sure of is, that I will go out of town to some place for some time; first to the *Bath*, for I can't bear staying in this room. I want physic to help my digestion of these things, though the 'squire † is kinder to me than before. I am not mortified at what you tell of *Mercurialis*; only I would know, whether any disrespectful conduct of mine has brought it upon me; or whether it is only a general dislike of me, because I am not a man of parts, or because I am in other interests. They would not give the *dragon* the least quarter, excepting only a pension, if he will work journey-work by the quarter. I have long thought his parts accused, and am more of that opinion than ever. The new commission is not yet named. Would not the world have roared against the *dragon*

\* 'In *Caermarthen*shire, of which county Mr. *Lewis* was a native.'

† 'William *Bromley*, Esq; secretary of state.'



for such a thing? *Mercurialis* entertained *Stanhope*, *Craggs*, *Pulteney*, and *Walpole*. What if the dragon had done so? The duke of *Somerset* dines to-day with the fraternity, at *Greenwich*, with *Withers*. Nobody goes out with the dragon; but many will sit very loose. Some say, the new men will be *Lexington*, *Wyndham*, *Strangeways*, Sir *John Stonehouse*, and *Campion*.

## LETTER CXLV.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,      July 31, 1714. Past Six at Night.

I AM heartily sorry I should be the messenger of so ill news, as to tell you the queen is dead, or dying: if alive, 'tis said, she can't live till morning. You may easily imagine the confusion we are all in on this sad occasion. I had set out yesterday to wait on you, but for this sad accident, and should have brought letters from lord *Bolingbroke*, and lady *Masham*, to have prevented your going. Pray don't go, for I will come to you when I see how things stand. My lord *Shrewsbury* is made lord treasurer, and every thing is ready for the proclaiming the duke of *Brunswick* king of *England*. The parliament will sit to-morrow, and chuse a new speaker, for Sir *Thomas* \* is in *Wales*.

For God's sake don't go; but either come to *London*, or stay till I come to you. I am, &c.

\* 'Hanmer.'

## L E T T E R CLXVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Kenfington, Saturday, July 31, 1714.  
Six in the Evening.

AT the time I am writing, the breath is said to be in the queen's nostrils; but that is all. No hope left of her recovery. Lord *Oxford* is in council; so are the whigs. We expect the demise to-night. There is a prospect, that the elector will meet with no opposition; the *French* having no fleet, nor being able to put one out soon. Lady *Masham* did receive me kindly. Poor woman, I heartily pity her. Now is not the *dragon* born under a happy planet, to be out of the scrape? Dr. *Arbuthnot* thinks you should come up. You will not wonder, if all my country resolutions are in suspense. Pray come up, to see how things go.

## L E T T E R CXLVII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 31, 1714.

Three in the Afternoon.

I Don't doubt but you have heard the queen is dead, and perhaps we may be so unfortunate before this comes to you; but at present she is alive, and much better than could have been expected. I am just come from *Kenfington*, where I have almost spent these two whole days. I am in greathaste; but, till  
dinner



dinner comes up, I will write to you, and give you as full an account as I can of her illness.

Her disorder began between eight and nine yesterday morning. The doctors ordered her head to be shaved; and while it was doing, she fell into a fit of the convulsion, or, as they thought, an apoplexy. This lasted near two hours, and she was speechless, and shewed little sign of life during that time; but came to herself on being blooded.

As soon as she recovered, my lord *Bolingbroke* went to her, and told her the privy-council was of opinion, it would be for the public service to have the duke of *Shrewsbury* made lord treasurer. She immediately consented, and gave the staff into the duke's hands. The great seal was put to the patent by four o'clock. She continued ill the whole day. In the evening I spoke to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and he told me, he did not think her distemper was desperate. *Radcliffe* was sent for to *Carshalton* about noon, by order of council; but said he had taken physic, and could not come. In all probability he had saved her life, for I am told the late lord *Gower* had been often in the same condition with the gout in his head; and *Radcliffe* kept him alive many years after \*. This morning, when I went there

\* In the account, that is given of Dr. *Radcliffe*, in the *Biographia Britannica*, it is said, that the queen was struck with death the twenty-eight of July: that Dr. *Radcliffe*'s name was not once mentioned, either by the queen or any lord of the council; only, that lady *Masbam* sent to him without their knowledge, two hours before the queen's death. In this letter from Mr. *Ford* to dean *Swift*, which is dated the thirty-first of July, it is said, that the queen's disorder began between eight and nine the morning before, which was  
the

before nine, they told me she was just expiring. That account continued above three hours, and a report the *thirtieth*; and that about noon, *the same day*, *Radcliffe* was sent for by *an order of council*. These accounts being contradictory, the reader will, probably, want some assistance to determine what were the facts. As to the time when the queen was taken ill, Mr. *Ford*'s account is most likely to be true, as he was upon the spot, and in a situation, which insured him the best intelligence. As to the time when the doctor was sent for, the account in the *Biographia* is manifestly false; for if the doctor had been sent for only two hours before the queen's death, which happened incontestibly on the first of *August*, Mr. *Ford* could not have mentioned the fact on the thirty-first of *July*, when his letter was dated. Whether *Radcliffe* was sent for by lady *Masham*, or by order of council, is therefore the only point to be determined. That he was generally reported to have been sent for by order of council, is certain; but a letter is printed in the *Biographia*, said to have been written by the doctor to one of his friends, which, supposing it to be genuine, will prove, that the doctor maintained the contrary. On the fifth of *August*, four days after the queen's death, a member of the house of commons, a friend of the doctor's, who was also a member, and one who always voted on the same side, moved, that he might be summoned to attend in his place, in order to be censured for not attending on her majesty. Upon this occasion the doctor is said to have written the following letter to another of his friends.

Dear Sir,

*Carshalton, August 7, 1714.*

I Could not have thought, that so old an acquaintance, and so good a friend, as Sir *J—n* always professed himself, would have made such a motion against me. God knows my will to do her majesty any service has ever got the start of my ability; and I have nothing, that gives me greater anxiety and trouble, than the death of that great and glorious princess. I must do that justice to the physicians, that attended her in her illness, from a sight of the method, that was taken for her preservation by Dr. *Mead*, as to declare nothing was omitted for her preservation; but the people about her, the plagues of *Egypt* fall on them, put it out of the power



was carried to town, that she was actually dead. She was not prayed for, even at her own chapel at St.

power of physic to be of any benefit to her. I know the nature of attending crowned heads, in their last moments, too well to be fond of waiting upon them, *without being sent for by a proper authority*. You have heard of pardons being signed for physicians, before a sovereign's demise: however, ill as I was, I would have went to the queen in a horse-litter, had either *her majesty*, or *those in commission next to her*, commanded me so to do. You may tell Sir *J—n* as much, and assure him, from me, that his zeal for her majesty will not excuse his ill usage of a friend, who has drank many a hundred bottles with him; and cannot, even after this breach of a good understanding, that ever was preserved between us, but have a very good esteem for him. I must also desire you to thank *Tom Chapman* for his speech in my behalf, since I hear it is the first he ever made, which is taken more kindly; and to acquaint him, that I should be glad to see him at *Carshalton*, since I fear (for so the gout tells me) that we shall never more sit in the house of commons together. I am, &c.

JOHN RADCLIFFE.

But whatever credit may now be paid to this letter, or however it may now be thought to justify the doctor's refusal to attend her majesty, he became, at that time, so much the object of popular resentment, that he was apprehensive of being assassinated; as appears by the following letter, directed to Dr. *Mead*, at *Child's* coffee-house, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*.

Dear Sir,

*Carshalton, August 3, 1714.*

I Give you, and your brother, many thanks for the favour you intend me to-morrow; and if there is any other friend, that will be agreeable to you, he shall meet with a hearty welcome from me. Dinner shall be on the table by two, when you may be sure to find me ready to wait upon you. Nor shall I be at any other time from home, because I have received several letters, which threaten me with being pulled to pieces, if ever I come to *London*. After such menaces as these, 'tis easy to imagine, that the conversation of two such very good friends is not only extremely desirable, but the en-

*James's*; and, what is more infamous, stocks arose three *per cent.* upon it in the city. Before I came away, she had recovered a warmth in her breast and one of her arms, and all the doctors agreed, she would in all probability hold out till to-morrow, except *Mead*, who pronounced, several hours before, she could not live two minutes, and seems uneasy it did not happen so. I did not care to talk much to *Arbuthnot*, because I heard him cautious in his answers to other people; but, by his manner, I fancy he does not yet absolutely despair. The council sat yesterday all day and night, taking it by turns to go out and refresh themselves. They have now adjourned, upon what the doctors said, till five. Last night the speaker and my lord chief justice *Parker* were sent for, and the troops from *Flanders*. This morning the *Hanoverian* envoy was ordered to attend with the black box \*, and the heralds to be in readiness to proclaim the new king. Some of the whigs were at the council yesterday, but not one failed to-day; and most of the members of that party, in each house, are already come to town. If any change happens before the post goes out, I will send

joyment of it will be a great happiness and satisfaction to him, who is, &c.

JOHN RADCLIFFE.

*Radcliffe* died on the first of *November* the same year, having survived the queen just three months; and it is said, that the dread he had of the populace, and the want of company in the country village, which he did not dare to leave, shortened his life. He was just sixty-four years old.

\* 'Containing the instrument nominating the persons, in number thirteen, to be added as lords justices to the seven great officers of the realm.'

you



you word in a postscript; and you may conclude her alive, if you hear no more from me, and have no better authority than post-letters to inform you of the contrary. For God's sake don't think of removing from the place where you are, till matters are a little settled. *Ireland* is the last retreat you ought to think of; but you can never be better than you are now, till we see how things go.

I had yours with the printed pamphlet, as well as the other, and should have sent it away to-morrow. Pray let me hear from you.

Have you had all mine? I have failed you but one post (I think it was the last) for a fortnight, or more.

Eleven at Night.

The queen is something better, and the council again adjourned till eight in the morning.

## L E T T E R CXLVIII.

Mr. JOHN BIRCH to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN, One o'clock, Wantage, Aug. 1, 1714.

AT twelve o'clock lord *Bolingbroke's* man rid through *Wantage*, to call Mr. *Packer* to *London*, the queen being dead. I am confounded at the melancholy news; yet could not forbear sending it to you.  
Your truly humble servant,

JO. BIRCH.

## L E T T E R CXLIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN,

August 3, 1714.

THE earl of *Oxford* was removed on *Tuesday*; the queen died on *Sunday*. What a world is this; and how does fortune banter us? *John Barber* tells me, you have set your face towards *Ireland*. Pray don't go. I am against it. But that is nothing; *John* is against it. *Ireland* will be the scene of some disorder, at least it will be the scene of mortification to your friends. Here every thing is quiet, and will continue so. Besides which, as prosperity divided, misfortune may perhaps in some degree unite us. The tories seem to resolve not to be crushed; and that is enough to prevent them from being so. *Pope* has sent me a letter from *Gay*: being learned in geography, he took *Binsfield* \* to be the ready way from *Hanover* to *Whitehall*. Adieu. But come to *London*, if you stay no longer than a fortnight. Ever yours, dear *Jonathan*, most sincerely.

I have lost all by the death of the queen, but my spirit; and I protest to you, I feel that increase upon me. The whigs are a pack of *Jacobites*; that shall be the cry in a month, if you please.

\* 'A village where Mr. *Pope*'s father lived, and whence several of Mr. *Pope*'s letters were written. It is in *Windsor-forest*, and lies in *Berkshire*.'



## LETTER CL.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Tuesday, August 3, 1714.

I Am overwhelmed with business, and therefore have only time to tell you, I received yours of *August* the 1st, and think you should come to town, to see how the world goes : for all old schemes, designs, projects, journeys, &c. are broke, by this great event. We are ill prognosticators. Everything goes on with a tranquillity we durst not hope for. Earl *Berkeley* commands the fleet. Lord *Dorset* compliments the king. The duke of *Bolton*, lord-lieutenant of *Southampton*. *Addison*, secretary to the regents.

## LETTER CLI.

Mr. JOHN BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR,

August 3, 1714.

YOU may easily imagine the concern we were all in at the sudden surprise of the queen's death. I have hardly recovered it yet. Lord *Bolingbroke* told me last *Friday*, that he would reconcile you to lady *Somerſet*\*,

\* We are told in the life of *Swift*, prefixed to *Bathurst's* edition of his works, that before his acquaintance with lord *Oxford*, a bishopric was intended for him by the queen; but that archbishop *Sharp*, and a certain great lady, having misrepresented his principles and character, her majesty gave it to another. The duchess of *Somerſet* was this certain great lady. She was first lady of the bed chamber, and lady of the robes. See an account of her

and then it would be easy to set you right with the queen, and that you should be made easy here, and not go over. He said twenty things in your favour, and commanded me to bring you up, whatever was the consequence. He said further, he would make clear work with them. But all vanished in a minute; and he is now threatened and abused every day by the party, who publicly rejoice, and swear, they will turn out every tory in *England*.

Inclosed you have a letter from my lord; he desires you would come up, and be any where *incognito*.

The earl of *Berkeley* is to command the fleet to fetch over the king, and the duke of *Argyle* is to go to *Scotland*. I send you the list of twenty-five kings \*. Poor lady *Masbam* is almost dead with grief.

The parliament meets to-morrow, which will hinder me from coming down for three or four days; but if you resolve to stay in the country farther, I will certainly come down; for I must needs see you. Pray favour me with a line. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant. Pray come up.

When my lord gave me the letter, he said, he hoped you would come up, and help to save the constitution, which, with a little good management, might be kept in tory hands.

interposing between her majesty's favour and the Dean, with her motive, in Vol. XIV. of *Swift's* works, 8vo. edition.

\* The lords of the regency.



## L E T T E R CLII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, August 5, 1714.

I Have writ to \* *Dawson* for a licence of absence for you; but you know you must take the oaths in *Ireland* within three months. There are a great many here in the same circumstances; and, in all probability, some of them will desire an act of parliament to have leave to do it here. In that case, it will be no difficult matter to have you included. Mr. *Lewis* tells me, he wrote to you to come up to town, and I see no reason why you should not. All matters go on very quiet, and we are not apprehensive of any disturbances. Stocks never rose so much in so few days. This is imputed to the hatred of the old treasurer, and the popularity of the new one. The whigs were not in the council when he was recommended. Lord *Bolingbroke* proposed it there, as well as to the queen; and, I hope, they two are upon very good terms, though Mr. *Lewis* seems positive of the contrary. I never heard of any pique the duke had to him, but that he was to be chief minister: and that being at an end, why may not they be reconciled? The *dragon* was thought to shew more joy upon proclaiming the king, than was consistent with the obligations he had received from——. He was hissed all the way by the mob, and some of them threw halters into his coach. This was not the effect of party; for the

\* *Joshua Dawson*, Esq; secretary to the lords justices of *Ireland*.

duke of *Ormonde* was huzza'd throughout the whole city, and was followed by a vast crowd to his own house, though he used all possible endeavours to prevent it. 'There was an attempt to affront the *captain* in the cavalcade, but it did not succeed; and though a few hissed, the acclamations immediately drowned the noise. Not a single man shewed the least respect to the *colonel*; and last night my lord *Bingley* \* was beaten, by mistake, coming out of his house. I doubt he has disoblged both sides so much, that neither will ever own him; and his enemies tell stories of him, that I shall not believe till I find you allow them.

The lords justices made a speech to the parliament to-day. If it comes out time enough, I will send it you; but I hear it only contains their proceedings upon the queen's death; that they have yet received no directions from the king, and to desire the commons to continue the funds, which are expired. I am told, our regents are already divided into four parties. The greatest use they have made yet of their power, is to appoint my lord *Berkeley* to command the fleet, which is to bring over the king, and to make the duke of *Bolton* lord-lieutenant of *Hampshire*.

I send you a *Gazette* †, though I am ashamed to have it seen. I had writ a great deal more of the queen's illness, an account of her birth, &c. but I could not find out Mr. *Lewis*, and had nobody to consult with, and therefore chose rather to say too little, than any

\* 'Who had been appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of *Spain*, in the room of lord *Lexington*, in December 1713.'

† He was gazetteer.



thing I doubted might be improper. Yesterday the duke of *Marlborough* made his public entry thro' the city : first, came about two hundred horsemen, three in a row, then a company of train-bands, with drums, &c. his own chariot with himself, then his duchess followed by sixteen coaches with six horses, and between thirty and forty with two horses. There was no great mob when he passed through the *Pall-Mall*; but there was in the city : and he was hissed by more than huzza'd. At *Temple-bar*, I am assured, the noise of hissing was loudest, though they had prepared their friends to receive him, and the gathering of others was only accidental. You may guess how great a favourite he is, by some old stories of his behaviour at the camp, when —— was there, and afterwards at *Hanover* ; and by the share he and his family have in the regency. But to be sure, this discreet action will endear him more than any subject in *England*. We had bonfires, &c. at night. From the list of the lords justices, and some other things, we imagine to ourselves there will not be many changes, but that the vacancies for some time will be filled up with whigs.

What I blotted out in my last, was something that passed between the *captain* and *Barber*, relating to you. After I had writ, they told me all letters would be opened, which made me blot out that passage. *Barber* says, he gave you some account of it, though not a full one. I really believe lord *Bolingbroke* was very sincere in the professions he made of you, and he could have done any thing. No minister was every in that height of favour ; and lady *Masham* was

at least, in as much credit, as she had been in any time of her life. But these are melancholy reflections. Pray send me your poem \*, *Hoc erat*, &c. or bring it up yourself. *Barber* told me, he had been several hours with the *captain*, upon a thing, that should have come out but was now at an end †. He did not tell what it was; and I would not ask many questions, for fear of giving him suspicion.

### L E T T E R   CLIII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT,

SIR,

Whitehall, August 7, 1714.

IT is true you have nothing to do here; but what have you to do any where else till you go to *Ireland*, where you must indeed be before three months end, in order to qualify yourself? The law requires it, as much as if your deanry was but now conferred upon you.

*Arbuthnot* is removed to *Chelsea*, and will settle there. The town fills every moment. We are as full in the house of commons as at any time. We are gaping and staring to see who is to rule us. The whigs think they shall engross all. We think we shall have our share. In the mean time we have no division at

\* This poem is an imitation of part of the sixth satire of the second book of *Horace*, and is printed in Vol. VI. of *Bathurst's* 8vo. edition of 1754, p. 55.

I often wish'd, that I had clear,

For life, six hundred pounds a year, &c.

† *Free Thoughts*.



council, or in parliament. I sent twice to *Kensington* to enquire after lady *Masbam's* health. Next week I will go to see her, and will keep up my acquaintance, in all events, if she thinks fit. I will stay here till our commission is either renewed to us, or given to another. I am yours, &c.

## L E T T E R CLIV.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Whitehall August 10, 1714.

I Never differed from you, in my opinion, in any point so much, as in your proposal to accommodate matters between the *dragon* and his *quondam* friends. I will venture to go so far with you, as to say he contributed to his own disgrace, by his *petiteffes*, more than they did, or ever had it in their power to do. But since they would admit of no terms of accommodation, when he offered to serve them in their own way, I had rather see his dead carcase, than that he should now tamely submit to those, who have loaded him with all the obloquy malice could suggest, and tongues utter. Have not *Charteris* \*, *Brinsden* †, and

\* The celebrated colonel *Charteris*, whose character and epitaph may be found in the works of Mr. *Pope*.

† 'He is said, by Mr. *Boyer*, in *Political State*, vol. iii. for Jan. 1711-12, p. 52, to have been an oculist, and a private agent of lord *Bolingbroke*; and to have been employed by the government in *January*, 1711-12, to attend on prince *Eugene*, when his highness arrived in *England* in the beginning of that month. The truth is that he was *Valet de Chambre* to lord *Bolingbroke*; and a dealer in wine.'

all the runners, been employed to call him dog, villain, sot, and worthless? And shall he, after this, join them? To what end? I have great tenderness for lady——\*, and think her best way is to retire, and enjoy the comforts of a domestic life. But sure the earth has not produced such monsters as *Mercurialis* †, and his companion ‡, and the prelate ||. The last openly avows he never had obligations to the *dragon*, loads him with ten thousand crimes; tho' his greatest, in reality, was preferring him. But to come out of this rant; What should they be friends for? *Cui bono*? Are we in a dream? Is the queen alive again? Can the lady § hereafter make any figure, but be a *persona muta* in a drama? If the *dragon* declares against the man of *mercury*, he may strike in with the *tertium quid*, that will probably arise; but with him he can never be otherwise than spurned and hated. The natural result of this is, that however I may, for my private satisfaction, desire to see you here, I cannot but think you should go to *Ireland* to qualify yourself, and then return hither, when the chaos will be jumbled into some kind of order. If the king keeps some tories in employment, the notion of whig and tory will be lost; but that of court and country will arise \*. The regency has declared in favour of the whigs in *Ireland*. I believe Mr. *Thomas* will stand

\* *Masbam.*

† Lord *Bolingbroke.*

‡ 'Probably the lord chancellor *Harcourt.*'

|| The bishop of *Rochester.*

§ Lady *Masbam.*

\* This is a remarkable prediction, which we have seen fulfilled,



his ground. We shall be dissolved as soon as we have settled the civil list. We have no appearance, that any attempt will be formed by the pretender.

## L E T T E R   C L V .

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T .

August 11, 1714.

I Swear I did not imagine, that you could have held out through two pages, even of small paper, in so grave a stile. Your state of late passages is right enough. I reflect upon them with indignation, and shall never forgive myself for having trusted so long to so much real pride and awkward humility; to an air of such familiar friendship, and a heart so void of all tenderness; to such a temper of engrossing business and power, and so perfect an incapacity to manage one, with such a tyrannical disposition to abuse the other, &c \*.

But enough of this, I cannot load him as k——, without fixing fool on myself.

For you I have a most sincere and warm affection, and in every part of my life will shew it. Go into *Ireland*, since it must be so, to swear †, and come back into *Britain* to bless me, and those few friends, who will enjoy you.

\* He means lord *Oxford*,

† ‘ That is, to take the oaths to the government on king *George*’s accession to the throne.’

*Johannes Tonsor* \* brings you this. From him you will hear what is doing. Adieu, love me, and love me the better, because after a greater blow than most men ever felt, I keep up my spirit; am neither dejected at what has passed, nor apprehensive of what is to come. *Mea virtute me involvo.*

## L E T T E R CLVI.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Aug. 12, 1714.

OUR † justices sit several hours every day, without affording us the least news. I don't hear any thing they have done worth mentioning, except some orders they have given about the dispute in the city of *Dublin*. You may be sure they are not such as will please our friends; but I think you and I agreed in condemning those proceedings in our own people.

\* *John Barber.*

† On the demise of the queen, the following were lords of the regency, until the arrival of *George I.* from *Hanover*. Archbishop *Tennison*; lord *Harcourt*, lord *Chancellor*; the duke of *Buckingham*, president of the council; the duke of *Shrewsbury*, lord-lieutenant of *Ireland*, and lord high treasurer of *England*; the earl of *Strafford*, first lord commissioner of the admiralty; and Sir *Thomas Parker*, lord chief justice of the court of *King's-Bench*, who were appointed by act of parliament. To these the elector of *Hanover* on the demise of queen *Anne*, was pleased to add the following; the archbishop of *York*, the dukes of *Shrewsbury*, *Somerset*, *Bolton*, *Devonshire*, *Kent*, *Argyle*, *Montrose* and *Roxborough*; the earls of *Pembroke*, *Anglesey*, *Carlisle*, *Nottingham*, *Abingdon*, *Scarborough* and *Orford*; lord viscount *Townshend*; lords *Hallifax* and *Cowper*.

My



My lord *Darby* is made lord-lieutenant of *Lancashire*. That and *Hampshire* are the only vacant employments they have filled up; I suppose under pretence of their being maritime counties. If the whigs had directed the list of regents, *Marlborough*, *Sunderland* and *Wharton* had not been left out. There are five tories too, that would not have been in. Though they were a little whimsical for three or four days about the succession, they seemed to recant, and owned themselves in an error by the later votes. Every one of them approved the peace, and were for the address at the end of the last session, that it was safe, honourable and advantageous. Considering what ministers were employed here by the court of *Hanover*, and that the king himself had little information but what he received from them, I think his list shews no ill disposition to the tories: and they say he is not apt to be hasty in removing the persons he finds in employment. The bill is brought in for granting him the old duties for the civil list. One *Wikes*, of *Northampton*, moved to tack the place-bill to it; but nobody seconded him, and he was extremely laughed at. He happens unluckily to be a tory.

Did you receive your papers last post? the first copy is not yet left at *St. Dunstan's*. Should I send to *Barber* for it in lord *Bolingbroke's* name? I have writ to him to bring in his bill, and as soon as he comes I will pay him. I suppose I shall see him tomorrow. I wish you a good journey to *Ireland*. But if I hear *Saturday's* post comes into *Wantage* on *Sunday*, I may trouble you again. Pray let me know when you land in *Ireland*, that I may write to you, if any thing

thing happens worth while. I shall be very impatient for what you promise me from thence. I should be very glad to hear from you while you are on the road.

Lord *Anglesey* came to town last *Tuesday*. They are all here now, except *Pembroke* and *Strafford*. *Charles Eversfield* is making his court to the dukes of *Somerset* and *Argyle*: he declares he will keep his place, if he can, and that he will not stir for *Campion's* election in the county of *Sussex*. *Campion* and he have had some high words upon that account. Lord *Orford* told the commissioners of the admiralty, they were ignorant, negligent of their duty, and wanted zeal for the king's service.

## L E T T E R CLVII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

August 12, 1714.

I Thank you for your kind letter, which is very comfortable upon such a melancholy occasion. My dear mistress's days were numbered even in my imagination, and could not exceed such certain limits, but of that small number a great deal was cut off by the last troublesome scene of this contention among her servants. I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller than death was to her; only it surprized her too suddenly before she had signed her will; which no doubt her being involved in so much business hindered her from finishing. It is unfortunate, that she had been persuaded, as is supposed by *Lowndes*, that it was necessary to have it under the great seal. I  
have



have figured to myself all this melancholy scene; and even, if it be possible, worse than it has happened twenty times; so that I was prepared for it. My case is not half so deplorable as poor lady *Masham's*, and several of the queen's servants; some of whom have no chance for their bread but the generosity of his present majesty, which several people, that know him, very much commend. So far is plain from what has happened in public affairs, that what one party affirmed of the settlement has proved true, that it was firm: that it was in some measure an advantage to the successor not to have been here, and so obliged to declare himself in several things, in which he is now at liberty. And indeed, never any prince in this respect came to the crown with greater advantage. I can assure you the peaceable scene, that now appears, is a disappointment to more than one set of people.

I have an opportunity calmly and philosophically to consider that treasure of vileness and baseness, that I always believed to be in the heart of man; and to behold them exert their insolence and baseness: every new instance, instead of surprizing and grieving me, as it does some of my friends, really diverts me, and in a manner improves my theory. Though I think I have not met with it in my own case, except from one man. And he was very far mistaken, for to him I would not abate one grain of my proud spirit. Dear friend, the last sentence of your letter quite kills me. Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am sure I never can forget you, till I meet with (what is impossible)

impossible) another, whose conversation I can delight so much in as Dr. *Swift's*: and yet that is the smallest thing I ought to value you for. That hearty sincere friendship, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I am sure I never can find in another man. I shall want often a faithful monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my faults to my face. God knows I write this with tears in my eyes. Yet do not be obstinate, but come up for a little time to *London*; and if you must needs go, we may concert a manner of correspondence wherever we are. I have a letter from *Gay* just before the queen's death. Is he not a true poet, who had not one of his own books to give to the princess, that asked for one?

## L E T T E R CLVIII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 14, 1714 \*.

I Suppose you expect news upon † *Cragg's* return from *Hanover*; but I don't hear a word more than what you have in the lords justices speech. Yesterday morning after he came, the whigs looked dejected, and our friends very much pleased; tho' I do not know any reason for either, unless it was expected by

\* " On the back of this letter is the following note of the Dean.  
" Memorandum, I left *Letcomb*, August 16, 1714, in order to go to *Ireland*."

† *James Craggs*, Esq; afterwards one of the secretaries of state, and a Privy Councillor.



both sides, that he would have brought orders for alterations. It seems the *dragon's* entertainment was on a family account, upon the agreement between lord *Harley* and lord *Pelham*; and only those, who were concerned in their affairs, were invited. But slighter grounds would have served to raise a story at this time; and it was sufficient, that my lord *Townshend* and lord *Cowper* dined at his house. However, we look upon him as lost to our side; and he has certainly made advances of civility to the whigs, which they have returned with the utmost contempt. I am told *Dismal* \* begins to declare for his old friends, and protests he was really afraid for the protestant succession, which made him act in the manner he did. The foreign peers are certainly deprived of their right of voting by the express words of the act of succession; and it appears it was the intention of the legislature at that time, for prince *George* of *Denmark* was excepted by name; but it is thought the lords will interpret it otherwise when it comes to be tried. They don't lose the other privileges of peerage, and their posterity born here may sit in the house. The same clause extends to the house of commons; and no foreigner can enjoy any employment, civil or military. They may be favourable to the lords, who are all whigs; but I doubt poor *Duke Disney* will lose his regiment. I suppose *Barber* has given you an account of lord *B——*'s pamphlet. If you and he are not come to an éclaircissement upon it, shall I send to him for it? I long for the other. Yesterday the commons

\* The earl of *Nottingham*.

voted *nemine con.* to pay the *Hanover* troops, that deserted us in 1712. To-day Sir *William Wyndham, Champion*, and two or three more, gave some opposition to it; for which they are extremely blamed. I think they had acted right, if they had spoke against it yesterday; but it seems they were not then in the house. They had not strength enough to-day to come to a division.

Once more I wish you a good journey and a quick return; and I hope you will find things go better than you expect.

## L E T T E R CLIX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. ARBUTHNOT, or the DEAN of  
*St. Patrick's.*

Hanover, Aug. 16, 1714.

YOU remember, I suppose, that I was to write you abundance of letters from *Hanover*; but as one of the most distinguishing qualities of a politician is secrecy, you must not expect from me any arcanas of state. There is another thing, that is necessary to establish the character of a politician; which is, to seem always to be full of affairs of state; to know the consultations of the cabinet council, when at the same time all his politics are collected from news-papers. Which of these two causes my secrecy is owing to, I leave you to determine. There is yet one thing more, that is extremely necessary for a foreign minister, which he can no more be without, than an artizan without his terms; I mean, the terms of his art. I call it an art.

or



or science, because I think the king of *France* hath established an academy to instruct the young *Machiavellians*, of his country in the deep and profound science of politics. To the end that I might be qualified for an employment of this nature, and not only be qualified myself, but (to speak in the stile of Sir *John Falstaff*) be the cause of qualifications in others, I have made it my business to read memoirs, treaties, &c. And as a dictionary of law terms is thought necessary for young beginners; so I thought a dictionary of terms of state would be no less useful for young politicians. The terms of politics being not so numerous, as to swell into a volume, especially in time of peace, (for in time of war all the terms of fortification are included) I thought fit to extract them in the same manner, for the benefit of young practitioners, as a famous author hath compiled his learned treatise of the law, called the Doctor and Student. I have not made any great progress in this piece; but, however, I will just give you a specimen of it, which will make you in the same manner a judge of the design and nature of this treatise.

*Politician.* What are the necessary tools for a prince to work with?

*Student.* Ministers of state.

*Politician.* What are the two great qualities of a minister of state?

*Student.* Secrecy and dispatch.

*Politician.* Into how many parts are the ministers of state divided?

*Student.* Into two. First, ministers of state at home;  
 VOL. II, H secondly

secondly, ministers of state abroad, who are called foreign ministers.

*Politician.* Very right. Now, as I design you for the latter of these employments, I shall wave saying any thing of the first of these. What are the different degrees of foreign ministers ?

*Student.* The different degrees of foreign ministers are as follow. First, Plenipotentiaries. Second, Embassadors extraordinary. Third, Embassadors in ordinary. Fourth, Envoys extraordinary. Fifth, Envoys in ordinary. Sixth, Residents. Seventh, Consuls. And eighth, Secretaries.

*Politician.* How is a foreign minister to be known ?

*Student.* By his credentials.

*Politician.* When are a foreign minister's credentials to be delivered ?

*Student.* Upon his first admission into the presence of the prince, to whom he is sent, otherwise called his first audience.

*Politician.* How many kind of audiences are there ?

*Student.* Two, which are called a public audience, and a private audience.

*Politician.* What should a foreign minister's behaviour be when he has first audience ?

*Student.* He should bow profoundly, speak deliberately, and wear both sides of his long periwig before.

By these few questions and answers you may be able to make some judgement of the usefulness of this politic treatise. *Wicquefort*, it is true, can never be sufficiently admired for his elaborate treatise of the conduct



duct of an ambassador in all his negotiations : but I design this only as a compedium, or the ambassador's manuel, or *vade mecum*.

I have wrote so far of this letter, and do not know who to send it to ; but I have now determined to send it, either to Dr. *Arbutnot*, or the dean of St. *Patrick's*, or to both. My lord *Clarendon* is very much approved of at court ; and I believe is not dissatisfied with his reception. We have not much variety of diversions : what we did yesterday and to-day we shall do to-morrow ; which is to go to court, and walk in the gardens at *Herenhausen*. If I write any more, my letter will be just like my diversions, the same thing over and over again. So, Sirs, your most obliged, humble servant,

J. G A Y.

I would have writ this letter over again, but I had not time. Correct all erratas.

## L E T T E R   C L X.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER,

Oct. 19, 1714.

**EVEN** in affliction your letter made me melancholy, and communicated some of the spleen, which you had, when you wrote it, and made me forfeit some of my reputation of chearfulness and temper under affliction. However, I have so many subjects amongst my friends and fellow-servants to be grieved for, that I can easily turn it off myself with credit. The queen's poor servants are like so many poor orphans exposed in the very streets. And those, whose

past obligations of gratitude and honour ought to have engaged them to have represented their case, pass by them, like so many abandoned creatures, without the possibility of ever being able to make the least return for a favour, which has added to my theory of human virtue.

I wish I did not only haunt you in the obliging and affectionate sense you are pleased to express it, but were personally present with you; and I think it were hardly in the power of fortune not to make some minutes pleasant. I dine with my lord and lady *Masbam* to-day, where we will, as usually, remember you.

You have read ere this time the *history of the White Staff*\*, which is either contrived by an enemy, or by himself, to bring down vengeance; and I have told some of his nearest friends so. All the *dragon* can say will not give him one single friend amongst the whole party; and therefore I even wonder at him, which you will say is a strange thing. The very great person of all † can hardly speak of him with patience. The *Conde* acts like a man of spirit, makes up to the

\* ‘A pamphlet written by Mr. *Daniel de Foe*, and published 1714, in 8vo, in two parts, under the title of *The secret history of the White Staff; being an account of affairs under the conduct of some late ministers, and of what might probably have happened, if her majesty had not died*. Soon after the publication of it came out in 8vo, *A detection of the soppisry and falsities of the pamphlet, entitled, The secret history of the White Staff, containing an enquiry into the staff’s conduct in the late management, particularly with respect to the protestant succession.*’

† ‘Probably king *George I.*’



k——, and talks to him, and would have acted with more sense than any of them, could he have had any body to have acted along with him: *nos numerus sumus*, &c. The man you speak of is just as you describe, so I beg pardon. *Shadwell* says, he will have my place at *Chelsea*. *Garth* told me, his merit was giving intelligence about his mistress's health. I desired he would do me the favour to say, that I valued myself upon quite the contrary; and I hoped to live to see the day, when his majesty would value me the more for it too. I have not seen any thing as yet to make me recant a certain inconvenient opinion I have, that one cannot pay too dear for peace of mind.

Poor philosopher *Berkeley*, has now the idea \* of health, which was very hard to produce in him; for he had an idea of a strange fever upon him so strong, that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one. Poor *Gay* is much where he was, only out of the † duchess's family and service. He has some confidence in the princess and countess of *Picborough*; I wish it may be significant to him. I advised him to make a poem upon the princess before she came over, describing her to the *English* ladies; for it seems the princess does not dislike that. She is really a person, that I believe will give great content to every body. But *Gay* was in such a groveling condition, as to the affairs of the world, that his muse would not stoop to visit him. I can say no more of news, than that you

\* This alludes to this book, in which he attempts to prove, that all things supposed to depend upon a material world subsist only in idea.

† The duchess of *Monmouth*.

will find the proceedings hitherto have been comparatively gentle. Adieu.

## L E T T E R   CLXI \*.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

**I** Thank you kindly for yours, with the inclosed from our friend. I would have obeyed your commands as to the *history of the White Staff*; but that there really is no answer to it, more than a thing, that rises just out of what is said in the history. None wrote on purpose by any one, that knows matters of fact, or can contradict what he says; or indeed wrote by concert of the persons, that are attacked. And I reckon any other is not worth your while to read. The *dragon* denies it; but as I told the governor, it is necessary for him to do that in a very solemn and strong manner; else there will be a ripping answer, as you say. All things go on at the usual rate. I am at an uncertainty still as to my little office. I leave them to do just as they please. *George Fielding* and brigadier *Brittain* are grooms of the bedchamber, which does not seem altogether the doing of a certain great man. The groom of the stole is still uncertain, lying betwixt two, that you know. I am told, that the great person of all has spoke more contemptibly of the *dragon* than of any body, and in very hard terms. Has not he managed finely at last? The princess gives great content to every body. I will add no more,

\* Written on the same paper with the last.



being to write on the other side to the dean ; which pray forward.

## L E T T E R   CLXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Sir ARTHUR LANGFORD.

S I R,

Trim, Oct. 30, 1714.

**I** Was to wait on you the other day, and was told by your servant, that you are not to be seen till towards evening, which, at the distance I am at this time of the year, cannot easily be compassed. My principal business was to let you know, that since my last return from *England* many persons have complained to me, that I suffered a conventicle to be kept in my parish, and in a place, where there never was any before. I mentioned this to your nephew *Rowley* in *Dublin*, when he came to me with this message from you; but I could not prevail with him to write to you about it. I have always looked upon you as an honest gentleman, of great charity and piety in your way, and I hope you will remember, at the same time, that it becomes you to be a legal man, and that you will not promote or encourage, much less give a beginning to, a thing directly contrary to the law. You know the dissenters in *Ireland* are suffered to have their conventicles only by connivance, and that only in places where they formerly used to meet. Whereas this conventicle of yours is a new thing, in a new place, entirely of your own erection, and perverted to this ill use from the design you outwardly seemed to have intended it for. It has been the weakness of the

dissenters to be too sanguine and assuming upon events in the state, which appeared to give them the least encouragement; and this, in other turns of affairs, hath proved very much to their disadvantage. The most moderate churchmen may be apt to resent when they see a sect, without toleration by law, insulting the established religion. Whenever the legislature shall think fit to give them leave to build new conventicles, all good churchmen will submit; but till then we can hardly see it without betraying our church. I hope therefore you will not think it hard, if I take those methods, which my duty obliges me, to prevent this growing evil, as far as it lies in my power, unless you shall think fit from your own prudence, or the advice of some understanding friends, to shut up the doors of that conventicle for the future. I am, with true friendship and esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

B.

### L E T T E R   CLXIII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Nov. 4, 1714.

**I** Have one letter from you to acknowledge, which I will do very soon. In the mean time, I send this to acquaint you, that if you have not already hid your papers in some private place in the hands of a trusty friend, I fear they will fall into the hands of our enemies. Sure, you have already taken care in this matter, by what the public prints told you of the proceedings of the great men towards the earl of

*Strafford*



*Strafford* and Mr. *Prior*. However, for greater caution, this is sent you by——I am, &c.

## L E T T E R CLXIV.

Monfieur SWIFT a Monfieur GIRALDI.

MONSIEUR, De Dublin, Fevriere 25, 1714-15.

JE prens la liberté de vous presenter le porteur de cellucy, Monfieur *Howard*, gentilhomme favant et de condition de ce pais cy; qui pretend de faire le tour d' *Italie*; et qui etant chanoine en mon doyenné, et professeur de college icy, veut en voyageant parmi les catholique s'opiniatrer le plus dans son heresie. Et apres tout, Monfieur, il n'est que juste, que puis-que vous avez derobé notre franchise *Angloise* pour l'ajouter à vôtre politeffe *Italienne*, que quelques uns de nous autres tramontanes devoient en voyageant chez vous a faire des reprisailles. Vous me souffiriez aussi de vous prier de presenter mes tres humble devoirs à son altesse royale le Grand Duc.

Pour mon particulier, Monfieur, je prens la liberté de vous dire, que deux mois devant la mort de la reine, voyant, qu'il estoit tout a fait impossible de r'accommoder mes amis du ministere, je me retiré a la campagne en *Berkshire*, d'ou apres ce triste evenement je venois en *Irlande*, ou je demure en mon doyenné, et attens avec la resignation d'un bon Chrétien la ruin de nôtre cause et de mes amis, managée tous les jous par la faction dominante. Car ces Messieurs sont tout a fait resolu de trancher une demi-douzaine des tetes des milleurs d' *Angleterre*, et que vous avez  
fort

fort bien connus et estimés. Dieu fait que en fera l'évenement. Pour moy, j'ai quitte pour jamais la politique, et avec la permission des bons gens, qui sont maintenant en vogue, je demeureray la reste de ma vie en mon hermitage pour songer à mon salut.

Adieu, Monsieur, et me faites la justice de croire, que je suis, avec beaucoup de respect, Monsieur, votre, &c.

*Note,* Monsieur Giral-di was secretary to the duke of Tuscany.

## L E T T E R CLXV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 6, 1715.

I Received your very Heraclitian letter. I am kinder than you. I desire to hear your complaints, and will always share them, when I cannot remove them. I should have the same concern for things as you, were I not convinced, that a comet will make much more strange revolutions upon the face of our globe, than all the petty changes, that can be occasioned by governments and ministries. And you will allow it to be a matter of importance, to think of methods to save one's self and family in such a terrible shock, when this whole earth will turn upon new poles, and revolve in a new orbit. I consider myself as a poor passenger, and that the earth is not to be forsaken, nor the rocks removed from me. But you are certainly some first minister of a great monarch, who, for some misbehaviour, are condemned, in this  
re-



revolution of things, to govern a chapter, and a choir of singing-men. I am sure I should think myself happy, if I had only such a province as the latter. Certainly your chapter is too peaceable, and not like other chapters; else they would give you more occupation. You see I begin with philosophy. As to business, I this moment saw the *dragon*. He had your letters, and shewed them to me some time ago, and seems to be mighty fond of the project: only he is to be at *Wimble*, and not in *Herefordshire*, and it is but a step further. He is to write to-night, if you believe him, to that very purpose; nay, I am to have the letter to inclose, and I intend to keep mine open till eleven. It is strange, that you should imagine the *dragon* had cast his exuviae in his den \*, or that confinement is a cure for inactivity; so far from it, all these habits are ten times stronger upon him than ever. *Lewis* will furnish you with a collection of new stories, that are as far beyond the old ones, as you can imagine. Therefore I say again, come, and you will be far from finding any such dismal scenes as you describe. Your own letter will furnish you with topics to conquer your melancholy. For in such a mutability what is it, that must not in time cast up? Even the return of that brother † you mention. And as philosophical as I am, I should be very sad, if I did not think that very probable and feasible. As to your friends, tho' the world is changed to them, they are not changed to you; and you will be caressed as much

\* He was sent to the *Tower*.

† *Bolingbroke*.

as ever, and by some, that bore you no good will formerly. Do you think there is no pleasure in hearing the *H——r* club \* declaim upon the clemency and gentleness of the late reign, and a thousand stranger things? As for the constitution, it is in no more danger than a strong man, that has got a little surfeit by drunkenness. All will be well, and people recover their sober senses every day. Several of your friends dine with me to-day, lady *Ma——*, *John Drummond*, the judge, &c. where you will be remembered. I wish I could return your compliments as to my wife and bairnes. Sure you are a very ill husband, for you had the compleat thousand, when you were in *England*, and sixpence of another thousand given by the *dragon*. I remember that full well. *L——* is gone his progress. I shall be at *Bath* in a fortnight. Come that way. Adieu.

I really think the person I recommended will do well; he will be quite another thing before *Michaelmas*, with *Rosgrave's* † teaching, &c. He has a good voice.

## LETTER CLXVI.

Dr. FRIEND ‡ to Dr. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN,

Westm. Sept. 20, 1715.

I AM much obliged to lady *Kerry* for giving you an occasion of writing, and shall always be pleased in receiving any commands from you. Mr. *Fitzmaurice*

\* *Hanover* club, of which *Ambrose Phillips*, esq; was secretary.

† See the note on *Prior's* letter, dated *August 16, 1713*.

‡ 'Robert Friend, D.D. master of *Westminster-school*.'



is very promising, and a favourite of mine already. I had never seen nor heard from any one, that was concerned for him, till I had the favour of yours; but as I had taken a particular notice of him on his own account, I shall now do it much more upon yours. This will be brought to you by your kinsman, Mr. *Rolt*. I am glad I can tell you, that he has behaved himself very well here. He is not of the highest sort, but is very sober and industrious, and will work out his way, and, I believe, deserve any encouragement you are pleased to give him. Things are in an odd posture with us at present; and the state of banishment you are in, may be endured without much regret: however, I shall hope in a little time to see you here, when more of your friends are in town.

The bishop \* and my brother † are much yours, and very desirous of a happy meeting with you. Before this can be with you, you'll be able to guess how soon that may happen. And may it be as soon as is wished by, Sir, your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

R. FRIEND.

## LETTER CLXVII.

The Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Octob. 17, 1715.

I Was extremely pleased to find you had not forgot your friends, when it is so hard for them to write to you,

\* ' Dr. Francis Atterbury, bishop of Rochester.'

† ' John Friend, M. D.'

and,

and, by their concern for you, put you in mind of them. But I find no misfortunes can lessen your friendship, which is so great, as to blind you of the side of their faults, and make you believe you see virtues in them, it were happy for them they enjoyed in any degree; for, I am sure, some of those you named are much wanted at this time. I was as you heard, very well pleased, that my friend \* was safe as to his person, but very uneasy at seeing his reputation so treated. As to his fortune, it is yet in dispute. However, as long as he is well, I am satisfy'd. It is with difficulty I do hear but now and then; a straggling body brings me an account of him; for there has been no encouragement to write by the post, all letters miscarrying, that either he or I have wrote that way, that we have given it over now, and trust to accident for the news of each other. I hope I shall hear from you oftner than I have done for some months past: for no friend you have has more respect for you, than, your most humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

Your niece *Betty* † is your humble servant.

\* The Duke, who being suspected of treasonable Practices, or designs, went abroad.

† Her grace's daughter.



## L E T T E R CLXVIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR FRIEND,

Indorsed

"Received Dec. 2, 1715."

I Hope this will find you in good health, and I hope in greater tranquillity of mind, than when we used to lament together at your office for the eternal faults of our friends. I have seen the *dragon* thrice since I wrote to you. He is without shadow of change; the greatest example of an unshaken tranquillity of mind, that ever I yet saw, seeming perfectly well satisfied with his own conduct in every particular. You know we have often said, that there is but one *dragon* in *rerum natura*. I don't know what he thinks, but I am perfectly well satisfied, that there will not be that one *dragon* left, if some people have their will. *Haly Bassa*, they say struggles for his son-in-law. It is generous and grateful. There is a prodigious quarrel between him and the president about it\*, I am not yet out, but expect to be soon. Adieu.

I had almost forgot to tell you of the Pretender's declaration, in which there are words to this purpose: 'That he had no reason to doubt of the good intention of his sister, which was the reason that he sat quiet in her time; but now was disappointed by the deplorable accident of her sudden death.'

\* 'The president of the council, who at that time was *Daniel* earl of *Nottingham*.'

## L E T T E R CLXIX\*.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER,

I Send you the scrap of a letter begun to you by the whole society, because I suppose you even value the fragments of your friends. The honest gentleman, at whose lodgings we wrote, is gone for *France*. I really value your judgment extremely in chusing your friends. I think worthy Mr. *Ford* is an instance of it, being an honest, sensible, firm, friendly man, *et qualis ab inceptu processerat, &c.*

Tho', by the way, praising your judgment is a little compliment to myself, which I am apt to fall into of late, no-body now being at the trouble of doing it for me. The *Parnellian*, who was to have carried this letter, seems to have changed his mind by some sudden turn in his affairs; but I wish his hopes may not be the effect of some accidental thing working upon his spirits, rather than any well-grounded project.

If it be any pleasure to you, I can assure you, that you are remembered kindly by your friends, and I believe not altogether forgot by your enemies. I think both is for your reputation. I am told, that I am to lose my little preferment: however, I hope to be able to keep a little habitation warm in town. I cannot but say, I think there is one thing in your circumstances, that must make any man happy; which is, a

\* Written on the same paper with the last.



*liberty to preach.* Such a prodigious privilege, that if it did not border upon simony, I could really purchase it for a sum of money. For my part, I never imagine any man can be uneasy, that has the opportunity of venting himself to a whole congregation once a week. And you may pretend what you will, I am sure you think so too, or you don't judge right. As for news, I never enquire about any. *Fuimus Troes, &c.*

My present politics is to give no disturbance to the present folks in the due exercise of their power, for fear of forcing them to do very strange things, rather than part with what they love so well. Untoward reports in the country will make elections dearer, which I am sorry for. The *dragon*, I am afraid, will be struck at. Adieu, in haste.

## L E T T E R CLXX.

Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Jan. 23, 1715-16.

YOUR letter was a great while upon the road, before I had the good luck to have it; and I think I was happy, that it ever arrived here; for it is the second letter I have received out of *Ireland* in above seven months. Either those few friends I have there are afraid of taking notice of me, or my enemies won't let me have the comfort of thinking I have any left, and therefore stop my letters. I give you a thousand thanks for so kindly remembering an absent friend. As

you always think right, I don't wonder you are of the opinion our *friend* \* has not all his good offices very well returned. But who live in this world, must arm themselves with patience, and a resolution able to bear ingratitude, reproach, poverty and afflictions of all kinds ; or submit to the discipline of *Bedlam*.

I have not heard from my master † these many months. I hope he is well, because the good nature of the world would take care I should hear, if he were otherwise.

The lady, you name in your letter, lives at her house in *Berkshire*. I can't entertain you with so much as the tittle-tattle of the town, having not seen it these four months, nor scarce any thing but frost and snow ; which makes me converse most with robin-red breasts, that do me the favour to come in at the windows to see me. Your niece is your humble servant ; but not well, having a rash.

I believe by this time you wish you had not provoked me to write ; since you are troubled with so long a scroll from me ; who am, with great truth, Sir, your most sincere friend, and humble servant.

\* ' Probably the earl of *Oxford*.'

† ' The duke of *Ormond*, her husband.'



## L E T T E R CLXXI.

Bishop ATTERBURY to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD MR. DEAN, Bromley \*, April 6, 1716.

MY gout kept me so long a prisoner at *Westminster* this winter, that I have fixed at *Bromley* this spring much sooner than ever I yet did, for which reason my meeting with Dr. *Younger* will be more difficult, than it would be, had I been still at the deanry †.

The best (or rather the worst) is, that I believe he can say nothing to you upon the matter, about which you write, which will please you. His deanry ‡ is of the old foundation, and in all such foundations the deans have no extraordinary power or privilege, and are nothing more than residentiaries, with a peculiar corps belonging to them as deans; the first of the chapter, but such, whose presence is not necessary towards the dispatch of any one capitular act, the senior residentiary supplying their absence, in every case, with full authority. Thus, I say, the case generally is in the old deanries, unless where the local statutes may have expressly reserved some peculiar power or privilege to the deans of those churches. But none of them, I dare say, have a negative either by common law, custom, or local statute. Thus much to shew you, that a nice search into the pecu-

\* *Bromley* in *Kent*, where the bishops of *Rocheſter* have an episcopal palace.

† Of *Westminster*, which has long been connected with the bishopric of *Rocheſter*.

‡ 'Of *Salisbury*.'

liar rights of the dean of *Sarum* will be needless, if not mischievous to you. 'The three deanries, which I have had, are all of the new foundation, by *Henry VIII.* or queen *Elizabeth*.

In the charters of all there is a clause, empowering the dean to make, punish, and unmake all the officers. In the statutes of one of them (*Carlisle*) the dean's consent, in all *graviores causæ*, is made expressly necessary, and in the other two nothing from the foundation of those churches ever passed the seal without the dean's *sigilletur* first written on the lease, patent, presentation, &c. which is a manifest and uncontested proof of his negative. As to the power of proposing, that I apprehend not to be exclusive to the other members of the chapter. It is a point chiefly of decency and convenience; the dean being the principal person, and supposed best to be acquainted with the affairs of the church, and in what order they are fittest to be transacted. But if any one else of the body will propose any thing, and the rest of the chapter will debate it, I see not how the dean can hinder them, unless it be by leaving the chapter; and that itself will be of no moment in churches, where his absence doth not break up and dissolve the chapter; as it does, where his consent to any thing there treated of is expressly required before it can pass into an act. Where, indeed, he is allowed such a negative, he is generally allowed to make all proposals; because it would be to no purpose for any one to make a proposition, which he can quash by a dissent: but this is not, I say, a matter of right, but prudence.



Upon the whole, the best advice I can give you, is, whatever your powers are by statute or usage, not to insist on them too strictly in either of the cases mentioned by you, unless you are very sure of the favour and countenance of your visitor. The lawyers, you will find, whenever such points come before them for a decision, are very apt to disregard statutes and custom in such cases; and to say, that their books make the act of the majority of the corporation the legal act of the body, without considering, whether the dean be among the minority or no. And therefore your utmost dexterity and address will be necessary, in order to prevent such a trial of your right at common law; which, it is ten to one, (especially as things now stand) will go against you. If the refractory part of your chapter are stout, and men of any sense, or supported underhand (the last of these is highly probable) you had better make use of expedients to decline the difficulty, than bring it at present to a decision. These are the best lights, and this the best advice, I can give you, after a long experience of the natural consequence of such struggles, and a careful search into the foundation of the powers and privileges claimed and disputed on the one side and the other. I wish I could say any thing more to your satisfaction, but I cannot; and I think, in all such cases, the best instance I can give you of my friendship, is not to deceive you.

There is a statute in the latter end of king *Henry* the eighth's reign worthy of your perusal. The title of it relates to the *leases of hospitals*, &c. and the te-

nor of it did, in my apprehension, seem always to imply, that, without the dean, master, &c. nothing could be legally done by the corporation. But the lawyers will not allow this to be good doctrine, and say, that statute (notwithstanding a constant phrase of it) determines nothing of this kind, and, at the most, implies it only as to such deanries, &c. where the dean, master, &c. have the right of a negative, by statute or usage. And few lawyers there are, who will allow even thus much. I cannot explain myself farther on that head; but, when you peruse the statute, you will see what I mean; though, after all, it does not, I believe, include *Ireland*. However, I look upon it as a declaration of the common law here in *England*.

I am sorry you have any occasion to write to me on these heads, and much sorer, that I am not able to give you any tolerable account of them. God forgive those, who have furnished me with this knowledge, by involving me designedly into those squabbles. I thank God, I have forgiven them.

I will enter into nothing but the enquiries of your letter, and therefore add not a word more, either in *English* or *Latin*, but that I am, with great esteem, good Mr. Dean, your very affectionate humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN,



## LETTER CLXXII.

Lady BOLINGBROKE\* to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Aug. 4, 1716.

I Wish your last had found me in the country, but, to my misfortune, I am still kept in town, soliciting my unfortunate business. I have found great favour from his majesty. But form is a tedious thing to wait upon. Since 'tis my fate, I must bear it with patience, and perfect it, if I can; for there is nothing like following business one's self. I am unwilling to stir without the seals, which I hope to have soon. I have been very ill; this place never agreeing with me, and less now than ever, it being prodigious hot weather.

I know not what to say as to one part of yours; only this, that you will forgive the fears of a woman, if she says she is glad it is as it is, though it has almost ruined her. I hope, one time or other, his majesty will find my lord has been misrepresented; and, by that means, he may be restored to his country once more with honour; or else, however harsh it may sound out of my mouth, I had rather wear black. These are my real sentiments. I never thought myself, nor my health of any consequence till lately; and since you tell me 'tis so to the unworthy, as you please to term it, I shall take care of it: for the worthy, which I once thought so, they are good for nothing, but to neglect distressed friends. Those few

\* 'Frances, first wife of the lord viscount Bolingbroke, and daughter of Sir Henry Winchcomb, of Bucklebury, in Berks.'

friends I meet with now, are worth a thousand relations : that I found long ago. We have the happiness of odd, half-witted relations, and silly, obstinate, opiniatre friends, that are a severe plague to me. I never could have the pleasure of talking one moment to the d———of O———. She had always company, and some, that I wish she had not. She is now out of town, and we do not correspond at present. I wish her all happiness, and in better hands as to her business. You have a much better opinion of me than I deserve ; but I will study all I can to merit that favour, which you are kind to assure me of.

I wish it were possible for us two to meet, that I might assure you, in person, that I am yours most faithfully.

P. S. Yours came safe. I hope this will to you. There is a lady, who never forgets you, and a particular friend to me, and has been a great comfort to me in my trouble ; I mean my tenant : she is now in the country, to my grief.

## L E T T E R CLXXIII.

Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Sept. 14, 1716.

I Had the ill fortune to miss of that letter you upbraid me with. I had deserved any reproaches you could make me, if it had come to my hands, and I not made due acknowledgments for your enquires

\* 'Duchess of Ormond.'



after me. I'll make you wish you'd not been so angry with me; for I will scrawl out myself, what you'd rather *Betty* or my maid had, for they would have made shorter work of it; but I will answer every part of yours, that you obliged me with by Mr. *Ford*.

First, as to the lady you mention, the reason I had not seen her in a great while was, my being in the country. To tell you the truth, I believe her husband has been a better courtier, than either she, or any of her sex could be; because men have it in their power to serve, and I believe hers has effectually done what lay in him.

You kindly ask how my affairs go. There is yet no end of them, and God only knows when there will be. For when every thing was thought done, a sudden blast had blown all hopes away, and then they give me fresh expectations. In the mean time, I am forced to live upon the borrow; my goods all taken away; that I shan't have so much as a bed to lie upon, but what I must buy; and no money of my own to do that with; so that you may imagine me in a cheerful way. I pray God support me.

The gentleman you enquired after is very well now. The illness you heard he had, he has been subject to a good while. What you desire, I wish were in the power of either his brother or I; but all will go from both of us of every kind. Only they say, that the cloaths upon my back I may perhaps call my own, and that's all. I was obliged to leave the country. I was so ill there, that, if I had not come to the physicians, I can't tell what might have happened.

My

My daughter is your most humble servant, and is pretty well in health.

Am not I one of my word, and troubled you twice as long as you'd have wish'd? But you'll find by this, that a woman's pen should no more be set at work than her tongue; for she never knows when to let either of 'em rest. But my paper puts me in mind, that I have but just room to tell you I wish much to see you here, if it could be with your satisfaction; and that I am, with great sincerity, Sir, your faithful humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

## LETTER CLXXIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 23, 1716.

**I**T is a very great truth, that, among all the losses, which I have sustained, none affected me more sensibly than that of your company and correspondence; and yet, even now, I should not venture to write to you, did not you provoke me to it. A commerce of letters between two men, who are out of the world, and who do not care one farthing to return into it again, must be of little moment to the state; and yet I remember enough of that world, to know, that the most innocent things become criminal in some men, as the most criminal pass applauded in others.

Your letter breathes the same spirit as your conversation at all times inspired, even when the occasions of practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude

seemed



seemed most remote, if such occasions could ever seem remote in men, who are under the direction of your able and honest friend Sir *Roger* \*.

To write about myself is no agreeable task, but your commands are sufficient at once to determine and excuse me. Know therefore, that my health is far better than it has been a great while; that the money, which I brought over with me will hold out some time longer; and that I have secured a small fund, which will yield in any part of the world a revenue sufficient for one, *qui peut le retrencher même avec plaisir dans la médiocrité*, I use a *French* expression, because I have not one, that pleases me, ready in *English*. During several months after my leaving that obscure retreat, into which I had thrown myself last year, I went through all the mortifying circumstances imaginable. At present I enjoy, as far as I consider myself, great complacency of mind; but this inward satisfaction is embittered, when I consider the condition of my friends. They are got into a dark hole, where they grope about after blind guides; stumble from mistake to mistake; jostle against one another, and dash their heads against the wall; and all this to no purpose. For assure yourself, that there is no returning to light; no going out, but by going back. My stile is mystic, but it is your trade to deal in mysteries, and therefore I add neither comment nor

\* Sir *Roger* is the name given to lord treasurer *Oxford*, in the history of *John Bull*. As *Bolingbroke* is known to have hated and despised the treasurer, the words *able* and *honest* must be taken ironically.

excuse. You will understand me; and I conjure you to be persuaded, that if I could have half an hour's conversation with you, for which I would barter whole hours of life, you would stare, haul your whig, and bite paper more than ever you did in your life \*. Adieu, dear friend; may the kindest influence of heaven be shed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again, that heaven only knows; if we do, what millions of things shall we have to talk over! In the mean while, believe, that nothing sits so near my heart as my country and my friends; and that among these you ever had, and ever shall have, a principal place.

If you write to me, direct *A Monsieur Challot, chez Monsieur Cantillon, banquier, rue de l' Arbre sec* †. Once more adieu.

## LETTER CLXXV.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Paris, Oct. 28, 1716.

IF I was to see you again, you would give twice as much as you offered six weeks ago not to have seen me. By the same rule, you might afford something not to hear from me; but the inclosed came this morning to me, and I could not send it away, without adding a few lines in the cover. They are not to put you again into the spleen, but only to ask How you do, and how you employ yourself? Do the great

\* This is a strong picture of *Swift's* manner.

† The name of a street in *Paris*.



designs go on at *Laracor* \*? Or have the rains put a stop to your improvements, as well as to my journey? It will cost you but a penny, and a few minutes, to answer these questions; and, in return, you shall know any thing you desire to know of me in my travels. I shall go on as soon as we have five or six days sunshine to dry the roads, and make the finest country in the world supportable. I am laughed at here, when I talk of travelling, and yet of waiting for fair weather; but to me the journey is the greatest part of the pleasure. And whereas my companion is continually wishing himself at *Rome*, I wish *Rome* was a thousand leagues farther, that I might have more way to pass in *France* and *Italy*.

If you will do me the favour to write to me, direct to be left with Mr *Cantillon*, banker in *Paris*.

I am, &c.

## LETTER CLXXVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Jan. 12, 1716-17.

ABOUT two months ago I sent you a very long epistle, and was in hopes you would either have made us a visit, or have let us heard from you. Since you have done neither, we must flatter ourselves, that you will be better the new year than the former.

Our friend *Prior*, not having had the vicissitude of human things before his eyes, is likely to end his

\* The Dean's living.

days in as forlorn a state as any other poet has done before him, if his friends do not take more care of him than he did of himself. Therefore, to prevent the evil, which we see is coming on very fast, we have a project of printing his *Solomon*, and other poetical works, by subscription; one guinea to be paid in hand, and the other at the delivery of the book. He, *Arbuthnot*, *Pope* and *Gay*, are now with me, and remember you. It is our joint request, that you will endeavour to procure some subscriptions: you will give your receipts for the money you receive, and when you return it hither, you shall have others in lieu. There are no papers printed here, nor any advertisements to be published; for the whole matter is to be managed by friends in such a manner, as shall be least shocking to the dignity of a plenipotentiary.

I am told the archbishop of *Dublin* shews a letter of yours, reflecting on the high-flying clergy. I fancy you have writ to him in an *ironical style*, and that he would have it otherwise understood. This will bring to your mind what I have formerly said to you on that figure. Pray condescend to explain this matter to me. The removal of my lord *Townshend* has given a little spirit; but that will soon flag, if the king, at his return, does not make farther changes. What measures his majesty will take is uncertain; but this we are very sure of, that the division of the whigs is so great, that, morally speaking, nothing but another rebellion can ever unite them. *Sunderland*, *Stanhope* and *Cadogan* are of one side; *Townshend*, *Walpole*,  
Orford,



*Orford*\*, *Devonshire*, and the chancellor †, of the other. The latter seem at present to be strongest; but when the former appear with a *German* reinforcement, they will undoubtedly turn the balance. They are both making their court to the tories, who, I hope will be a body by themselves, and not serve as recruits to either of the other two. Lord *Townshend*'s friends give out, that his disgrace is owing to refusing four things, viz. to keep up the army; repeal the limitations of the succession-act; to send money to *Germany* for carrying on a war against *Sweden*; and to attain lord *Oxford*. When lord *Sunderland* ‡ comes over, he will probably cry *whore* again, and endeavour to saddle lord *Townshend* in his turn. For these reproaches now are like that of *Jacobitism* in former reigns. We are told, that lord *Bolingbroke* has permission to stay in *France*, notwithstanding the late treaty, provided he retires from *Paris*. I am, &c.

## L E T T E R CLXXVII.

ERASMUS LEWIS Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, June 15, 1717.

LAST night I received yours of the 5th instant; and since you tell me I am your only correspondent, I think I ought to be the more punctual in my returns,

\* The famous admiral *Ruffel*, then a chief leader of the *Whigs*; he died in 1727.

† 'William earl *Corwper*.'

‡ 'By whose intrigues the lord viscount *Townshend* had been removed from the post of secretary of state, which was given to *James Stanhope*, afterwards earl *Stanhope*.'

and the more full in what relates to our friends here. You'll see by the public prints, that *Monday* next come se'ennight is appointed for the trial of my lord *Oxford*, and that no less than six-and-twenty doughty members are appointed to manage it. The lords have likewise settled the whole forms of the proceedings. My lord has asked, that two lawyers more might be added to his council: yet is all this but a farce; for there is not a creature living, who thinks he will ever be tried; for they publicly own, that they neither have, nor have had, any evidence; and laugh at impeachments, and attainders, and party-gambols; and say, that all people deserve to be so punished, who presume to dispossess the whigs of their indefeasible right to the administration. But since he is not to be tried, the next question is, In what manner is he to be brought off, so as to save the honour of his prosecutors? I think it will be by an act of grace. Others say, it will be by the commons asking more time, and the lords of their party agreeing to refuse it. But as we are wholly ignorant of their intentions, it is possible neither of these guesses may be right, and that they may keep him yet another year in prison; which my lord *Marlborough* seems passionately to desire.

We labour here under all the disadvantages in the world in every respect; for the tide of party runs still very strong every where, but in no place more than in *Westminster-hall*. Those on this side, whose honour and interest both require, that all people, who pay obedience, shall be protected, seem to want a capacity



city to govern; and the similitude of circumstances between the——\* and the regent † render the latter a firm ally, contrary to the natural interest of *France*. Thus we are secure from any foreign enemy.

I agree with you, that *Snape's* letter ‡ is really but a letter, and that it is much too short and too slight for such a subject. However, his merit was great, in being the first to give the alarm to his brethren, and setting himself in the front of the battle against his adversaries. In those respects, his letter has had its full effect.

I desire you will be as quick as you can in the assistance you intend *Prior*; for those, who subscribed here, are impatient to have their books; and we cannot keep it off much longer, without passing for common cheats. *Dr. Arbuthnot*, and *Mr. Charleton*, and I, remember you often. *Lady Masham* always asks for you very affectionately. By the way, I am perfectly restored to grace there, and am invited to their house in the country. As soon as lord *Oxford's* affair is over, I intend to go amongst my friends in the country, not to return hither till about *Michaelmas*. But if you'll direct to me at my house in town, your letters will be conveyed to me, where-ever I am. *Mr. Rochfort* § seems to have a great many good

\* 'King should probably fill the blank.'

† Duke of *Orleans*, then regent of *France*.'

‡ 'To the bishop of *Bangor*, *Dr. Hoadley*, occasioned by his lordship's sermon preached before the king, on *March 31, 1717*, concerning the nature of the kingdom and church of *Christ*.'

§ Lord chief Baron of the exchequer in queen *Anne's* reign. The Dean was intimate with this Family, and among his Works, is a poem, called, *The country Life*, written while he was spending part of a summer at the house of *George Rochfort*, Esq; son of the above lord chief baron.

qualities, and I am heartily glad he has met with success. Adieu.

## LETTER CLXXVIII.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, June 18, 1717.

HAVING acquainted you in my letter of last post, that it was the universal opinion the commons would not proceed to the trial of my lord *Oxford*, I think myself obliged to tell you, that we begin now to be something doubtful; for the managers, who are twenty-seven in number, strenuously give out, that they shall be ready to proceed on *Monday* next. Therefore; if you have any thoughts of coming over, let not any thing, which I have said in my last, have any weight with you to alter that resolution. I am wholly taken up with the men of the law, and therefore have nothing to say to you at present upon any public matters. I shall only just trouble you with one word relating to a private affair. My brother is chaplain to Sir *Charles Hotham's* regiment, which is now ordered to *Ireland*. If you could find any young fellow, who would buy that commission, my brother thinks his patron, my lord *Carlisle*, will easily prevail with my lord duke of *Bolton* \* for leave to dispose of it. I should be very glad you could find him a chapman.

Lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.

L E T.



## L E T T E R CLXXIX.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, July 2, 1717.

I Have the pleasure to inform you, that lord *Oxford's* impeachment was discharged last night, by the unanimous consent of all the lords present; and, as nearly as I could count, their number was one hundred and six, the duke of *Marlborough*, my lord *Cadogan*, lord *Coningsby*, and a few others of the most violent, having withdrawn themselves before the lords came into *Westminster-hall*. The acclamations were as great as upon any occasion; and our friend, who seems more formed for adversity than prosperity, has at present many more friends, than ever he had before, in any part of his life. I believe he will not have the fewer, from a message he received this morning from the K——, by my lord chamberlain, to forbid him the court. You know the prosecution was at first the resentment of a party; but it became at last a ridiculous business, weakly carried on by the impotent rage of a woman; I mean, of my lady *Marlborough*, who is almost distracted, that she could not obtain her revenge.

I am now going out of town, with an intention to roll about from place to place, till about *Michaelmas* next. Direct to me hither as usual, and your letter will be conveyed to me wherever I am.

Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Charleton*, and Mr. *Currey*, have dined with me to-day, and you have not been

forgot. I was in hopes we should have seen you ere this. The doctor says, you wait for the act of grace. If so, I hope to see you by next winter. I am, &c.

## LETTER CLXXX.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Westm. July 30, 1717.

I Have the favour of four letters from you, of the ninth, thirteenth, sixteenth, and twentieth instant. They all came safe to me, however variously directed. I find myself equally comforted by your philosophy, and assisted by your friendship. You will easily imagine, that I have an hundred things to say to you, which, for as many reasons I omit, and only touch upon that business, to which, in the pride of your heart, you give the epithet sorry \*. I return you the names of those, who were kind enough to subscribe, that you may see, if they are rightly spelt, as likewise the right titles put to them, &c. I am sensible this has given you too much trouble, but it is too late now to make an apology. Let Mr. *Lewis*, who is now with me, do it for me, at what time, and in what manner, he pleases. I take it for granted, that whatever I write, as whatever is writ to me, will be broke open, so you'll expect nothing from me, but what you may have as particularly from the *Post-boy*. We are all pretty well in health. I have my old whorson

\* Subscriptions for Mr. *Prior's* poems, procured by the Dean. The subscription was two guineas.

cough,



tough, and I think I may call it mine for life. The earl \* is *semper idem*. Lord *Harley* is in the country. Our brotherhood is extremely dispersed; but so as that we have been three or four times able to get as many of the society together, and drink to our absent friends. I have been made to believe, that we may see your reverend person this summer in *England*: if so, I shall be glad to meet you at any place; but, when you come to *London*, do not go to the *Cocoa-Tree*, (as you sent your letter) but come immediately to *Duke-street*, where you shall find a bed, a book, and a candle: so pray think of sojourning no where else. Pray give my service to all friends in general. I think, as you have ordered the matter, you have made the greater part of *Ireland* list themselves under that number. I do not know how you can recompense them, but by coming over to help me to correct the book, which I promise them.

You will pardon my having used another hand, since it is so much better than my own; and, believe me, ever with greatest truth, dear Sir, yours,

M. PRIOR.

## LETTER CLXXXI.

Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 6, 1717.

TWO years retreat has made me taste the conversation of my dearest friend with a greater relish, than

\* Of Oxford.

ever at the time of my being charmed with it in our frequent journeys to *Windsor*. Three of your letters have come safe to my hands. The first about two years since : that my son keeps as a family monument. The other two arrived since the first of *July*. My heart is often with you, but I delayed writing in expectation of giving a perfect answer about my going to *Brampton* ; but the truth is, the warmth of rejoicing in those parts is so far from abating, that I am persuaded by my friends to go into *Cambridgeshire*, where you are too just not to believe you will be welcome before any one in the world. The longing your friends have to see you must be submitted to the judgment yourself makes of all circumstances. At present this seems to be a cooler climate, than your island is like to be, when they assemble, &c. Our impatience to see you should not draw you into uneasiness. We long to embrace you, if you find it may be of no inconvenience to yourself.

OXFORD.

LETTER CLXXXII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

Heathrop, Aug. 24, 1717.

Yours, my good friend, of the sixth, finds me in *Oxfordshire* with the duke of *Shrewsbury*, which would sooner have been acknowledged, had it stayed in *London*. Before I left that pious city, I made due enquiries into the methods and regularity of your correspondence



respondence with the earl \*. He has received your letters; he will answer them, but not to-day, *sicut olim*. Nothing can change him. I can get no positive answer from him, nor can any man else; so trouble yourself no more on that head than he does. He is still in *London*, and possibly has answered you; while I am a little arraigning his neglect, but in all cases *liberavi animam meam*.

I wish you were in *England*, that you might a little look over the strange stuff, that I am to give our friends for their money. I shall be angry, if you are near and not with me; but when I see you, that weighty question may easily be decided. In the mean time, I am taking your good counsel, and will be in the country as much as I can.

You have found two mistakes in the list, but have not corrected them. I presume we shall have it of the best edition, when you send the list back again; of which, I say, no haste is required.

Give my service and thanks to all friends; reserve only to yourself the assurance of my being, beyond expression, my friend, yours,

M. PRIOR.

\* Of Oxford.

## LETTER CLXXXIII.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

March 20, 1717-18.

Multiplicity of business, and a long dangerous fit of sickness, prevented me from answering the obliging letter you honoured me with some time since: but, God be thanked, I cannot make use of either of these excuses at present, being entirely free both of my office \* and my asthma. I dare not however venture myself abroad yet, but have sent the contents of your last to a friend of mine (for he is very much so, tho' he is my successor †) who I hope will turn it to the advantage of the gentleman whom you mention. I know you have so much zeal and pleasure in doing kind offices for those you wish well to, that I hope you represent the hardship of the case in the strongest colours, that it can possibly bear. However, as I always honoured you for your good-nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man, who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world, I should be glad, if I could any way concur with you, in putting a stop to what you say is now in agitation.

I must here condole with you upon the loss of that excellent man, the bishop of *Derry* ‡, who has scarce left behind him his equal in humanity, agreeable con-

\* 'Of secretary of state, which post Mr. *Addison* resigned on the 14th of *March*, 1717-18, and had a pension granted him of one thousand five hundred pounds a year.'

† 'James Craggs, Esq;'

‡ 'Dr. *St. George Ashe*, formerly fellow and provost of the university of *Dublin*; afterwards promoted to the see of *Clogher*, and from thence translated to the bishopric of *Derry*. He had been *Swift's* Tutor.'



versation, and all kinds of learning. We have often talked of you with great pleasure; and, upon this occasion, I cannot but reflect upon myself, who, at the same time that I omit no opportunity of expressing my esteem for you to others, have been so negligent in doing it to yourself. I have several times taken up my pen to write to you, but have been always interrupted by some impertinence or other; and, to tell you unreservedly, I have been unwilling to answer so agreeable a letter, as that I received from you, with one written in form only; but I must still have continued silent, had I deferred writing till I could have made a suitable return. Shall we never again talk together in laconic? Whenever you see *England*, your company will be the most acceptable in the world at *Holland-house*, where you are highly esteemed by lady *Warwick* \*, and the young lord, though by none any where more than by, Sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

## LETTER CLXXXIV.

Lord HARLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

April 12, 1718.

HIS lordship writes to the Dean, that he hopes to see him at *Wimble* this year: that lord *Oxford* was well, and talked of going into *Hertfordshire*. He adds, your sister is obliged to go to *Bath*, presents her humble service, and desires you to accept of a little etuy.

\* The countess of *Warwick*, wife to Mr. *Addison*.

I beg you will not deny me the favour to take the snuff-box, which comes along with it, to supply the place of that, which was broke by accident some time ago. I am, with true respect, your most humble servant, and brother,

HARLEY.

## LETTER CLXXXV.

MR. PRIOR to DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

May 1, 1718.

A Pretty kind of amusement I have been engaged in; comma's, semicolons, italics, and capitals, to make nonsense more pompous, and furbelow bad poetry with good printing. My friends letters, in the mean time, have lain unanswered; and the obligations I have to them, on account of the very book itself, are unacknowledged. This is not all; I must beg you once more to transfer to us an entire list of my subscribers, with their distinct titles, that they may, for my honour, be printed at the beginning of my book. This will easily be done by revising the list, which we sent to you. I must pray of you, that it may be exact.

E— of O——\* has not at all disappointed my expectations. He is *semper idem*, and has as much business to do now, as when he was governing *England*, or impeached for treason. He is still in town, but going in a week or ten days into *Herefordshire*, Lord and lady *Harley* are at the *Bath*, and as soon as

\* Lord Oxford.



I shall have settled my affairs of the printing-press, (sad business ! as you very well call it) I shall go into the country to them.

My health, I thank you, is pretty good. My courage better. I drink very often to your health, with some of our friends here ; and am always, with the greatest truth and affection, dear Sir, your obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PRIOR.

## LETTER CLXXXVI.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

May 29, 1718.

I Have received yours of the sixth, with the list corrected. I have two colon and comma men. We correct and design to publish, as fast as the nature of this great or sorry work, as you call it, will bear : but we shall not be out before *Christmas*, so that our friends abroad may compleat their collection till *Michaelmas*, and be returned soon enough to have their names printed and their books got ready for them.

I am going to-morrow morning to the *Bath*, to meet lord *Harley* there. I shall be back in a month. The earl of *Oxford* is still here. He will go into *Herefordshire* some time in *June*. He says he will write to you himself. Am I particular enough ? Is this prose ? And do I distinguish tenses ? I have nothing more to tell you, but that you are the happiest man in the world ; and, if you are once got into *la bagatelle*,  
you

you may despise the world. Besides contriving emblems, such as Cupids, torches, and hearts for great letters, I am now unbinding two volumes of printed heads, to have them bound together in better order than they were before. Don't you envy me? For the rest, matters continue *sicut olim*. I will not tell you how much I want you, and I cannot tell you how well I love you. Write to me, my dear Dean, and give my service to all our friends. Yours, ever,

M. PRIOR.

## LETTER CLXXXVII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

MY DEAR DEAN,                      London, Sept. 25, 1718.

I Have now made an end of what you, in your haughty manner, call wretched work. My book is quite printed off; and if you are as much upon the *bagatelle*, as you pretend to be, you will find more pleasure in it than you imagine. We are going to print the subscribers names: if, therefore, you have any by you, which are not yet remitted, pray send them over by the next post. If you have not, pray send me word of that too; that, in all cases, I may at least hear from you. E — of O — has been in town all this summer, is now going into *Herefordshire*, and says he shall see you very soon in *England*. I would tell you with what pleasure this would be, if I knew upon what certainty the hopes of it were founded. Write me word of this too; for upon it I would  
order



order my matters so, that I may be as much with you as I can ; and this you will find no little favour : for I assure you we are all so changed, that there is very little choice of such company as you would like ; and, except about eighteen hundred, that have subscribed to my book, I do not hear of as many more in this nation, that have common sense. My cousin *Pennyfather*, and *Will. Phillips*, drink your health. I cough, but am otherwise well ; and till I cease to cough, *i. e.* to live, I am, with entire friendship and affection, dear Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

## LETTER CLXXXVIII.

Mr. ADDISON to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Bristol, Oct. 1, 1718.

I Have received the honour of your letter at *Bristol*, where I have just finished a course of water-drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, tho' you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor safely be trusted in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint Sir *Ralph Gore*\*, that I was under a pre-engagement, and not at my own choice to act in it, and have since troubled my lady *Ashe* with a letter to the same effect, which I hope has not miscarried. However, upon my return to *London*, I will farther enquire into that matter, and

\* sometime after speaker of the house of commons, and one of the lords justices of *Ireland*.

fee, if there is any room left for me to negotiate as you propose.

I live still in hopes of seeing you in *England*, and if you would take my house at *Bilton* in your way, (which lies upon the road within a mile of *Rugby*) I would strain hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for some days. The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months, is in the conversation of my old friend Dr. *Smalridge* \*, who, since the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops; I would say clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you; and when I assure you he has an exquisite taste of writing, I need not tell you how he talks on such a subject. I look upon it as my good fortune, that I can express my esteem of you, even to those, who are not of the bishop's party, without giving offence. When a man has so much compass in his character, he affords his friends topics enough to enlarge upon, that all sides admire. I am sure a zealous friendly behaviour distinguishes you as much as your many more shining talents; and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and respect you; and that I am ever, dear Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

\* Promoted to the bishopric of *Bristol*, Feb. 2, 1713.



## L E T T E R CLXXXIX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Oct. 14, 1718.

THIS serves for an envelope to the inclosed; for I cannot tell whether you care to hear from any of yours friends on this side. In your last, I think, you desired me to let you alone to enjoy your own spleen. Can you purchase your fifty pounds a year in *Wales*? Yet I can tell you beforehand, *Lewis* scorns to live with you there. He keeps company with the greatest, and is principal governor in many families. I have been in *France*; six weeks at *Paris*, and as much at *Rouen*; where, I can assure you, I hardly heard a word of news or politics, except a little clatter about sending some impertinent presidents du parlement to prison, that had the impudence to talk for the laws and liberties of their country. I was asked for Monsieur *Swift* by many people, I can assure you; and particularly by the duke *d'Aumont*. I was respectfully and kindly treated by many folks, and even by the great Mr. *Laws* \*. Amongst other things, I had the honour to carry an *Irish* lady † to court, that was admired beyond all the ladies in *France* for

\* The contriver of the *Mississippi* scheme.

† The celebrated beauty Miss *Nelly Bennet*, on whom these lines were written,

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,

(Invited by her cousins)

Across the *Tuilleries*, each glance

Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole dozens.

The

her beauty. She had great honours done her. The hussar himself was ordered to bring her the king's cat to kiss. Her name is *Bennet*. Amongst other folks I saw your old friend lord *Bolingbroke*, who asked for you. He looks just as he did. Your friends here are in good health; not changed in their sentiments towards you. I left my two girls in *France* with their uncle\*, which was my chief business. I don't know, that I have any friends on your side, besides Mr. *Ford*, to whom give my service, and to Dr. *Parnell* and Mr. *Jervis*†.

If it be possible for you, obey the contents of the inclosed; which, I suppose is a kind invitation. The *dragon* is just as he was, only all his old habits ten times stronger upon him than ever. Let me beg of yet not to forget me, for I can never cease to love

The king, as he at dinner sat,  
Did beckon to his hussar,  
And bid him bring his tabby cat,  
For charming *Nell* to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,  
To see her so respected;  
The men look'd arch, as *Nelly* strok'd,  
And Puss her tail erected.

But not a man did look employ,  
Except on pretty *Nelly*;  
Then said the duke *de Villeroi*,  
*Ab? qu'elle est bien jolie?*

The courtiers all, with one accord,  
Broke out in *Nelly's* praises;  
Admir'd her rose, and *lis sans farde*,  
Which are your terms *Francoises*.

\* Mr. *Arbuthnot*, an eminent banquier at *Paris*, brother to Dr. *Arbuthnot*.

† A very eminent Painter.

and



and esteem you, being ever your most affectionate and obliged humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

L E T T E R CXC.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER,      London, Dec. 11, 1718.

FOR so I had called you before, were it not for a certain reverence I pay to deans. I find you wish both me and yourself to live to be old and rich. The second goes in course along with the first; but you cannot give seven (that is the tythe of seventy) good reasons for either. Glad at my heart should I be, if Dr. *Helsham* \* or I could do you any good. My service to Dr. *Helsham*: he does not want my advice in the case. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend, in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and castor, made up into boluses with confect. of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar; but, trying it amongst other things, my friend found good of this prescription. I had tried the castor alone before, not with so much success. Small quantities of *tinctura sacra*, now and then, will do you good. There are twenty lords, I believe, would send you horses, if they knew how. One or two have offered to me, who, I believe, would be as good as their words. Mr. *Rowe*, the poet laureat, is dead, and has left a damned jade of a *Pegasus*. I'll answer for it, he wont do as your mare did, having

\* A senior fellow of *Trinity College, Dublin*, a most eminent physician, and author of *Lectures* on natural and experimental philosophy.

more need of *Lucan's* present, than Sir *Richard Blackmore*. I would fain have *Pope* get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in *Durfey* his deputy. The *dragon* is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reasons of state, that kept him from appearing at the beginning, &c. when I did believe, at the same time, it was only a law of nature, to which the *dragon* is most subject, *Remanere in statu in quo est nisi deturbetur ab extrinseco*. Lord *Harley* and lady *Harley* give you their service. *Lewis* is in the country with lord *Bathurst*, and has wrote me a most dreadful story of a mad dog, that bit their huntsman ; since which accident, I am told, he has shortened his stirrup three bores ; they were not long before. Lord *Oxford* presented him with two horses. He has sold one, and sent the other to graze, *avec beaucoup de sagesse*. I do not believe the story of lord *Bolingbroke's* marriage, for I have been consulted about the lady ; and by some defects in her constitution, I should not think her appetite lay much towards matrimony. There is some talk about reversing his attainder ; but I wish he may not be disappointed. I am for all precedents of that kind. They say the pretender is like to have his chief minister impeached. He has his wife prisoner. The footmen of the house of commons chuse their speaker, and impeach, &c. I think it were proper, that all monarchs should serve their apprenticeships as pretenders, that we might discover their defects. Did you ever expect to live to see the duke of *Ormond* fighting against the Protestant succession, and the duke



duke of *Berwick* fighting for it? *France*, in confederacy with *England*, to reduce the exorbitant power of *Spain*? I really think there is no such good reason for living till seventy, as curiosity. You say you are ready to resent it as an affront, to say, that a lady, hardly known or observed for her beauty in *Ireland*, is a curiosity in *France*. All deans naturally fall into paralogisms. My wife gives you her kind love and service, and, which is the first thing, that occurs to all wives, wishes you well married.

## L E T T E R CXCI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

March 17, 1719, N. S.

I Have not these several years tasted so sensible a pleasure, as your letters of the 16th of *January* and 16th of *February* gave me; and I know enough of the tenderness of your heart, to be assured, that the letter I am writing will produce much the same effect on you. I feel my own pleasure, and I feel yours. The truest reflection, and, at the same time, the bitterest satyr which can be made on the present age, is this; that, to think as you think, will make a man pass for romantic. Sincerity, constancy, tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of use, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends; the greatest part of those, who pass for such, are, properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and no wonder, since

*Tally's* maxim is certainly true, that friendship can subsist *non nisi inter bonos*, at that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart inspires, and the experiency of other mens destroys. I was apt to confound my acquaintance and my friends together. I never doubted but that I had a numerous cohort of the latter. I expected, if ever I fell into misfortune, to have as many, and as remarkable instances of friendship to produce, as the *Scythian*, in one of *Lucian's Dialogues*, draws from his nation. Into these misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious stars have not disappointed my expectations. The rest have almost entirely failed me. The fire of my adversity has purged the mass of my acquaintance; and, the separation made, I discover, on one side, an handful of friends; but, on the other, a legion of enemies, at least of strangers. Happily this fiery trial has had an effect on me, which makes me some amends. I have found less resource in other people, and more in myself, than I expected, I make good, at this hour, the motto which I took nine years ago, when I was weak enough to list again under the conduct of a man \*, of whom nature meant to make a spy, or, at most, a captain of miners; and whom fortune, in one of her whimsical moods, made a general.

I enjoy, at this hour, with very tolerable health, great tranquillity of mind. You will, I am sure, hear

\* 'Robert, Earl of Oxford.'



this with satisfaction; and sure it is, that I tell it you without the least affectation. I live, my friend, in a narrower circle than ever; but, I think, in a larger. When I look back on what is past, I observe a multitude of errors, but no crimes. I have been far from following the advice which *Cælius* gave to *Cicero*; *Id melius est statuere quod tutius sit*: and, I think, may say to myself, what *Dolabella* says, in one of his letters, to the same *Cicero*: *Satisfactum est jam a te, vel officio, vel familiaritati: satisfactum etiam partibus, et ei reipublicæ, quam tu probabas. Reliquum est, ubi nunc est respublica, ibi simus potius, quam, dum illam veterem sequamur, simus in nullâ.* What my memory has furnished on this head, (for I have neither books nor papers here concerning home affairs) is writ with great truth, and with as much clearness as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will, perhaps, not think two or three hours absolutely thrown away in reading it. One thing I will venture to assure you of beforehand, which is, that you will think I never deserved more to be commended, than whilst I was the most blamed; and that you will pronounce the highest part of my character to be that, which has been disguised by the nature of things, misrepresented by the malice of men, and which is still behind a cloud. In what is past, therefore, I find no great source of uneasiness. As to the present my fortune is extremely reduced; but my desires are still more so. Nothing is more certain than this truth, that all our wants, beyond those, which a very moderate income will supply, are purely imaginary; and that his hap-

pinefs is greater, and better affured, who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his, who fells them, and has wherewithal to fupply them.  
*Hor. epift. i. lib. 1.*

——*Vides, quæ maxima credis,  
 Effe mala, exiguum cenfum, turpemq; repulfam,  
 Quanto devites, &c.*

Which I paraphrafed thus, not long ago, in my poft-chaife:

Survey mankind, obferve what rifques they run,  
 What fanfy'd ill, thro' real dangers, fhun;  
 Thofe fanfy'd ill, fo dreadful to the great,  
 A loft election, or impair'd eftate.  
 Obferve the merchant, who, intent on gain,  
 Affronts the terrors of the *Indian* main;  
 Tho' ftorms arife, and broken rocks appear,  
 He flies from poverty, and knows no other fear.  
 Vain men, who might arrive, with toil far lefs,  
 By fmooth paths, at greater happinefs.  
 For 'tis fuperior blifs, not to defire  
 That trifling good, which fondly you admire,  
 Poffefs precarious, and too dear acquire. }  
 What hackney gladiator can you find,  
 By whom th' Olympic crown would be declin'd?  
 Who, rather than that glorious palm to feize,  
 With fafety combat, and prevail with eafe,  
 Would chufe on fome inglorious ftage to tread,  
 And, fighting, ftroll from wake to wake for bread?

As



As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it: on which subject, I have twenty fine quotations at the end of my pen; but, I think, it is better to own frankly to you, that upon a principle (which I have long established) that we are a great deal more mechanical than our vanity will give us leave to allow, I have familiarized the worst prospects to my sight; and that, by staring want, solitude, neglect, and the rest of that train in the face, I have disarmed them of their terrors. I have heard of somebody, who, whilst he was in the *Tower*, used, every morning, to lay down on the block, and so act over his last scene.

Nothing disturbs me, but the uncertainty of my situation, which the zeal of a few friends, and the inveteracy of a great many enemies entertain. The more prepared I am to pass the remainder of my life in exile, the more sensibly shall I feel the pleasure of returning to you, if his majesty's unconditional favour (the offers of which prevented even my wishes) proves at last effectual. I cannot apply to myself, as you bid me do; — *Non tibi parvum ingenium, non incultum est*, and what follows; and, if ever we live in the same country together, you shall not apply to me, — *Quod si frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses*.

I have writ you, before I was aware of it, a long letter. The pleasure of breaking so long a silence transports me; and your sentiment is a sufficient excuse. It is not so easy to find one for talking so much about myself; but I shall want none with you upon this score. Adieu,

This letter will get safe to *London*; and from thence, I hope, the friend, to whom I recommend it, will find means of conveying it to you.—For God's sake, no more apologies for your quotations, unless you mean, by accusing yourself, to correct me.

There never was a better application than yours, of the story of *Pierschole*. The storks will never come, and they must be porters all their lives. They are something worse; for I had rather be a porter than a tool: I would sooner lend out my back to hire, than my name. They are at this time the instruments of a faucy gardener, who has got a gold cross on his stomach, and a red cap on his head.

A poor gentleman, who puts me often in mind of one of *Scandal's* pictures in *Congreve's* play of *Love for Love*, where a soldier is represented with his heart where his head should be, and no head at all, is the conductor of this doughty enterprize; which will end in making their cause a little more desperate than it is. Again, adieu.

Let me hear from you by the same conveyance, that brings you this. I am in pain about your health. From the 6th of *January* to the 16th of *February* is a long course of illness.



## L E T T E R CXCH.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Westm. May 5, 1719.

SINCE I love you with all the ties of inclination and friendship, and wish you all the happiness of life, health especially, the chiefest, you will pardon me being a little peevish, when I received yours of the twenty-eighth past, which told me I must not expect to see you here, and that you were not perfectly well at *Dublin*. I hope there is a little spleen mixed with your distemper; in which case your horse may be your physician, and your physician may have the happiness of being your companion; an honour, which many here would envy him. As to the *sang froid* of fifty, who has it not, that is worth conversing with, except *Harley* and *Bathurst*? At least, make no more that sort of complaint to me. *Isthæc commemoratio est quasi exprobatio*; for fifty (as Mr. *Locke* observes) is equal to fifty; and a cough is worse than the spleen. My bookseller is a blockhead; so have they all been, or worse, from *Chaucer's* scrivener down to *John* and *Jacob* \*, Mr. *Hyde* only excepted, to whom my books in quires are consigned, and the greatest care taken that they are rightly put up. Several of the subscribers to you requiring their books here, have had them. I need not repeat my thanks to you, for the trouble this matter has given you; or intreat your favour for *Alma* and *Solomon*. I shall perform your commands to the earl of *Oxford*, *semper idem*; and drink your

\* *Tonson*, Booksellers.

health with our friends, which is all I can do for you at this distance, till your particular order enjoins me any thing, by which I may shew you, that I am, and desire always to continue, with the greatest truth and regard, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

## L E T T E R CXCIII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Wesm. Dec. 8, 1719.

**H**AVING spent part of my summer very agreeably in *Cambridgeshire* with dear lord *Harley*, I am returned without him to my own palace in *Duke-street*, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noise of the neighbouring Court of requests, and to live *aut nihil agendo aut iliud agendo*, till he comes to town. But there is worse than this yet. I have treated lady *Harriot* \* at *Cambridge*. Good God! a fellow of a college treat! and spoke verses to her † in a gown and cap! What! the plenipotentiary so far concerned in the damned peace at *Utrecht*; the man, that makes up half the volume of terse prose, that makes up the report of the committee, speaking verses! *Sic est, homo sum*; and am not ashamed to send those very verses to

\* ‘Lady *Harriot Harley*, only daughter of *Edward* lord *Harley*, now duchess dowager of *Portland*.’

† They are printed in what is called by the editor, *Samuel Humphreys*, Esq; the third volume of *Prior’s Works*; and are intitled, *Verses spoken to lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley*, in the library of *St. John’s College, Cambridge*, Nov. 9. 1719.’



one, who can make much better. And now let me ask you, How you do ? and what you do ? How your *Irish* country air agrees with you, and when you intend to take any *English* country air ? In the spring I will meet you where you will, and go with you where you will ; but I believe the best rendezvous will be *Duke-street*, and the fairest field for action *Wimple* \*, the lords of both those seats agreeing, that no man will be more welcome to either than yourself.

It is many months since the complaints of my subscribers are redressed, and that they have ceased to call the bookseller a blockhead, by transferring that title to the author. We have not heard from Mr. *Hyde*, but expect, that at his leisure he will signify to *Tonson* what may relate to that whole matter, as to the second subscriptions. In the mean time, I hope the books have been delivered without any mistake ; and shall only repeat to you, that I am sensible of the trouble my poetry has given you, and return you my thanks in plain prose. Earl of *Oxford*, *pro more suo*, went late into the country, and continues there still. Our friends are all well ; so am I, *nisi cum pituita molesta est* ; which is at this present writing, and will continue so all the winter. So, with weak lungs, and a very good heart, I remain always, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

P. S. Service to *Matthew Pennyfeather*, and all friends. Adieu.

\* The seat of lord *Harley*.

## L E T T E R CXCIV.

Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

April 18, 1720.

YOU'D have great reason to be angry with me, if my long silence had been occasioned by any thing but my care of you; for having no safe hand to send by till now, I would not write, for fear it might be construed a sort of treason (misprision at least) for you to receive a letter from one half of a proscribed man. I enquire of every body I see, that I imagine has either seen you or heard from you, how you have your health; for wealth and happiness I don't suppose you abound in? For it is hard to meet with either in the country you are in, and be honest as you are. I thank God our parliament has taken them to task, and, finding how ill a use they made of their judicature when they had it, have thought it not fit to trust them with it any longer \*. I hope the next thing will be to tax *Ireland* from hence, and then no more opportunities for bills of attainder, which is very happy; for else

\* 'The house of peers in *Ireland* having transmitted to king *George I.* a long representation, setting forth their right to the final judicature of causes in that kingdom, the house of lords in *England* resolved, on the eighth of *January*, 1719-20, on the contrary, that the barons of the *Exchequer* in *Ireland* had acted, in the affair of *Annesley* and *Sherlock*, with courage, according to law, in support of his majesty's prerogative, and with fidelity to the crown of *Great Britain*; and a bill was soon after brought in, for the better securing the dependency of the kingdom of *Ireland* upon the crown of *Great Britain*.'

young



young *Hopeful*\* might have been in danger. They were so good and obedient to the powers above, that whether there were reason or not, or, as prince *Butler* said, crime or no crime, the man was condemned, and a price set upon his head.

I want much to hear what you think of *Great Britain*; for all your relations here want much to see you, where are strange changes every day. You remember, and so do I, when the *South-sea* was said to be my lord *Oxford's* brat, and must be starved at nurse. Now the king has adopted it, and calls it his beloved child; tho', perhaps, you may say, if he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much: but he loves it as well as he does the duchess of K——†, and that is saying a good deal. I wish it may thrive, for many of my friends are deep in it: I wish you were so too. I believe, by this time, you are very sorry I have met with an opportunity of troubling you with this scrawl; but the strong must bear with the infirmities of the weak; and therefore, brother, I hope you will pardon the impertinencies of your poor sister, whose brain may be reasonably thought turned with all she has met with. But nothing will hinder her from being, as long as she lives, most

\* 'The duchess seems to mean the prince of *Wales*, afterwards king *George II.* then upon ill terms with his father and his father's ministers.'

† 'Kendal, *Erengard Melesina Schuylenburg*, baroness of *Schuylenberg*, and princess of *Eberstein* in *Germany*. She was created duchess of *Munster* in *Ireland*, by letters patent, bearing date *July 16, 1716*, she was also created duchess of *Kendal* by king *George I.* on the 30th of *April, 1719.*'

sincerely

sincerely your very humble servant, and faithful  
friend,  
M. ORMOND.

# LETTER CXCIV.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr SWIFT.

SIR,

Westm. May 4, 1720.

FROM my good friend the Dean I have two letters before me, of what date I will not say, and I hope you have forgot, that call out for vengeance ; or, as other readings have it, for an answer. You told me in one of them, you had been pursued with a giddy head ; and I presume you judged, by my silence, that I have laboured under the same distemper. I don't know why you have not buried me, as you did *Partridge*, and given the wits of the age, the *Steeles* and *Addisons*, a new occasion of living seven years upon one of your thoughts. When you have finished the copy of verses, which you began in *England*, our writers may have another hint, upon which they may dwell seven years longer.

Are you *Frenchman* enough to know how a *Gascon* sustains his family for a week ?

*Dimanche, une Esclanche ;*

*Lundi, froide et Salade ;*

*Mardi, j' aime la Grillade ;*

*Mecredi, Hachee ;*

*Jeudi, bon pour la Capillotade ;*

*Vendredi, Point de Gras ;*

*Samedi, Qu'on me casse les os, et les chiens se Creveront des restes de mon Mouton.*

We



We can provide such sort of cookery, if you will but send us the *esculanche*; but rather bring it with you, for it will eat much better, when you are in the company.

Lord *Oxford* has been a twelvemonth in *Herefordshire*, as far from us, literally, tho' not geographically, as if he had been with you in *Ireland*. He has writ no more to us, than if we were still ministers of state. But, in the balance of account, *per contra*, I have lord *Harley* at *London*; and have either lived with him at *Wimple*, or upon him here, ever since his father left us. I know no reason, why you should not expect his picture, but that he promised it to you so often. I wrote to him six months since, and, instead of acknowledging my letter, he took a more compedious way of sending a gentleman to lady *Harriot*, in *Dover-street*, and bid him call at *Westminster*, to know if I had any thing to say to his lord. He was here to-day, when he was sure the scaffold was ready, and the axe whetted; and is in *Herefordshire*, when the consent of all mankind either justifies his ministry, or follows the plan of it. The *South-sea* company have raised their stock to three hundred and fifty, and he has not six-pence in it. Thou art a stranger in *Israel*, my good friend; and seemest to know no more of this lord, than thou didst of the *Conde de P——*, when first I construed him to thee at the coffee-house.

I labour under the distemper you complain of, deafness, especially upon the least cold. I did not take care of my ears, till I knew if my head was my  
own

own or not; but am now syringing, and I hope to profit by it. My cousin is here, and well, and I see him sometimes; but I find he has had a caution, which depended upon his expecting more from court, and is justifiable in a man, who, like him, has a great family. I have given your compliments to my two favourites. We never forget your health.

I have seen Mr. *Butler*, and served him to the utmost of my power with my *amici potentiores*. Though he had a good cause, and a strong recommendation, he trusted wholly to neither of them, but added the greatest diligence in his solicitations.

Auditor *Harley* thanks you, for remembering him and his singing man \*. As to the affair of subscriptions, do all at your leisure, and in the manner you judge most proper; and so I bid you heartily farewell, assuring you, that I am most truly yours, M. P.

Friend *Ford* salutes you. Adieu.

*Richardson*, whom I take to be a better painter than any named in your letter, has made an excellent picture of me; from whence lord *Harley* (whose it is) has a stamp taken by *Vertue*. He has given me some of them for you to give to our friends at or about *Dublin*. I will send them by *Tonson's* canal to *Hyde* at *Dublin*, in such a manner, as that, I hope, they may come safe to you.

\* Probably a person recommended to the Dean's cathedral.



## L E T T E R CXCVI.

Sir THOMAS HANMER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Mildenhall, October 22, 1720.

I Received the favour of a letter from you about ten days since, at which time the duke of *Grafton* \* was at *London*; but as he was soon expected in the country, and is now actually returned, I thought it best, rather than write, to wait for an opportunity of speaking to him; and yesterday I went over to his house, on purpose to obey your commands. I found he was not a stranger to the subject of my errand; for he had all the particulars of the story very perfect, and told me, my lord *Arran* had spoke to him concerning it †. I added my solicitations, backed with the reasons, with which you had furnished me; and he was so kind to promise, he would by this post write to the chief justice; how explicitly or how precisely, I cannot say, because men in high posts are afraid of being positive in their answers; but I hope it will be in such a manner as will be effectual.

If the thing is done, it will be best, that the means should be a secret by which it is brought about; and for this reason you will excuse me, if I avoid putting my name to the outside of my letter, lest it should excite the curiosity of the *Post-Office*. If this affair

\* ‘Charles, whose mother *Isabella*, daughter of *Henry Bennet*, earl of *Arlington*, married to her second husband *Sir Thomas Hanmer*.’

† The prosecution of *Waters*. See the following letter from *Sir Constantine Phipps*.

ends to your satisfaction, I am glad it has proved to me a cause of hearing from you, and an occasion of assuring you, that I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

THO. HANMER.

## LETTER CXCVII.

Sir CONSTANTINE PHIPPS to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Ormond-Street, Jan. 14, 1720-21.

HAVING been a little indisposed, I went at *Christmas* into the country, which prevented me from sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter. As to *Waters's* \* case, I was informed of it; and the last term I spoke to Mr. attorney-general † about it; but he told me, he could not grant a writ of error in a criminal case, without direction from the king: so that *Waters* is not like to have much relief from hence, and therefore I am glad you have some hopes it will drop in *Ireland*. I think the chief justice ‡ should have that

\* Dr. *Swift's* printer: he was prosecuted for printing *A Proposal for the Universal Use of the Irish Manufactures*, said by mistake to have been written in 1721. The Dean, in his letter to *Pope*, dated *January 10, 1721*, says, that the jury, which tried him, had been cull'd with the utmost industry; but that, notwithstanding, they brought him in not guilty. That *Whitshed*, the judge, sent them out nine times, and kept them eleven hours; till, being tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by a special verdict. The duke of *Grafton*, lord lieutenant, soon after, upon mature advice, and permission from *England*, granted a *noli prosequi*.

† 'Sir Robert Raymond.'

‡ *Whitshed*.

regard



regard to his own reputation, to let it go off so; for I believe the oldest man alive, or any law-book, cannot give any instance of such a proceeding. I was informed who was aimed at by the prosecution, which made me very zealous in it; which I shall be in every thing, wherein I can be serviceable to that gentleman, for whom nobody has a greater esteem than your most humble and most obedient servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

# L E T T E R CXCVIII.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Westm. Feb. 28, 1720-21.

IF I am to chide you for not writing to me, or beg your pardon, that I have not writ to you, is a question; for our correspondence has been so long interrupted, that I swear I don't know which of us wrote last. In all cases, I assure you of my continual friendship, and kindest remembrance of you; and, with great pleasure, expect the same from you. I have been ill this winter. Age, I find, comes on; and the cough does not diminish.

*Non sum qualis eram bonæ*

*Sub Regno Cynaræ* — Pass for that.

I am tired with politics, and lost in the *South-sea*. The roaring of the waves, and the madness of the people, were justly put together. I can send you no

fort of news, that holds either connexion or sense. It is all wilder than St. *Anthony's* dream; and the *bagatelle* is more solid than any thing, that has been endeavoured here this year. Our old friend *Ox*— is not well, and continues in *Herefordshire*. *John* of *Bucks* \* died last week, and *Coningsby* was sent last week to the *Tower*. I frequently drink your health with lord *Harley*, who is always the same good man, and grows daily more beloved as more universally known. I do so too with our honest, good natured friend *Ford*, whom I love for many good reasons, and particularly for that he loves you.

How do you do as to your health? Are we to see you this summer? Answer me these questions. Give my service to all friends, and believe me to be ever, with great truth and esteem, dear Sir, yours,  
M. PRIOR.

## L E T T E R CXCIX.

Mr. PRIOR to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Westm. April 25, 1721.

I Know very well, that you can write a good letter, if you have a mind to it; but that is not the question. A letter from you sometimes is what I desire. Reserve your tropes and periods for those you love less; and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are; whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the wo-

\* ‘*John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamshire.*’



men, or construing *propria quæ maribus* to the country curate. You and I are so established authors, that we may write what we will, without fear of censure: and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the *bagatelle* to any thing else, we deserved to have had our brains knocked out ten years ago.

I have received the money punctually of Mr. *Dan. Hayes*, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks, that your friendship in that affair ought to claim, and your generosity does contemn. There's one turn for you: good.

The man you mentioned in your last has been in the country these two years, very ill in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you observe of him is so true, that his sickness is all counted for policy, that he will not come up, till the public distractions force somebody or other, (whom God knows) who will oblige somebody else to send for him in open triumph, and set him in *statu quo prius*. That, in the mean time, he has foreseen all that has happened; checkmated all the ministry; and, to divert himself at his leisure hours, has laid all those lime-twigs for his neighbour *Coningby* \*, that keep that precious bird in the cage, out of which himself slipped so cunningly and easily.

Things, and the way of mens judging them, vary so much here, that it is impossible to give you any just account of some of our friends actions. *Roffen* is more than suspected to have given up his party, as

\* 'Thomas, earl of Coningsby, created so by king George I. in 1719.'

*Sancho* did his subjects, for so much a head, *l'un portant l'autre*. His cause, therefore, which is something originally like that of *Lutrin*, is opposed or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly sustained by the ministry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of most men than he is; and I wish our friend *Har*—\* were higher than he is.

Our young *Harley*'s vice is no more covetousness, than plainness of speech is that of his cousin *Tom*. His lordship is really *amabilis*, and lady *Harriette* *adoranda*.

I tell you no news, but that the whole is a complication of mistakes in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it: of the ministers I speak, for the most part, as well ecclesiastical as civil. This is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am sure you receive very kindly, that I am ever your friend and your servant,

M. PRIOR.

Friend *Skelton*, commonly called *Dear Dick*, is with me. We drink your health. Adieu.

## LETTER CC.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

July 28, 1721.

I Never was so angry in all my life, as I was with you last week, on the receipt of your letter of the 19th of *June*. The extream pleasure it gave me takes away

\* 'Lord Harcourt.'



all the excuses, which I had invented for your long neglect. I design to return my humble thanks to those men of eminent gratitude and integrity, the weavers and the judges, and earnestly to entreat them, instead of tossing you in the person of your proxy, who had need to have iron ribs to endure all the drubbings you will procure him, to toss you in your proper person, the next time you offend, by going about to talk sense, or to do good to the rabble. Is it possible, that one of your age and profession should be ignorant, that this monstrous beast has passions to be moved, but no reason to be appealed to; and that plain truth will influence half a score men at most in a nation, or an age, while mystery will lead millions by the nose?

Dear *Jonathan*, since you cannot resolve to write as you preach, what public authority allows, what councils and senates have decided to be orthodox, instead of what private opinion suggests, leave off instructing the citizens of *Dublin*. Believe me, there is more pleasure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendship, than in taking care of the state. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last; and none but men of sense and virtue are capable of the other. How comes it then to pass, that you, who have sense, tho' you have wit, and virtue, tho' you have kept bad company in your time, should be so surprized, that I continue to write to you, and expect to hear from you, after seven years absence.

*Anni prædantur euntes*, say you; and time will lop off my luxuriant branches: perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruning-hook into an hand, which

works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut; and, as they lessen in number, the bough, which bears the golden fruit of friendship, shoots, swells, and spreads.

Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly said, when he told you, that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have resolved to think two minutes a day about stocks, to flatter *Law* \* half an hour a week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved nor valued, certain it is, that I might have gained immensely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of these kinds, which *France* furnished, and which *England* sent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any secret, very negligently: and if I have secured enough to content me, it was because I was soon contented. I am sorry to hear you confess, that the love of money has got into your head. Take care or it will, ere long, sink into your heart, the proper seat of passions. *Plato*, whom you cite, looked upon riches, and the other advantages of fortune, to be desirable; but he declared, as you have read in *Diogenes Laertius*; *Ea etsi non affuerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore sapientem*. You may think it, perhaps, hard to reconcile his two journeys into *Sicily* with this maxim, especially since he got fourscore talents of the tyrant. But I can assure you that he went to the elder *Dionysius* only to buy books,

\* The projector of the *Mississippi* scheme in *France*, which produced the *South-sea* scheme here.



and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a number of men, women and children, to try his *Utopia*. *Aristippus* was in *Sicily* at the same time, and there passed some *Billingsgate* between these reverend persons. This philosopher had a much stronger fancy to grow rich than *Plato*: he flattered, he cracked jests, and danced over a stick to get some of the *Sicilian* gold; but still even he took care, *sibi res, non se rebus submittere*. And I remember, with great edification, how he reproved one of his catechumens, who blushed, and shrunk back, when his master shewed him the way to the bawdy-house. *Non ingredi turpe est, sed egredi non posse turpe est*. The conclusion of all is this; *un honnete homme* ought to have *cent mille livres de rente*, if you please; but a wise man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us not refuse riches, when they offer themselves; but let us give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let us enjoy wealth, without suffering it to become necessary to us. And, to finish with one of *Seneca's* quaint sentences, *Let us place it so, that fortune may take it without tearing it from us*. The passage you mention does follow that, which I quoted to you, and the advice is good. *Solon* thought so; nay, he went further: and you remember the reason he gave for sitting in the council of *Pisistratus*, whom he had done his utmost to oppose; and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epistle is not writ by *Cicero*, as you seem to think. It is, if I mistake not, an epistle of *Dolabella* to him. *Cato*, you say, would not be of the same mind. *Cato* is a most venerable name, and

*Dolabella*

*Dolabella* was but a scoundrel with wit and valour; and yet there is better sense, nay, there is more virtue, in what *Dolabella* advises, than in the conduct of *Cato*. I must own my weakness to you. This *Cato*, so sung by *Lucan* in every page, and so much better sung by *Virgil* in half a line, strikes me with no great respect. When I see him painted in all the glorious colours, which eloquence furnishes, I call to mind that image of him, which *Tully* gives in one of his letters to *Atticus*, or to somebody else; where he says, that having a mind to keep a debate from coming on in the senate, they made *Cato* rise to speak, and that he talked till the hour of proposing matters was over. *Tully* insinuates, that they often made this use of him. Does not the moving picture shift? Do you not behold *Clarke* of *Taunton-dean*, in the gown of a *Roman* senator, sending out the members to piss? The censor used sharp medicines; but, in his time, the patient had strength to bear them. The second *Cato* inherited this receipt without his skill; and, like a true quack, he gave the remedy, because it was his only one, tho' it was too late. He hastened the patient's death; he not only hastened it, he made it more convulsive and painful.

The condition of your wretched country is worse than you represent it to be. The healthful *Indian* follows his master, who died of sickness, to the grave; but I much doubt, whether those charitable legislators exact the same, when the master is a lunatick, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over *Ireland* with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your  
letter,



letter, I feel your pulse ; and I judge of your distemper as surely by the figures, into which you cast your ink, as the learned doctor, at *the hand and the urinal* could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You say your memory declines : I believe it does, since you forget your friends, and since repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind, as well as the body : and what do you imagine, that *Plato*, since you have set me upon quoting him (who thanked heaven, that he was not a *Bæotian*) would have said of the *ultima Thule*? Shake off your laziness, ramble over hither, and spend some months in a kinder climate. You will be in danger of meeting but one plague here, and you will leave many behind you. Here you will come among people, who lead a life singular enough to hit your humour ; so near the world, as to have all its conveniences ; so far from the world, as to be a stranger to all its inconveniences ; wanting nothing, which goes to the ease and happiness of life ; embarrassed by nothing, which is cumbersome. I dare almost venture to say, that you will like us better than the persons you live with, and that we shall be able to make you retrograde (that I may use a canonical simile) as the sun did on the dial of *Hezekias*, and begin anew the twelve years, which you complain are gone. We will restore to you the *nigros angusto fronte capillos* ; and, with them, the *dulce loqui*, the *ridere decorum*, *et inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere proterva*. *Hæc est vita solutorum miseræ ambitione gravique*, and not yours.

I was

I was going to finish with my sheet of paper ; but having bethought myself, that you deserve some more punishment, and calling all my anger against you to my aid, I resolve, since I am this morning in the humour of scribbling, to make my letter at least as long as one of your sermons ; and, if you do not mend, my next shall be as long as one of Dr. *Manton's* \*, who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be an high-churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more.

You must know, that I am as busy about my hermitage, which is between the *Chateau* and the *Maison Bourgeoise*, as if I was to pass my life in it ; and if I could see you now and then, I should be willing enough to do so. I have in my wood the biggest and clearest spring in *Europe*, which forms, before it leaves the park, a more beautiful river than any which flows in *Greek* or *Latin* verse. I have a thousand projects about this spring, and, among others, one, which will employ some marble. Now marble, you know, makes one think of inscriptions : and if you will correct this, which I have not yet committed to paper, it shall be graved, and help to fill the table-books of *Spons* and *Missons* † yet to come.

\* ‘ *Thomas Manton*, D. D. who had been ejected from the rectory of *Covent garden* for non-conformity, after the restoration. He was a voluminous writer in divinity, and published a large folio of sermons on the 119th psalm.’

† *James Spon*, M. D. and *Maximilian Misson*, were two eminent travellers, who have published their travels ; in which are inserted many inscriptions.’

*Propter*



*Propter fidem adversus reginam, et partes,  
 Intemeratè servatam,  
 Propter operam, in pace generali conciliandâ  
 Strenue saltem navatam,  
 Impotentia vesanæ factionis  
 Solum vertere coactus,  
 Hic ad aquæ lene caput sacræ  
 Injustè exulat  
 Dulcé vivit  
 H. De B. An. &c.*

*Ob* were better than *propter*, but *ob operam* would never please the ear. In a proper place, before the front of the house, which I have new built, I have a mind to inscribe this piece of patch-work.

*Si resipiscat patria, in patriam rediturus ;  
 Si non resipiscat, ubivis melius quam inter  
 tales cives futurus,  
 Hanc villam instauro et exorno :  
 Hinc, velut ex portu, alienos casus  
 Et fortunæ ludum insolentem  
 Cernere suave est.  
 Hic, mortem nec appetens nec timens  
 Innocuis deliciis,  
 Doctâ quiete,  
 et  
 Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate,  
 Fruniscor.  
 Hic mihi vivam quod super est aut exilii, aut ævi.*

If in a year's time you should find leisure to write to me, send me some mottos for groves, and streams, and fine prospects, and retreat, and contempt of grandeur, &c. I have one for my green-houses, and one for an alley, which leads to my apartment, which are happy enough. The first is, *Hic ver assiduum atque alienis mensibus æstas*. The other is, — *fallentis semita vitæ*.

You see I amuse myself *de la bagatelle* as much as you ; but here lies the difference ; your bagatelle leads to something better ; as fiddlers flourish carelessly, before they play a fine air. But mine begins, proceeds, and ends in bagatelle.

Adieu, it is happy for you that my hand is tired.

I'll take care, that you shall have my picture, and I am simple enough to be obliged to you for asking for it. If you do not write to me soon, I hope it will fall down as soon as you have it, and break your head.

## L E T T E R C C I.

Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Sept. 1, 1721.

I Don't know how to account for your long silence, unless your time has been taken up in making an interest with those in power here, for one of the two archbishoprics, that, we hear, were void ; (but I am very glad, are not so). Set your heart at rest, for they are promised ; and therefore you may as well write to a sister, when next you honour this kingdom with



with any dispatches. As to any greater people, it is a shame to think how you have neglected those of your own house. I had once determined to write to you no more, since no answer was to be expected ; but then revenge came into my head, and I was resolved to teaze you, till at last, to be quiet, you would send me some plausible excuse at least, for never enquiring after brother or sister. I wonder when you'll be good-natured enough to come and see how we do ; but *Ireland* has such powerful charms, that I question whether you would leave it to be one of our archbishops. I was at you brother *Arran's* \* a good while this summer, and have been much upon the ramble, or else you'd have sooner had these just reproaches from me ; whom you have no way of appeasing, but by a letter of at least four sides of paper : though I am so good a Christian, upon this occasion, as to be, notwithstanding all this ill treatment, Sir, your most sincere friend, and humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

## L E T T E R CCII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 1, 1721-2.

I Received your letter of the twenty-ninth of *September*, above a fortnight ago ; and should have set you an example, by answering it immediately, (which I do not rememeber you ever set me) if I had not been

\* Another of the sixteen.

obliged

obliged to abandon the silence and quiet of this beloved retreat, and to thrust myself into the hurry and rabble of an impertinent town. In less than ten days, which I spent at *Paris*, I was more than ten times on the point of leaving my business there undone ; and yet this business was to save four-fifths of four hundred thousand livres, which I have on the town-house ; *restes misérables du naufrage de ma fortune*. Luckily I had the fear of you before my eyes ; and tho' I cannot hope to deserve your esteem by growing rich, I have endeavoured to avoid your contempt by growing poor. The expression is equivocal ; a fault, which our language often betrays those, who scribe hastily, into ; but your own conscience will serve for a comment, and fix the sense. Let me thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and for using your credit above so generously in my behalf. To despise riches with *Seneca's* purse is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philosophy.

*Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno ?*

You are not like *H. Guy*\*, who among other excellent pieces of advice, gave me this, when I first came to court ; to be very moderate and modest in my

\* ‘ *Henry Guy*, who had been secretary to the treasury during three successive reigns. He died *February* 23, 1710, and left to *William Pulteney*, Esq; late earl of *Bath*, near forty thousand pounds, with an estate of about five hundred pounds a year ; as the latter owns, in his *Answer to one part of a late infamous Libel*, &c. published in 1731, p. 39.’



applications for my friends, and very greedy and importunate, when I asked for myself. You call *Tully* names, to revenge *Cato's* quarrel; and to revenge *Tully's*, I am ready to fall foul on *Seneca*. You churchmen have cried him up for a great saint; and, as if you imagined, that to have it believed, he had a month's mind to be a Christian, would reflect some honour on Christianity, you employed one of those pious frauds, so frequently practised in the days of primitive simplicity, to impose on the world a pretended correspondence between him and the great apostle of the *Gentiles* \*. Your partiality in his favour shall bias me no more than the pique, which *Dion Cassius* and others shew against him. Like an equitable judge, I shall only tax him with avarice in his prosperity, adulation in his adversity, and affectation in every state of life. Was I considerable enough to be banished from my country, methinks I would not purchase my restoration, at the expence of writing such a letter to the prince himself, as your Christian Stoic wrote to the emperor's slave *Polybius* †. Thus I think of the man, and yet I read the author with pleasure; tho' I join in condemning those points,

\* 'It consists of thirteen letters, which seemed to St. *Jerome* and St. *Augustine* to have been genuine. But *Du Pin* (*Nouvelle Bibliotheque des Auteurs Ecclesiastiques*, Tom. I. p. 24. edit. 1690, quarto) acknowledges, that they contain nothing worthy of the apostle or philosopher, and have not the least resemblance to the stile of either. This is likewise the judgment of the most learned among the modern critics.'

† 'Seneca de Consolatione ad Polybium.'

which he introduced into the *Latin* stile; those eternal witticisms, strung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the passions, before he has gone about to convince the judgment; which *Erasmus*, if I remember right, objects to him. He is seldom instructive, but he is perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre. I have lately wrote an excellent treatise in praise of exile \*. Many of the hints are taken from *Consolatio ad Helviam*, and other parts of his works. The whole is turned on his stile and manner; and there is as much of the spirit of the *Portique*, as I could infuse without running too far into the *mirabilia, inopinata, et paradoxa*; which *Tully*, and I think *Seneca* himself, ridicules the school of *Zeno* for. That you may laugh at me in your turn, I own ingenuously, that I began in jest, grew serious at the third or fourth page, and convinced myself, before I had done, of what perhaps I shall never convince any other, that a man of sense and virtue may be unfortunate, but can never be unhappy. Do not imagine, however, that I have a mind to quarrel with *Aristippus*: he is still my favourite among the philosophers; and, if I find some faults in him, they are few and venial.

You do me much honour, in saying, that I put you in mind of lord *Digby* †; but say it to no one else, for fear of passing for partial in your parallels, which

\* 'It is printed in his works, under the title of *Reflections upon Exile*.'

† 'George lord *Digby*, afterwards earl of *Bristol*. Dr. *Swift*, in



has done *Plutarch* more hurt than it has done good to his *Grecian* heroes. I had forgot, or I never knew, the remarkable passage, which you mention. Great virtue, unjustly persecuted, may hold such language, and will be heard with applause, with general applause, I mean, not universal. There was at *Athens* a wretch, who spit in the face of *Aristides*, as he marched firm, calm, and almost gay, to execution. Perhaps there was not another man among the *Athenians*, capable of the same vile action. And for the honour of my country, I will believe, that there are few men in *England*, besides lord *Oxford*, capable of hearing that strain of eloquence, without admiration. There is a sort of kindred in souls, and they are divided into more families than we are apt to imagine. *Digby* and *Harley* are absolute strangers to one another. Touch an unison, and all the unisons will give the same sound; but you may thrum a lute till your fingers are sore, and you will draw no sound out of a Jew's harp.

I thank you for correcting my inscriptions, and I thank you still more for promising to gather up mottos for me, and to write often to me. I am as little given to beg correspondents, as you are to beg pictures; but since I cannot live with you, I would fain hear from you. To grow old with good sense, and a good friend, was the wish of *Thales*; I add, with good health: to enjoy but one and an half of these three,

a letter to lord *Bolingbroke*, dated *April 5, 1729*, and printed in his works, styles lord *Digby* the prototype of lord *Bolingbroke*?

is hard. I have heard of *Prior's* death \*, and of his epitaph † ; and have seen a strange book, writ by a grave and eloquent doctor ‡, about the duke of *Buckinghamshire*. People, who talk much in that moment, can have, as I believe, but one of these two principles, fear, or vanity. It is therefore much better to hold one's tongue. I am sorry, that the first of these persons, our old acquaintance *Matt.* lived so poor as you represent him. I thought that a certain lord ||, whose marriage with a certain heiress was the ultimate end of a certain administration, had put him above want. *Prior* might justly enough have addressed himself to his young patron, as our friend *Aristippus* did to *Dionysius* ; You have money, which I want. I

\* · He died Sep. 18, 1721.'

† ' In the following triplet, written by himself.

“ To me 'tis given to die ; to you 'tis given

“ To live. Alas ! one moment sets us even.

“ Mark how impartial is the will of heaven !”

}

Bishop *Atterbury*, in a letter to Mr. *Pope*, dated *September 27, 1721*, says ; “ I will take care to make good, in every respect, what I said to him when living, particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph ; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was dean of *Westminster*.”

‡ ‘ *Richard Fiddes*, D. D. published in 1721, in octavo, *A Letter in answer to one from a thinker ; occasioned by the late Duke of Buckinghamshire's epitaph ; wherein certain passages in it, that have been thought exceptionable, are vindicated ; and the doctrine of the Soul's Immortality asserted, &c.* This was followed by *A second Letter*, published the same year.’

|| ‘ *Edward lord Harley*, who married, in *October 1713*, the lady *Henrietta Cavendish Holles*, only daughter and heir of *John duke of Newcastle*.’

have



have wit and knowledge, which you want. I long to see your travels \* ; for take it as you will, I do not retract what I said. I will undertake to find, in two pages of your *bagatelles*, more good sense, useful knowledge, and true religion, than you can shew me in the works of nineteen in twenty of the profound divines and philosophers of the age.

I am obliged to return to *Paris* in a month or six weeks time, and from thence will send you my picture. Would to heaven I could send you as like a picture of my mind : you would find yourself, in that draught, the object of the truest esteem and the sincerest friendship.

## L E T T E R CCIII.

Dr. S N A P E to Dr. S W I F T.

REV. SIR,

Windfor, Apr. 23, 1722.

**I** Take the opportunity of two of our choir going over to try their fortune in your country, at once to return my thanks for a very obliging letter you favoured me with some years ago, and your kind interpretation of my endeavours, at that time, to assert the cause of our establishment against a prelate †, who was undermining it : and also to recommend to your favour the bearer, Mr. *Elford*, who, upon the encouragement of your worthy primate, is going to settle at *Armagh*. I cannot pretend to say, he has the same

\* ‘ *Gulliver’s*. ’

† ‘ *Bishop Hoadly*. ’

compass of voice with his late brother, whom the good queen so much admired; but I will venture to say, he has a greater compass of understanding; and, upon the whole, that he is a good choir-man. The other that bears him company, was a very useful chorister to us. His voice, since its breaking, is somewhat harsh, but I believe will grow mellow. If you find either of them for your purpose, especially the bearer, when you have a vacancy in your church, I shall be much obliged to you for any favour you are pleased to shew him, and be ready to approve myself, on any occasion, reverend Sir, your most obedient and affectionate servant,

A. S N A P E.

## L E T T E R CCIV.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

London, Dec. 22, 1722.

AFTER every post-day, for these eight-or nine years, I have been troubled with an uneasiness of spirit, and, at last, I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I don't deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve; for I have not professed to you, that I love you as much as ever I did: but you are the only person of my acquaintance almost, that does not know it. Whoever I see, that comes from *Ireland*, the first question I ask is after your health: of Which I had the pleasure to hear very lately from Mr. *Berkeley*. I think of you very often: no-body wishes  
you



you better, or longs more to see you. Duke *Disney* who knows more news than any man alive, told me I should certainly meet you at the *Bath* the last season : but I had one comfort in being disappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a cholic, that I have been often troubled with of late ; but have not found all the benefit I expected.

I lodge, at present, in *Burlington-house*, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me ; and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me some knowledge of them ; so that I can say, that it is not in their power to disappoint me. You find I talk to you of myself ; I wish you would reply to me in the same manner. I hope, though you have not heard of me so long, I have not lost my credit with you ; but that you will think of me in the same manner, as when you espoused my cause so warmly ; which my gratitude never can forget. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and sincere humble servant,

J. GAY.

P. S. Mr. *Pope*, upon reading over this letter, desired me to tell you, that he has been just in the same sentiments with me, in regard to you ; and shall never forget his obligations to you.

## L E T T E R CCV.

Dr. S W I F T to the Duke of G R A F T O N.

M Y L O R D,

Dublin, Jan. 24, 1722-3.

I Received lately from the dean of *Downe* a favourable message from your grace, relating to a clerkman, who married my near relation, and whose estate is much incumbered by a long suit at law. I return my most humble acknowledgments for your grace's favourable answer. I can assure your grace, that in those times, when I was thought to have some credit with persons in power, I never used it to my own interest, and very rarely for that of others, unless where it was for the public advantage; neither shall I ever be a troublesome or common petitioner to your grace. I am sorry the archbishop of *Dublin* \* should interpose in petty matters, when he has justly so much weight in things of greater moment. How shall we, the humblest of your addressers, make our way to the smallest mark of your favour? I desired your secretary Mr. *Hopkins*, (whom I have long known) to deal plainly with me, as with a man forgotten, and out of the world, and, if he thought my request unreasonable, I would drop it. This he failed to do; and therefore I hear complain of him to your grace, and will do so to himself, because I have long done with court answers.

I heartily wish your grace full success in all your great and good endeavours for the service of your

\* 'Dr. King.'

country,



country, and particularly of this kingdom ; and am,  
with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most  
obedient and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CCVI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Feb 3, 1722-3.

YOU made me happy in answering my last letter in  
so kind a manner, which, to common appearance, I  
did not deserve; but I believe you guessed my  
thoughts, and knew, that I had not forgot you, and  
that I always loved you. When I found, that my  
book was not sent you by *Tooke*, *Fervais* undertook it,  
and gave it to Mr. *Maxwell*, who married a neice of  
Mr. *Meredith's*. I am surprized you have heard no-  
thing of it; but *Fervais* has promised me to write  
about it, so that I hope you will have it delivered to  
you soon. Mr. *Congreve* I see often: he always men-  
tions you with the strongest expressions of esteem and  
friendship. He labours still under the same afflictions,  
as to his sight and gout; but, in his intervals of  
health, he has not lost any thing of his chearful tem-  
per. I passed all the last season with him at the *Bath*,  
and I have great reason to value myself upon his  
friendship; for I am sure he sincerely wishes me well.  
We pleased ourselves with the thoughts of seeing you  
there; but duke *Disney*, who knows more intelligence  
than any body besides, chanced to give us a wrong  
information.

information. If you had been there, the duke promised, upon my giving him notice, to make you a visit. He often talks of you, and wishes to see you.

I was two or three days ago at Dr. *Arbuthnot's*, who told me, he wrote you three letters, but had received no answer. He charged me to send you his advice, which is, to come to *England*, and see your friends. This, he affirms (abstracted from the desire he has to see you) to be very good for your health. He thinks, that your going to *Spa*, and drinking the waters there, would be of great service to you, if you have resolution enough to take the journey. But he would have you try *England* first. I like the prescription very much, but I own, I have a self-interest in it; for your taking this journey would certainly do me a great deal of good. *Pope* has just now embarked himself in another great undertaking as an author; for, of late, he has talked only as a gardener. He has engaged to translate the *Odysssey* in three years, I believe rather out of a prospect of gain than inclination; for I am persuaded he bore his part in the loss of the *South-sea*. He lives mostly at *Twickenham*, and amuses himself in his house and garden. I supp'd about a fortnight ago with lord *Bathurst* and *Lewis* at Dr. *Arbuthnot's*. Whenever your old acquaintance meet, they never fail of expressing their want of you. I wish you would come, and be convinced, that what I tell you is true.

As for the reigning amusement of the town, it is intirely music; real fiddles, bassviols, and hautboys? not poetical harps, lyres and reeds. There's no-body  
allowed



allowed to say, *I sing*, but an eunuch, or an *Italian* woman. Every body is grown now as great a judge of music, as they were, in your time, of poetry; and folks, that could not distinguish one tune from another, now daily dispute about the different styles of *Handel*, *Bonocini*, and *Attilio*. People have now forgot *Homer*, and *Virgil*, and *Cæsar*; or, at least, they have lost their ranks. For in *London* and *Westminster*, in all polite conversations, *Senesino* is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived.

I am obliged to you for your advice, as I have been formerly for your assistance in introducing me into business. I shall this year be a commissioner of the state-lottery, which will be worth to me a hundred and fifty pounds. And I am not without hopes, that I have friends, that will think of some better and more certain provision for me. You see I talk to you of myself, as a thing of consequence to you. I judge by myself; for to hear of your health and happiness, will always be one of my greatest satisfactions. Every one, that I have named in the letter, give their service to you. I beg you to give mine, Mr. *Pope's*, and Mr. *Kent's* \*, to Mr. *Ford*. I am, dear Sir, your most faithful and most humble servant,

J. GAY.

\* A celebrated improver, to whom *Pope*, speaking of *Escher*, a seat of the late Mr. *Pelham's*, pays a most elegant compliment:

“Where *Kent* and nature vie for *Pelham's* love.”

## L E T T E R CCVII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

D E A R S I R,

Indorsed,

"Received Nov. 17, 1723."

I Have as good a right to invade your solitude as lord B——, *Gay*, or *Pope*, and you see I make use of it. I know you wish us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you shall have a sheet of paper every post till you come to yourself. By a paragraph in yours to Mr. *Pope*, I find you are in the case of the man, who held the whole night by a broom-brush, and found when day light appeared, he was within two inches of the ground. You don't seem to know how well you stand with our great folks. I myself have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent *Irish* whigs, the whole table-talk turn upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topic of your good qualities, and the good you did, I should have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expostulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes any body, that has the misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myself, if I had a mind, and will propose a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late sent several patients in that case to the *Spa*, to drink there of the *Geronster water*, which will not carry from the spot. It has succeeded marvelously with them all.

There



There was indeed one, who relapsed a little this last summer, because he would not take my advice, and return to his course, that had been too short the year before. But, because the instances of eminent men are most conspicuous, lord *Whitworth*, our plenipotentiary, had this disease, (which by the way, is a little disqualifying for that employment :) he was so bad, that he was often forced to catch hold of any thing to keep him from falling. I know he has recovered by the use of that water, to so great a degree, that he can ride, walk, or do any thing as formerly. I leave this to your consideration. Your friends here wish to see you, and none more than myself ; but I really don't advise you to such a journey to gratify them or myself ; but I am almost confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The *dragon* is just the old man, when he is roused. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities just as of old. Lord *B* —— is much improved in knowledge, manner, and every thing else. The shaver \* is an honest friendly man as before : he has a good deal to do to smother his *Welsh* fire, which you know, he has in a greater degree than some would imagine. He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies money at ombre, and convinces them, that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and lady *M*——†, Mr. *Hill*, and Mrs. *Hill*, often remember you with affection.

\* *Erasmus Lewis*, Esq ; who in Dr. *Swift's* imitation of *Horace*, Ep. viii. B. I. is so called :

“ This *Lewis* is an errant shaver.”

† *Masbam*.

As for your humble servant, with a great stone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as chearful as ever in public affairs. He has kept as *Tacitus* says, *Medum itum inter vile servitium et abruptam contumaciam*. He never rails at a great man, but to his face; which I can assure you, he has had both the opportunity and licence to do. He has some few weak friends, and fewer enemies: if any, he is low enough to be rather despised than pushed at by them. I am faithfully, dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

## L E T T E R CCVIII.

Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Dec. 9, 1723.

I Find by yours of the 6th of *November*, which I did not receive till last night, that you have been so good as to remember your poor relation here. But as your three last never came to hand, I think it very happy, that you have kept your liberty thus long; for I can't account for my not receiving them any other way, than that they were stopped in the post-office, and interpreted, as most innocent things are, to mean something very distant from the intention of the writer or actor.

I am surprized at the account you give me of that part of *Ireland* you have been in: for the best I expect from that grateful country is to be forgotten by  
the



the inhabitants. For to remember with any kindness one under the frowns of the court, is not a gift the *Irish* are endowed with. I am very sorry to hear you have got the spleen, where a man of your sense must every day meet with things ridiculous enough to make you laugh? but I am afraid, the jests are too low to do so. Change of air is the best thing in the world for your distemper. And if not to cure yourself, at least, have so much goodness for your friends here, as to come and cure us; for it is a distemper we overrun with. I am sure your company would go a great way towards my recovery; for I assure you, nobody has a greater value for you than I have, and hope I shall have the good fortune to see you before I die.

I have no sort of correspondence with the person you have not seen, and wonder at nothing they do, or do not do.

I will let your brother \* and mine know, that you remembered him, in my letter. He is as good a man as lives.

I am afraid you will wish you had not encouraged my scribbling to you, when you find I am still such an insipid correspondent; but with that, which I hope will make some amends, am with great sincerity and respect, your most faithful friend and humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

\* ‘ In the society of sixteen, *Charles lord Butler of Weston*, and earl of *Arran*, brother to the duke of *Ormond*, on whose attainder he was elected chancellor of the university of *Oxford*.’

## L E T T E R CCIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT \*.

Dec. 25, 1723.

N Ever letter came more opportunely than your last. The gout had made me a second visit, and several persons were congratulating with me on the good effect of the waters, which had determined my former illness to a distemper so desirable. My toe pained me; these compliments tired me; and I would have taken my fever again to give the gout to all the company. At that instant your letter was delivered to me. It cleared my brow, diverted my ill humour, and at last made me forget my pain. I told the persons, who were sitting round my bed, and who testified some surprize at so sudden a change, that this powerful epistle came from *Ireland*. At which, to say the truth, I did not observe, that their surprize diminished. But the dullest fellow among them, who was a priest, (for that happens to be the case sometimes in this country) told the others, that *Ireland* formerly had been called *Insula sanctorum*: that, by the acquaintance he had at the *Irish* college, he made no doubt of her deserving still the same appellation: and that they might be sure, that the three pages were filled with *matiere d'edification et matiere de consolation*,

\* ' This letter appears to have been written from *France*, though Lord *Bolingbroke* had come over to *England* in the latter end of *June* this year, in order to plead his pardon, which had passed the seals on the 28th of *May*.'

which



which he hoped I would be so good as to communicate to them. A learned *Rosycrucian* of my acquaintance, who is a fool of as much knowledge and as much wit as ever I knew in my life, smiled at the doctor's simplicity; observed, that the effect was too sudden for a cause so heavy in its operations; said a great many extravagant things about natural and theurgic magic; and informed us, that though the sages, who deal in occult sciences, have been laughed out of some countries, and driven out of others, yet there are, to his knowledge, many of them in *Ireland*. I stopped these gueffers, and others, who were perhaps ready, by assuring them, that my correspondent was neither a saint nor a conjuror. They asked me, what he was then? I answered, that they should know it from your self; and opening your letter, I read to them in *French* the character, which you draw of yourself. Particular parts of it were approved or condemned by every one; as every one's own habits induced them to judge; but they all agreed, that my correspondent stood in need of more sleep, more victuals, less ale, and better company. I defended you the best I could; and, bad as the cause was, I found means to have the last word, which in disputes you know is the capital point. The truth is, however, that I convinced nobody, not even the weakest of the company, that is, myself.

I flatter my friendship for you with the hopes, that you are really in the case, in which you say, that our friend *Pope* seems to be; and that you do not know your own character. Or did you mean to amuse your-

self, like that famous painter, who, instead of copying nature, tried in one of his designs, how far it was possible to depart from his original? Whatever your intention was, I will not be brought in among those friends, whose misfortunes have given them an habitual sourness. I declare to you once for all, that I am not unhappy, and that I never shall be so, unless I sink under some physical evil. Retrench therefore the proportion of peevishness, which you set to my account. You might for several other reasons retrench the proportions, which you set to the account of others, and so leave yourself without peevishness, or without excuse. I lament, and have always lamented, your being placed in *Ireland*; but you are worse than peevish, you are unjust, when you say, that it was either not in the power or will of a ministry to place you in *England*. Write *minister*, friend *Jonathan*, and scrape out the words, *either, power, or*; after which the passage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one man \* who had power at that time, and that wretched man had neither the will nor the skill to make a good use of it.

We talk of characters; match me that, if you can, among all the odd phœnomena, which have appeared in the moral world. I have not a *Tacitus* by me; but I believe, that I remember your quotation, and as a mark that I hit right, I make no comment upon it. As you describe your public spirit, it seems to me to be a disease, as well as your peevishness. Your pro-

\* Lord Oxford.



posals for reforming the state are admirable; and your schemes concise. With respect to your humble servant, you judge better than you did in a letter I received from you about four years ago. You seemed at that time not so afraid of the nightingale's falling into the serpent's mouth. This reflection made me recollect, that I writ you at that time a long epistle in metre. After rumaging among my papers I found it, and send it with my letter: it will serve to entertain you the first fast-day. I depend on the fidelity of your friendship, that it shall fall under no eye but your own. Adieu.

I read in *English* (for she understands it) to a certain lady, the passage of your letter, which relates to her. The *Latin* I most generously concealed. She desires you to receive the compliments of one, who is so far from being equal to fifty others of her sex, that she never found herself equal to any one of them. She says, that she has neither youth nor beauty, but that she hopes on the long and intimate acquaintance she has had with you, when you meet, if that ever happens, to cast such a mist before your eyes, that you shall not perceive she wants either of them.

## L E T T E R CCX.

Lord C———\* to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Arlington-street, June 20, 1724.

**T**O begin by confessing myself in the wrong will, I hope, be some proof to you, that none of the stations which I have gone through, have hitherto had the effects upon me, which you apprehend. If a month's silence has been turned to my disadvantage in your esteem, it has at least had this good effect, that I am convinced by the kindness of your reproaches, as well as by the goodness of your advice, that you still retain some part of your former friendship for me, of which I am the more confident from the agreeable freedom with which you express yourself: and I shall not forfeit my pretensions to the continuance of it, by doing any thing, that shall give you occasion to think, that I am insensible of it.

But to come to the point: your first letter is dated 28th *May*, your second the 9th of *June*. By the date of this you will see, that the interval of silence may be accounted for by a few excursions, which I have made into the country: therefore I desire you will put the most favourable sense.

\* Lord C——— was then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. In the letter, to which this is an answer, the Dean complained, that a former letter had been a month unanswered. For both these letters of the Dean see the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*, in 1765.



The principal affair you mention is under examination \*; and till that is over, I am not informed sufficiently to make any other judgment of the matter, than that, which I am naturally led to make, by the general averſion, which appears to it in the whole nation.

I hope the nation will not ſuffer by my being in this great ſtation; and if I can contribute to its proſperity, I ſhall think it the honour and happineſs of my life. I deſire you to believe what I ſay, and particularly when I profeſs myſelf to be with great truth, Sir, your moſt faithful and affectionate humble ſervant,

C.

## L E T T E R CCXI.

Lord C—— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Arlington ſtreet, Aug 4, 1724.

YOur claim to be the laſt writer is what I can never allow: that is the privilege of ill writers. And I am reſolved to give you compleat ſatisfaction by leaving it with you, whether I ſhall be that laſt writer or not. Methinks I ſee you throw this letter upon your table in the heighth of ſpleen, becauſe it may have interrupted ſome of your more agreeable thoughts. But then, in return, you may have the

\* ‘Probably that of Mr. Wood’s patent for coining halfpence and farthings for *Ireland*, which was referred to the lords of the privy council of *England*, who, on the 24<sup>th</sup> of *July*, 1724, drew up a report, juſtifying the patentee.’

comfort of not answering it, and so convince my lord lieutenant, that you value him less now than you did ten years ago. I don't know but this might become a free speaker and a philosopher. Whatever you may think of it, I shall not be testy, but endeavour to shew, that I am not altogether insensible of the force of that genius, which hath outshone most of this age, and when you will display it again, can convince us, that its lustre and strength are still the same.

Once more I commit myself to your censure, and am, Sir, with great respect, your most affectionate humble servant,

C\*.

## L E T T E R CCXII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Sep. 12, 1724.

**I**T is neither sickness, nor journeys, nor ill humours, nor age, nor vexation, nor stupidity, which has hindered me from answering sooner your letter of the month of *June*; but a very prudent consideration, and one of the greatest strains of policy I ever exercised in my life. Should I answer you in a month, you might think yourself obliged to answer me in six; and, scared at the sore fatigue of writing twice a year to an absent friend, you might (for ought either you or I can tell) stop short and not write at all. Now this would disappoint all my projects; for, to confess the

\* See the letter, to which this is an answer, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

truth,



truth, I have been drawing you in these several years, and by my past success, I begin to hope, that in about ten more, I may establish a right of hearing from you once a quarter. The gout neither clears my head, nor warms my imagination, and I am ashamed to own to you, how near the truth I kept in the description of what passed by my bedside in the reading of your letter. The scene was really such as I painted it; and the company was much better than you seem to think it. When I, who pass a great part, very much the greatest, of my life alone, sally forth into that world, I am very far from expecting to improve myself by the conversation I find there; and still farther from caring one jot of what passes there. In short, I am no longer the bubble you knew me; and therefore, when I mingle in society, it is purely for my amusement. If mankind divert me (and I defy them to give me your distemper, the spleen) it is all I expect or ask of them. By this sincere confession you may perceive, that your great masters of reason are not for my turn; their thorough bass benumbs my faculties. I seek the fiddle or the flute, something to raise, or something to calm my spirits agreeably; gay flights, or soothing images. I do not dislike a fellow, whose imagination runs away with him, and who has writ enough to be half mad; nor him, who atones for a scanty imagination by an ample fund of oddnesses and singularity. If good sense and great knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I desire there may be at least some latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occasion and render the person a tolerable

tolerable companion. By this sketch you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends, with whom I pass my time, you know. The living ones are of the same sort, and therefore few.

I pass over that part of your letter, which is a kind of an elegy on a departed minister \*; and I promise you solemnly neither to mention him, nor think of him more, till I come to do him justice in an history of the first twenty years of this century, which I believe I shall write, if I live three or four years longer. But I must take a little more notice of the paragraph which follows. The verses I sent you are very bad, because they are not very good: *mediocribus esse poetis non dii non homines*, &c. I did not send them to be admired; and you would do them too much honour, if you criticised them. *Pope* took the best party; for he said not one word to me about them. All I desire of you is to consider them as a proof, that you have never been out of my thoughts, though you have been so long out of my sight; and, if I remember you upon paper for the future, it shall be in prose.

I must, on this occasion set you right, as to an opinion, which I should be very sorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *esprit fort* in *English* free-thinker, is, according to my observation, usually applied to them, whom I look upon to be the pests of society; because their endeavours are directed to loosen the bands of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man, when it would be

\* The earl of *Oxford*, who died in *June*, 1724.



well if he was checked by half a score others. Nay, they go farther. Revealed religion is a lofty and pompous structure, erected close to the humble and plain building of natural religion. Some have objected to you, who are the architects *et les concierges* (we want that word in *English*) of the former, to you who build, or at least repair the house, and who shew the rooms, that, to strenghten some parts of your own building you shake and even sap the foundation of the other. And between you and I, Mr. Dean, this charge may be justified in several instances; but still your intention is not to demolish: whereas the *esprit fort*, or the free-thinker, is to set upon pulling down your house about your ears, that if he was let alone, he would destroy the other for being so near it, and mingle both in one common ruin. I therefore not only disown, but detest this character. If indeed by *esprit fort*, or free-thinker, you only mean a man, who makes a free use of his reason, who searches after truth without passion or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it, you mean a wise and honest man, and such an one as I labour to be. The faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, true and false, which we call reason, or common sense, which is given to every man by our bountiful Creator, and which most men lose by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to guide all operations of it. To abandon this rule; and to guide our thoughts by any other, is full as absurd, as it would be, if you should put out your eyes, and borrow even the best staff, that ever was in the family of the staffs, when you set out upon  
one

one of your dirty journeys. Such free-thinkers as these I am sure you cannot, even in your apostolical capacity, disapprove: for since the truth of the divine revelation of Christianity is as evident, as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of justice, these free-thinkers must needs be Christians on the best foundation; on that, which St. *Paul* himself established, I think it was St. *Paul*, *omnia probate, quod bonum est, tenete*.

But you have a further security from these free-thinkers, I do not say a better, and it is this: the persons I am describing think for themselves, and to themselves. Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty not to disturb the peace of the world by opposing you \*. The peace and happiness of mankind is the great aim of these free-thinkers; and,

\* Notwithstanding the declarations made by lord *Bolingbroke* in this letter, he left his writings against religion to Mr. *Mallet*, with a view to their being published, as appears by his will; and with a positive and direct injunction to publish them, as appears by a letter from Mr. *Mallet* to lord *Hyde*, viscount *Cornbury*, now in the *British Museum*. We have therefore his lordship's own authority to say, that he was one of the pests of society, even if the opinions, which he has advanced against religion, are true; for his endeavour is certainly directed to loosen the band of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man. Expressly to direct the publication of writings, which, he believed, would subvert the morals and the happiness of society, at a time when he could derive no private advantage from the mischiefs, was perhaps an act of wickedness more purely diabolical, than any hitherto upon record in the history of any age or nation. *Mallet* had a pecuniary temptation



therefore, as those among them, who remain incredulous, will not oppose you, so those, whom reason, enlightened by grace, has made believers, may be sorry, and may express their sorrow, as I have done, to see religion perverted to purposes so contrary to her true intention, and first design. Can a good Christian behold the ministers of the meek and humble *Jesus* exercising an insolent and cruel usurpation over their brethren? Or the messengers of peace and good news setting all mankind together by the ears? Or that religion which breathes charity and universal benevolence, spilling more blood, upon reflection and by system, than the most barbarous heathen ever did in the heat of action, and fury of conquest? Can he behold all this without an holy indignation, and not be criminal? Nay, when he turns his eyes from those tragical scenes, and considers the ordinary tenour of things, do you not think he will be shocked to ob-

temptation to assassinate the morals and happiness of his country at *Bolingbroke's* instigation: his crime therefore is not equally a proof of natural depravity, though it is impossible to suppose he had less conviction of the mischief he was doing; and it is also impossible to suppose, that he could seriously think any obligation to print *Bolingbroke's* infidelity, in consequence of his injunction, equivalent to the obligation he was under to suppress it, arising from the duty, which, as a man, he owed to human nature.

The paragraph in lord *Bolingbroke's* will, by which his writings are bequeathed to *Mallet*, the letter, which lord *Cornbury* wrote to *Mallet*, upon hearing he was about to publish the letters, including those on sacred history, and *Mallet's* answer, are, for the reader's satisfaction, printed at the end of this collection. Lord *Cornbury's* letter is a monument, that will do more honour to his memory, than all that mere wit or valour has atchieved since the world began.

serve

serve metaphysics substituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality?

I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the same breath with *Spinoza*, whose system of one infinite substance I despise and abhor, as I have a right to do, because I am able to shew why I despise and abhor it.

You desire me to return home, and you promise me, in that case, to come to *London*, laden with your travels. I am sorry to tell you, that *London* is, in my apprehension, as little likely as *Dublin* to be our place of rendezvous. The reasons for this apprehension I pass over; but I cannot agree to what you advance with the air of a maxim, that exile is the greatest punishment to men of virtue, because virtue consists in loving our country. Examine the nature of this love, from whence it arises, how it is nourished, what the bounds and measures of it are; and after that, you will discover, how far it is virtue, and where it becomes simplicity, prejudice, folly, and even enthusiasm. A virtuous man in exile may properly enough be stiled unfortunate; but he cannot be called unhappy. You remember the reason, which Brutus gave, because, wherever he goes, he carries his virtue with him. There is a certain bulky volume, which grows daily, and the title of which must, I think, be *Noctes Gallicæ*. There you may perhaps one day or other see a dissertation upon this subject: and to return you threatening for threatening, you shall be forced to read



read it out, though you yawn from the first to the last page.

The word *Ireland* was struck out of the paper you mention; that is to satisfy your curiosity, and to kindle it anew, I will tell you, that this anecdote, which I know not how you came by, is neither the only one, nor the most considerable one of the same kind. The person you are so inquisitive about\*, returns into *England* the latter end of *October*. She has so great a mind to see you, that I am not sure she will not undertake a journey to *Dublin*. It is not so far from *London* to *Dublin*, as from *Spain* to *Padua*; and you are as well worth seeing as *Livy*. But I had much rather you would leave the humid climate and the dull company, in which, according to your account, a man might grow old between twenty and thirty. Set your foot on the continent; I dare promise, that you will, in a fortnight, have gone back the ten years you lament so much, and be returned to that age, at which I left you. With what pleasure should I hear you *inter vīna fugam Stellæ mœrere protervæ?* Adieu.

\* His lordship's second wife, a *French* lady.

## L E T T E R    C C X I I I .

L'Abbé des FONTAINES \* à Monsieur SWIFT.

A Paris, le 4 Juillet, 1725.

J'AI l'honneur, monsieur, de vous envoyer la 2de edition de votre ouvrage, que j'ai traduit en *Francois*. Je vous aurois envoyé la premiere, si je n'avois pas été obligé, pour des raisons, que je ne puis vous dire, d'inferer dans la preface un endroit, dont vous n'aurez pas eu lieu d'être content, ce que j'ai mis assurément malgré moi. Comme le livre s'est débité sans contradiction, ces raisons ne subsistent plus, et j'ai aussitôt supprimé cet endroit dans la 2de edition, comme vous verrez. J'ai aussi corrigé l'endroit, de monsieur *Carteret*, sur lequel j'avois eu de faux memoirs. Vous trouverez, monsieur, en beaucoup d'endroits une traduction peu fidele; mais tout ce qui plaît en *Angleterre*, n'a pas ici le meme agrément; soit parce que les mœurs sont differentes, soit parceque que les allusions et les allegories, qui sont sensibles dans une pays, ne les sont pas dans une aître; soit enfin parce que le goût des deux nations n'est pas le même. J'ai voulu donner aux *Francois* un livre, qui fut a leur usage: voila ce qui m'a rendu traducteur libre et peu fidele. J'ai meme pris

\* *Peter Francis Guyet des Fontaines*, born at *Roan* in *Normandy*, 29 *June*, 1685. He entered into the society of the *Jesuits* in 1700; but quitted it sixteen years after. He liv'd for some years with the cardinal d'*Auvergne*, and died at *Paris*, 16 *December* 1745, being well known for several works, and particularly for his *Observations sur les ecrits modernes*, in a great number of volumes.



la liberté d'ajouter, selon que vôtre imagination est echauffoit la mienne. C'est à vous seul, monfieur, que je suis redevable de l'honneur, que me fait cette traduction, qui à été débitée icy, avec une rapidité etonnante, et donc il y'a déjà trois editions. Je suis penetré d'une si grande estime pour vous, et je vous suis si obligé, que si la suppression, que j'ai faite, ne vous satisfait pas entierement, je ferai volontiers encore d'avantage pour effacer jusqu'au souvenir de cet endroit de la preface : au surplus je vous supplie, monfieur, de vouloir bien faire attention à la justice, que je vous ai rendu dans la même preface.

On se flatte, monfieur, qu'on aura bien tôt l'honneur de vous posséder ici. Tous vos amis vous attendent avec impatience. On ne parle ici que de vôtre arrivée; et tout *Paris* souhaite de vous voir. Ne deferrés pas nôtre satisfaction : vous verrez un peuple, qui vos estime infinement. En attendant, je vous demande, monfieur, l'honneur de vôtre amitié, et vous prie d'être persuadé, que personne ne vous honore plus que moi, et n'est avec plus de consideration et d'estime, votre tres humble, et tres obeissant serviteur,

L'Abbé des FONTAINES.

Mr. *Arbuthnot* a bien voulu se charger de vous fair tenir cette lettre avec l'exemplaire, que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer.

## L E T T E R CCXIV.

R E P O N S E de Monsieur S W I F T.

**I**L y a plus d'un mois que j'ay recûe vôtre lettre du 4 de *Juillet*, Monsieur; mais l'exemplaire de 2de édition de vôtre ouvrage ne m'a pas été encore remis. J'ay lû la preface de la premiere; et vous me permettrez de vous dire, que j'ay été fort surpris d'y voir, qu'en me donnant pour patrie un pais, dans lequel je suis né, vous ayez trouvé a propos de m'attribuer un livre, qui porte le nom de son auteur, qui a eu le malheur de deplaire a quelques uns de nos ministres, et qui je n'ay jamais avoué. Cette plainte, qui je fais de vôtre conduite a mon egard, ne m'empêche pas de vous rendre justice. Les traducteurs donnent pour la plupart des louanges excessives aux ouvrages, qu'ils traduisent, et s'imaginent peut etre, que leur reputation depend en quelque facon de celles des auteurs, quil's ont choisis. Mais vous avez senti vos forces, qui vous mettent au dessus de pareilles precautions. Capable de corriger un mauvais livre, entreprise plus difficile, que celle d'en composer un bon, vous n'avez pas craint de donner au public la traduction d'un ouvrage, que vous assurez etre plein de pollifoneries, de sottises, de puerilites, &c. Nous convenons icy, que le goût des nations n'est pas toujours le meme. Mais nous sommes portés a croire, que le bon goût est même le par tout, ou il y a des gens d'esprit, de jugement et de scavoir. Si donc les livres de sieur *Gulliver* ne sont calcules que pour les isles *Britanniques*, ce voyageur



geur doit passer pour un tres pitoyable ecrivain. Les memes vices et le memes follies regnent par tout du moins, dans tous les pais civilisés del' *Europe*: et l' auteur, qui n'ecrit que pour une ville, une province, un royaume, ou meme un siecle, merite si peu d'etre traduit, qu'il ne merite pas d'etre lû.

Les partisans de ce *Gulliver*, qui ne laissent pas d'etre en fort grand nombre chez nous, soutiennent, que son livre durera autant que notre langage, parce qu'il ne tire pas son merite de certaines modes ou manieres de penser et de parler, mais d'une suite d'observations sur les imperfections, les follies et les vices de l'homme.

Vous jugez bien, que les gens, dont je viens de vous parler, n'approvent pas fort votre critique, et vous serez sans doute surpris de scavoir, qu'ils regardent ce chirurgien de vaisseau, comme un auteur grave, qui ne sort jamais de son serieux, qui n'emprunte aucun fard, qui ne se pique point d'avoir l'esprit, et qui se contente de communiquer au public dans une narration simple et naive les aventures, qui lui sont arrivées, et les choses, qu'il a vû ou entendu dire pendant ses voyages.

Quant a l'article qui regarde my lord *Carteret*, sans m'informer d'ou vous tirez vos memoires, je vous diray, que vous n'avez ecrit que la moitié de la verité; et que ce *Drapier* ou réel ou supposé a sauve l'*Irlande*, en mettant toute la nation contre un projet, qui devoit enrichir au depense du public un certain nombre de particuliers.

Plusieurs accidens, qui sont arrivé, m'empêcheront de faire le voyage de *France* presentement, et je ne suis plus assez jeune pour me flatter de retrouver une autre occasion. Je scais, que j'ay perdu beaucoup, et je suis tres sensible a cette perte. L'unique consolation, qui me reste, c'est de songer, que j'en supporteray mieux la pais, au quel la fortune m'a condamné. Je suis, &c.

## L E T T E R   C C X V .

LORD BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

London July 24, 1725.

**M**R. *Ford* will tell you how I do, and what I do. Tired with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life, I desired, after nine years of autumnal promises and vernal excuses, a decision; and very little cared what that decision was, provided it left me a liberty to settle abroad, or put me on a foot of living agreeably at home. The wisdom of the nation has thought fit, instead of granting so reasonable request, to pass an act, which fixing my fortune unalterably to this country, fixes my person here also: and those, who had the least mind to see me in *England*, have made it impossible for me to live any where else. Here I am then, two-thirds restored, my person safe, (unless I meet hereafter with harder treatment than even that of Sir *Walter Raleigh*) and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired, or may acquire, secured to me. But the attainder is kept carefully



fully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the house of lords, and his bad leaven should sour that sweet, untainted mass. Thus much I thought I might say about my private affairs to an old friend, without diverting him too long from his labours to promote the advantage of the church and state of *Ireland*; or, from his travels into those countries of giants and pigmies, from whence he imports a cargo I value at an higher rate than that of the richest galeon. *Ford* brought the dean of *Derry* \* to see me. Unfortunately for me, I was then out of town; and the journey of the former into *Ireland* will perhaps defer for some time my making acquaintance with the other; which I am sorry for. I would not by any means lose the opportunity of knowing a man, who can espouse in good earnest the system of father *Mallebranche*, and who is fond of going a missionary into the *West Indies* †. My zeal for

\* *Dr. Berkeley.*

† *Dr. Berkeley* formed a design of fixing an university in *Bermudas*, for the improvement of our colonies, and the education of *Indians*, to be employed as missionaries among their countrymen. For this college he obtained a charter, in which he was appointed president, and a certain number of fellows, selected by himself, were incorporated; but the design miscarried for want of money. The system of *Mallebranche* here referred to was, "that our ideas are distinct from our understanding, and that we see all things in God." In other words, that material objects are not the cause of our ideas. *Berkeley*, in the early part of his life, wrote a dissertation against the existence of material beings, and external objects, with such subtilty, that *Whiston* acknowledged himself unable to confute it, and recommended the task to *Dr. Clarke*. The Doctor however did not perform it; and the dissertation remains un-

the propogation of the Gospel will hardly carry me so far ; but my spleen against *Europe* has, more than once, made me think of buying the dominion of *Bermudas*, and spending the remainder of my days as far as possible from those people, with whom I have past the first and greatest part of my life. Health and every other natural comfort of life is to be had there, better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleasures, we are philosophers enough to despise them. What say you ? Will you leave your *Hibernian* flock to some other shepherd, and transplant yourself with me into the middle of the *Atlantic* ocean ? We will form a society more reasonable, and more useful, than that of doctor *Berkeley's* college ; and I promise you solemnly, as supreme magistrate, not to suffer the currency of *Wood's* halfpence : nay, the coiner of them shall be hanged, if he presumes to set his foot on our island.

Let me hear how you are, and what you do ; and if you really have any latent kindness still at the bottom of your heart for me, say something very kind to me, for I don't dislike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, say nothing, that I may take the hint, and wean myself from you by degrees. Whether I shall compass it or no, God knows : but, surely

answered to this time, except what has been attempted by *Baxter* in his treatise on the soul.

*Bayle* says, that *Mallebranche's* system was only that of *Democritus*, amended and unfolded.

See a farther account of Dr. *Berkeley*, in a letter from *Swift* to lord *Carteret*, dated *September 3, 1724*, lately published in two posthumous volumes by Mr. *Deane Swift*.



this is the properest place in the word to renounce friendship in, or to forget obligations. Mr. *Ford* says, he will be with us again by the beginning of the winter. Your *star* \* will probably hinder you from taking the same journey. Adieu, dear Dean. I had something more to say to you, almost as important as what I have said already, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

## L E T T E R CCXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL †.

DEAR JACK, Gallstown, Sept. 14, 1721.

I Answered your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I shall be in town by the beginning of next month, altho' a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles intended; but I row or ride every day, in spite of the rain, in spite of a broken shin, or falling into the lakes, and several other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the *Litchfield* man? Hath he mended his voice, or is

\* Mrs. *Johnson*, the lady whom he celebrated by the name of *Stella*.

† This gentleman was a foundling, and *Swift* used to call him *Melchisedeck*, because *Melchisedeck* is said to have neither father nor mother: he was a clergyman, a master of arts, a reader, and a vicar of *Swift's* cathedral, and master of the song: he was nearly of the Dean's own standing in the college, had good sense, and much good humour. His wife was a woman of great sprightliness, good-nature, and generosity; remarkable cleanly, and elegant in her house, and at her table; the Dean therefore was of his guests, and contracted great intimacy with him.

he content to sit down with his *Christchurch* preferment ; I doubt Mrs. *Brent* will be at a loss about her industry-books, for want of a new leaf, with a list drawn of the debtors. I know you are such a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey list in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve till I come. Present my service to Mrs. *Worrall*, I wonder how you and she and your heir have spent the summer, and how often you have been at *Dunleary*, and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying and the country as much as ever. — Desire Mrs. *Brent*, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatnings with my head ; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray send them inclosed to the post-office. I hear you have let your house to Mrs. *Dopping*, who will be a good tenant, if she lives. I suppose your new house is finished, and if Mrs. *Worrall* does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better than a boat at *Dalky*. I hope you have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been so bad as usual during my sickness in town ; if so, I have but an ill sub-dean.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

P. S. Tell Mrs. *Brent*, that, if *Lloyd* agrees, I will but be glad one of his hog'sheads was left uncrack'd.



## L E T T E R CCXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Rev. Mr. W O R R A L L.

Quilca, July 12, 1725.

I Have received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not any body, except yourself, who would have been at so much trouble to assist me, and who could have so good success, which I take as kindly as if you had saved me from utter ruin. Although I have witnesses that I acted with indifferency enough, when I was sure I was not worth a groat, besides my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account, (except this last quarter) and if I loose it, it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. *Pratt* hath acted very generously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks to you, but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say no more on this subject, only that you may enquire where the money may be safely put out at six pounds *per cent*. I beg pardon that I did not compute the interest of Sir *William Fownes*'s money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds. All of consequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds.

I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather.

ther. But *Charles Grattan*, the critic, says the cocks are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best.

Mrs. *Johnson* says you are an ill manager; for you have lost me above three hundred apples, and only saved me twelve hundred pounds.

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the — from the wall-fruit \*. You have got so ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuse; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it should cost me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you please, as it must likewise be new dunged, as good husbandry requires; friend *Ellis* will assist you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of *Sheriff* and *White*, and all you have done for me with Mr. *Pratt* signifies nothing, if I must lose ten pounds.

I had your letter about Mrs. *Johnson*'s money, and she thanks you for your care; and says, considering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money matters I am the greatest cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favourable weather; we had but five good days these twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs. *Johnson*, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, and so do I, and am ever

yours, &c.

\* In *Naboth's* vineyard.



*Jo.* who brings you this, desired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very prudently refused; but said, if he would leave the worth of it in soap and candles in the deanry-house, Mrs. *Brent* viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray desire Mrs. *Brent* to have ready a hoghead of bottles packed up as usual, of the same wine with the last she sent, and the next carrier shall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs. *Brent* take out what candles or soap are necessary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that *Jo.* may have them; I mean out of those boxes which he is to leave at the deanry for my security for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

## LETTER CCXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

Quilca, Aug. 27, 1725.

I Was heartily sorry to hear you had got the gout, being a disease you have so little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your disease, since it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an instrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to shew  
your

your activity in leaping down a ditch hurt your foot in such a manner, as to end in your present disease.

I have not yet heard of Mr. *Webb*, and if he should come here, I can do nothing with him; for I shall not take my own judgment, but leave it to some able lawyer to judge and recommend the security; for now it is time for me to learn some worldly wisdom.

I thank you for the purchase you have made of *Bristow* beer; it will soon pay for itself, by saving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafness hath left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a visit from it soon; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it.

Mrs. *Worrall*'s observation is like herself; she is an absolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleasures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniences. But Mrs. *Dingley* is of her opinion, and would rather live in a *Dublin* cellar than a country palace.

I would fain have a shed thrown up in the farthest corner of *Naboth*'s vineyard, towards the lower end of *Shebb*'s garden, till I can find leisure and courage to build a better in the center of the field. Can it be done?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the summer, and it will have some very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave *Jack Grattan* the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled, by the cowardly caution of him  
and



and others. He promised to transcribe them time enough, and my desire is they may be ready to be published upon the first day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you that it may be sent unknown (as usual) to some printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me, that I have got a sop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we must have that grievance, &c. forced on us.

My intention is to return about the beginning of *October*, if my occasions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be seen how the parliament will act. Them who talk with me think they will be slaves as usual, and led where the government pleases.

My humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*. The ladies present theirs to you both.

J. SWIFT.

## LETTER CCXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to the Rev. Mr. WORRALL.

Quilca, Aug. 31, 1725.

I Have yours of the 28th. I am still to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I shall not want the silver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of *October*, unless extreme good weather shall invite me to continue.

Since *Wood's* patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I suppose you, and *Jack Grattan*, and *Sheridan* will agree;

agree; therefore, if it be with the printer, I would have it taken back, and the press broke, and let her be satisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs. *Johnson* does not understand what you mean by her stamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but supposes it is some jest.

The ladies are well; all our services to Mrs. *Worrall*. Mrs. *Dingley* at last discovered the meaning of the stamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needless.

Pray pay *Jo. Beaumont* four pounds for a horse I bought from him, and place it to my account.

J. S.

When *Jo.* brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him six pounds, eight shillings.

## LETTER CCXX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Oct. 17, 1725.

I Have the vanity to think, that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneasy when I am in distress; in consequence of which, I ought to communicate with them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a most kind paragraph in your letter to Mr. *Pope*, to convince me, that you are of the number;



ber; and I know, that I give you a sensible pleasure in telling you, that I think myself at this time almost perfectly recovered of a most unusual and dangerous distemper, and imposthume in the bowels; such a one, that had it been in the hands of a chirurgeon, in an outward and fleshy part, I should not have been well these three months. Duke *Disney*, our old friend, is in a fair way to recover of such another. There have been several of them occasioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet season. People have told me of new *impostures* (as they called them) every day. Poor Sir *William Wyndham* is an *imposture*: I hope the *Bath*, where he is going, will do him good. The hopes of seeing once more the Dean of *St. Patrick's* revives my spirits. I cannot help imagining some of your old club met together, like mariners after a storm. For God's sake do not tantalize your friends any more. I can prove by twenty unanswerable arguments, that it is absolutely necessary, that you should come over to *England*; that it would be committing the greatest absurdity that ever was, not to do it the next approaching winter. I believe, indeed, it is just possible to save your soul without it, and that is all. As for your book \* (of which I have framed to myself such an idea, that I am persuaded, there is no doing any good upon mankind without it) I will set the letters myself, rather than that it should not be published. But before you put the finishing hand to it, it is really necessary to be acquainted with some new improvements of mankind, that have appeared. Mankind has an

\* *Gulliver's travels*,

inexhaustible source of invention in the way of folly and madness. I have only one fear, that when you come over, you will be so much coveted and taken up by the ministry; that unless your friends meet you at their tables, they will have none of your company. This is really no joke; I am quite in earnest. Your deafness is so necessary a thing, that I almost begin to think it an affectation. I remember you used to reckon dinners. I know of near half a year's dinners, where you are already bespoke. It is worth your while to come to see your old friend *Lewis*, who is wiser than ever he was, the best of husbands. I am sure I can say from my own experience, that he is the best of friends. He was so to me, when he had little hope I should ever live to thank him.

You must acquaint me before you take your journey, that we may provide a convenient lodging for you amongst your friends. I am called away this moment, and have only time to add, that I love and long to see you, and am most sincerely, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

## LETTER CCXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

London, April 16, 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ several times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again.

I send



I send you inclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea; you will be so kind to get it out of the custom-house. Mr. *Medlicot* will make it easy, if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, and the ladies and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can say no more. I hope you are all well.

I got no voice at *Oxford*; but am endeavouring for one here.

## L E T T E R   CCXXII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr SWIFT \*.

DEAR SIR,

(Indorsed, 1726.)

I Have been at your lodgings this morning, but you was out early. Her royal highness begs the honour of a visit from you on *Thursday* night at seven o'clock. You are to be attended by, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

I hope you will not engage yourself at that hour; but I shall see you before that time. *Tuesday*, 3 o'clock.

\* Then in London. The Dean went thither in the beginning of *April*, 1726; and this invitation was made by her royal highness, afterwards queen *Caroline*, soon after; but is uncertain on what day.

L E T.

## L E T T E R CCXXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

Twickenham, July 15, 1726.

I Wish you would send me a common bill in form upon any banker for one hundred pounds, and I will wait for it, and in the mean time borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. *Johnson*, I have long expected, with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to *Ireland*, and have been ever since my constant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed, upon the score of every good quality, that can possibly recommend a human creature. I have these two months seen through Mrs. *Dingley*'s disguises \*. And, indeed, ever since I left you, my heart has been so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again; but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away. I must tell you, as a friend, that if you have reason to believe Mrs. *Johnson* cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to *Ireland*; and, in that case, I would expect of you, in the beginning of *September*, to renew my licence for another half year; which time I will spend in some retirement far from *London*, till I can be in a disposition of appearing, after an accident, that must

\* Probably endeavouring to conceal Mrs. *Johnson*'s danger, in tenderness to the Dean.



be so fatal to my quiet. I wish it could be brought about, that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister; during their lives, and afterwards to Dr. *Stephens's* hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there, as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends, that, upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some airy healthy part, and not in the deanry; which besides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in. This I leave to your discretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what steps to take; for I am determined not to go to *Ireland*, to find her just dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me so familiar with those terrible words, applied to such a dear friend. Let her know, I have bought her a repeating gold watch, for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it; but now I would have her know it, that she may see how my thoughts are always to make her easy. I am of opinion, that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which

must always leave the survivor miserable. On the back of *Brereton's* note there was written the account of Mrs. *Johnson's* sickness. Pray, in your next, avoid that mistake, and leave the backside blank. When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I desire, pray burn it; and let all I have said lie only in your own breast. Pray write every week. I have (till I know further) fixed on *August* the fifteenth to set out for *Ireland*. I shall continue or alter my measures according to your letters. Adieu.

Pray tell Mr. *Dobbs*, of the college, that I received his letter; but cannot possibly answer it, which I certainly would, if I had materials. As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to *Maule*, as I am told; and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to those in power hath been directly contrary, since I came here. I had rather have good news from you than *Canterbury*, though it were given me upon my own terms.

## L E T T E R   CCXXIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to the Three Yahoos of  
*Twickenham*, JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN\*.

MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF  
PARNASSUS,

**T**HOUGH you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing; yet I resolve to believe the

\* *John Gay*.

contrary.



contrary. I persuade myself, that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to \* *Dawley* farm, and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you therefore from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure, which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give you further proofs of my benificent temper, I will likewise inform you, that I shall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week; by which time I hope that *Jonathan's* imagination of business will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle*. Adieu, *Jonathan*, *Alexander*, *John*! Mirth be with you.

From the banks of the *Severne*, July 23, 1726.

## LETTER CCXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

London, Aug. 6, 1726.

AT the time that I had your letter, with the bill, (for which I thank you) I received another from Dr. *Sheridan*, both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The doctor advises me to go over at the time I intended, which I now design to do, and to set out on *Monday* the fifteenth from hence. However, if any accident should happen to me, that you do

\* The country residence of lord *Bolingbroke*, near *Cranford* in *Middlesex*.

not find me come over on the first of *September*, I would have you renew my licence of absence from the second of *September*, which will be the day that my half year will be out ; and since it is not likely, that you can answer this, so as to reach me before I leave *London*, I desire you will write to me, directed to Mrs. *Kenah*, in *Chester*, where I design to set up, and shall hardly be there in less than a fortnight from this time ; and if I should then hear our friend was no more, I might probably be absent a month or two in some parts of *Derbyshire* or *Wales*. However, you need not renew the licence till the first of *September* ; and, if I come not, I will write to you from *Chester*. This unhappy affair is the greatest trial I ever had ; and I think you are unhappy in having conversed so much with that person under such circumstances. Tell Dr. *Sheridan*, I had his letter ; but care not to answer it. I wish you would give your opinion, at *Chester*, whether I shall come over or no. I shall be there, God willing, on *Thursday*, the eighteenth instant. This is enough to say, in my present situation. I am, &c.

My humble service and thanks to Mrs. *Worrall*, for the care of our friend, which I shall never forget.



## L E T T E R CCXXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to the Rev. Mr. W O R R A L L.

August 15th, 1726.

**T**HIS is *Saturday*, and on *Monday* I set out for *Ireland*. I desired you would send me a letter to *Chester*. I suppose I shall be in *Dublin* with moderate fortune in ten or eleven days hence ; for I will go by *Holyhead*. I shall stay two days at *Chester*, unless I can contrive to have my box sent after me. I hope I shall be with you by the end of *August* ; but however, if I am not with you by the second of *September*, which is the time that my licence is out, I desire you will get me a new one ; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it signifies nothing. I expect to be very miserable when I come ; but I shall be prepared for it. I desire you would write to me to *Chester*, which I hope you will do ; and pray hinder Dr. *Sheridan* from writing to me any more.

This is all I have to say to you at present.

I am, &c.

J. SWIFT.

## L E T T E R CCXXVII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Sept. 3, 1726.

**I** Received the favour of your kind letter at my lord *Chetwyn's* ; and though you had so much goodness,

Q 3

ness, as to forbid my answering it at that time; yet I should be inexcusable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and strength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illness. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to assure you, that even among your old friends, you have not many, who have a juster regard for your merit than I have. I could wish, that those, who are more able to serve you than I am, had the same desire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I consider it, and reflect who they are, I should be sorry they had the merit of doing so right a thing. As well as I wish you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by those that I don't like. Mr. *Pope* tells me, that we shall see you in spring. When we meet again, I flatter myself we shall not part so soon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a longer share of your company than you did. All I can say to engage you to come a little oftener to my house, is, to promise, that you shall not have one dish of meat at my table so disguised, but you shall easily know what it is. You shall have a cup of your own for small beer and wine mixed together; you shall have no women at table, if you don't like them, and no men, but such as like you. I wished mightily to be in *London* before you left it, having something, which I would willingly have communicated to you, that I do not think so discreet to trust to a letter. Do not let your expectations be raised, as if it was a matter of any great consequence: it is  
not



not that, though I should be mighty glad you knew it, and perhaps I may soon find a way of letting you do so.

Our parliament, they now say, is not to meet till after *Christmas*, the chief business of it being to give money. It may be proper the ministers should know, a little before it meets, how much farther they have run the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told, that many among us begin to grumble, that *England* should be obliged to support the charge of a very expensive war, whilst all the other powers of *Europe* are in peace. But I will enter no farther into public matters, taking it for granted, that a letter directed to you, and frank-ed by me, cannot fail of raising the curiosity of some of our vigilant ministers, and that they will open it; though we know it is not customary for them so to do. Mrs. *Pulteney* is very much your humble servant, and I am, with great truth, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

## LETTER CCXXVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Sept. 16, 1726.

SINCE I wrote last, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in *Oxfordshire* with the duke and the duchess of *Queensberry*, and at *Petersham*, and wheresoever they would carry me; but as they will

go to *Wiltshire* without me, on *Tuesday* next, for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go farther from *London*, than now and then to *Twickenham*. I saw Mr. *Pope* on *Sunday*, who hath lately escaped a very great danger; but is very much wounded across his right-hand. Coming home in the dark, about a week ago, alone in my lord *Bolingbroke's* coach from *Dawley*, he was overturned, where a bridge has been broken down, near *Whitton*, about a mile from his own house. He was thrown into the river, with the glasses of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his perriwig in water. The footman broke the glass to draw him out; by which, he thinks he received the cut across his hand. He was afraid he should have lost the use of his little finger, and the next to it; but the surgeon, whom he sent for last *Sunday* from *London* to examine it, told him, that his fingers were safe, that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good spirits, and the wound in a fair way of being soon healed \*. The instructions you sent me to communicate to the doctor about the finger, I transcribed from your own letter, and sent to him; for, at that time, he was going every other day to *Windsor Park* to visit Mr. *Congreve*, who hath been extremely ill, but is now recovered. - I dined and supped on *Monday* last with lord and lady *Bolingbroke*, at lord *Berkeley's*, at *Cranford*, and returned to *London*, with the

\* See lord *Bolingbroke's* account of this accident, in his letter, dated *September 22*, 1726.



duke and duchess of *Queensbury*, on *Tuesday* by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great respect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wishes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on *Monday* next, but my week of attendance will be the first in *October*. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them dispatch my plates for the fables; for without it, I find they proceed but very slowly. I take your advice in this, as I wish to do in all things, and frequently revise my work, in order to finish it as well as I can. Mr. *Pulteney* takes the letter you sent him in the kindest manner; and I believe he is, expect a few excursions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair, that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr. *Pope* will follow your instructions. I have not seen Mrs. *Howard* a great while, which you know must be a great mortification and self-denial; but in my case, it is particularly unhappy, that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the same time: if I could, while you are there, one of them should be always *Dublin*. But, after all, it is a silly thing to be with a friend by halves, so that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive, that we shall meet again soon. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and affectionate friend, and servant,

J. G A Y.

L E T.

## L E T T E R    CCXXIX.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Sept. 20, 1726.

I Have been balancing, dear Sir, these three days, whether I should write to you first. Laying aside the superiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: then, I considered, that this was done in the public news, with all the formalities of reception of a lord lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of *Ireland*; but, said I, what if my friend should dispute this? Then I considered, that letters were always introduced at first from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In short, my affection, and the pleasure of corresponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and, since you most disdainfully, and barbarously confined me to two lines a month, I was resolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a sort of a compliment, to be supposed capable of saying any thing in two lines. The *Gascoyne* asked only to speak one word to the *French* king, which the king confining him to, he brought a paper, and said, *signez*, and not a word more. Your negotiation with the singing man is in the hands of my daughter *Nancy*, who, I can assure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: she has wrote about it. Mr. *Pope* has been in hazard of his life by drowning: coming late, two weeks ago, from lord *Bolingbroke's* in his coach and six, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they



they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it; and the glass being up, which he could not break, nor get down, he was very near drowned; for, the footman was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to his assistance. He had that in common with *Horace*, that it was occasioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunco rheda illapsa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levabat*; for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but by the cutting of a large vessel, lost a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs. *Howard*, who has a most intolerable pain in one side of her head. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her royal highness. She insisted upon your wit, and good conversation. I told her royal highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere, honest man, and speaking the truth, when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the duchess of *Marlborough's*, with Mr. *Congreve*, who has been like to die with a fever, and the gout in his stomach; but he is now better, and like to do well. My brother was like to be cast away going to *France*: there was a ship lost just by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with most sincere affection, to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds every body more than me, except what concerns my interest. My dear friend, farewell.

## L E T T E R CCXXX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Sept. 22, 1726.

A Bookfeller \*, who fays he is in a few days going to *Dublin*, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I can not refift the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to fay more by this conveyance, than I fhould have by that of the poft; though I have lately clubbed with *Pope* to make up a moft elegant epiftle to you in profe and verfe; and though I wrote the other day the firft paragraph of that *Chedder* † letter, which is preparing for you. The only excufe then, which I can plead for writing now, is, that the letters will coft you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befel poor *Pope* in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank fteep, an hole on one fide, and a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In fhort, he overturned, the fall was broke by the water; but the glaffes were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glafs, and pulled him out through the window. His right-hand was fe-

\* Mr. Faulkner.

† A *Chedder* letter, is a letter written by the contribution of feveral friends, each furnifhing a paragraph. The name is borrowed from that of a large and excellent cheefe made at *Chedder* in *Somerfetfhire*, where all the dairies contribute to make the cheefe, which is thus made of new milk, or frefh cream; of which, one dairy not furnifhing a fufficient quantity, the common praftice is to make cheefe of milk or cream that has been fet by, till a proper quantity is procured, then part of it at leaft is fale.

verely



verely cut\*; but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of loosing the use of his fingers: however, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downwards, which might create a suspicion, that some of the glass remains still in the flesh. *St. André*† says, there is none. If so, these pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him across the water to see Mrs. *Howard*, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Just as I am writing, I hear, that doctor *Arbuthnot* says, that *Pope's* pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound. He suffers very much; I will endeavour to see him to-morrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would say something to you of myself, if I had any good to say; but I am much in the same way in which you left me, eternally busy about trifles, disagreeable in themselves, but rendered supportable by their end; which is, to enable me to bury myself from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable sepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next spring, and shall be glad to see you at my funeral. Adieu.

## L E T T E R CCXXXI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Whitehall, October 22, 1726.

**B**Efore I say one word to you give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair. The

\* Dr. *Arbuthnot*, who probably knew best, says, in the last letter, it was his left hand.

† The Surgeon.

letter was sent; and the answer was, that every thing was finished and concluded according to orders, and that it would be publicly known to be so in a very few days; so that, I think, there can be no occasion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr. *Pope*, was not received till eleven or twelve days after date; and the post-office, we suppose, have very vigilant officers; for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wish, I could tell you, that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a joke; but it is really so: the wound is quite healed; his hand is still weak, and the two fingers drop downwards, as I told you before\*; but, I hope, it will be very little troublesome or detrimental to him. In answer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find some lines of Mrs *Howard*, and some of Mr. *Pulteney*, which you have not taken the least notice of. The receipt of the veal is of Monsieur *Davaux*, Mr. *Pulteney*'s cook; and it hath been approved of at one of our *Twickenham* entertainments. The difficulty of the saucepan, I believe you will find, is owing to a negligence in perusing the manuscript; for, if I remember right it is there called a stew-pan. Your earthen vessel, provided it is close stopped, I allow to be a good *succedaneum*. As to the boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I shall be quite

\* In the preceding letter he says, no tendon is cut: he must therefore refer to a letter not in this collection, if his memory did not fail him.



ashamed to consult Mrs. *Howard* upon your account, who thinks herself intirely neglected by you, in not writing to her, as you promised: however, let her take it as she will, to serve a friend, I'll venture to ask it of her. The prince \* and his family come to settle in town to-morrow. That Mr. *Pulteney* expected an answer to his letter, and would be extremely pleased to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order with a slight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occasioned by a cold, which my attendance at the *Guild-Hall* improved. I have not a friend, who has got any thing under my administration, but the duchess of *Queensbury*, who hath had a benefit of a thousand pounds. Your mentioning Mr. *Rollinson* † so kindly will, I know, give him much pleasure; for he always talks of you with great regard, and the strongest terms of friendship. He hath been of late ill of a fever, but is recovered so as to go abroad and take the air.

If the engravers keep their word with me, I shall be able to publish my fables soon after *Christmas*. The doctor's book ‡ is intirely printed off, and will be very soon published. I believe you'll expect, that I should give you some account how I have spent my time since you left me. I have attended my distressed friend at *Twic-*

\* The prince of *Wales*, afterwards king *George II.*

† 'A great friend of lord *Bolingbroke*, Dr. *Swift*, and Mr. *Pope*. He married the widow of *John* earl of *Winchelsea*.'

‡ ' *Arbuthnot's* tables of ancient coins, &c.'

*kenham*, and been his *amanuensis*, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half *Virgil*, and half *Spencer's Fairy-queen*. I still despise court preferments, so that I lose no time upon attendance on great men; and still can find amusement enough without quadrille, which here is the universal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, so that I determined not to stir out of my lodgings till I had answered your letter: and, I think, I shall very probably hear more of the matter (which I mention in the first paragraph of this letter) as soon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day. We have no news as yet of Mr. *Stopford*\*: Mr. *Rollinson* told me he shall know of his arrival, and will send me word. Lord *Bolingbroke* hath been to make a visit to Sir *William Wyndham*. I hear he is returned, but I have not seen him. If I had been in a better state of health, and Mrs. *Howard*† were not to come to town to-morrow, I would have gone to Mr. *Pope's* to-day, to have dined with him there on *Monday*.

You ask me how to address to lord B—, when you are disposed to write to him. If you mean lord *Burlington*, he is not yet returned from *France*, but is expected every day. If you mean lord *Bathurst*, he is in *Gloucestershire*, and makes but a very short stay; so that if you direct to one of them in *St. James's-square*, or to the other at *Burlington-house*, in *Piccadilly*, your letter will find them. I will make your compliments to lord *Chesterfield* and Mr. *Pulteney*; and I beg you,

\* Rev. Dr. *James Stopford*, fellow of *Trinity-College, Dublin*, afterwards bishop of *Cloyne*.

† Afterwards countess of *Suffolk*, from whom *Gay* at this time had expectations.



in return, to make mine to Mr. *Ford*. Next week I shall have a new coat, and new buttons, for the birth-day, though I don't know, but a turn-coat might have been more for my advantage. Yours most sincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I hear that lord *Bolingbroke* will be in town at his house in *Pallmall* next week.

As we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept of the following receipt for stewing veal \*.

Take a knuckle of veal ;  
 You may buy it, or steal.  
 In a few pieces cut it :  
 In a stewing-pan put it.  
 Salt, pepper, and mace  
 Must season this knuckle ;  
 'Then † what's join'd to a place  
 With other herbs muckle ;  
 That, which killed king ‡ *Will* :  
 And what never || stands still.  
 Some § sprigs of that bed  
 Where children are bred,  
 Which much you will mend, if  
 Both spinnage and endive,

\* This is supposed to be the receipt of Mr. *Pulteney's* cook, mentioned in the preceding part of this letter, versified.

† Vulgo, salary.

‡ Supposed sorrel.

|| This is by Dr. *Bentley* thought to be time, or thyme.

§ Parsley. Vide *Chamberlayne*.

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R

And

And lettice, and beet,  
 With marrygold meet.  
 Put no water at all ;  
 For it maketh things small,  
 Which, lest it should happen,  
 A close cover clap on.  
 Put this pot of \* *Wood's* mettle  
 In a hot boiling kettle,  
 And there let it be  
 (Mark the doctrine I teach)  
 About—let me see,—  
 Thrice as long as you preach † :  
 So skimming the fat off,  
 Say grace with your hat off.  
 O, then! with what rapture  
 Will it fill dean and chapter !

## L E T T E R    C C X X X I I .

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Febr 8, 1726.

**I** Take it mighty kindly, that a man of your high  
 post, dear Sir, was pleased to write me so long a let-  
 ter. I look upon the captain *Tom* of a great nation to  
 be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am sorry your commission about your finger has  
 not been executed sooner. It is not *Nanny's* fault,  
 who has spoke several times to Dr. *Pepusch* about it,

\* Copper.

† ' Which we suppose to be near four hours.'



and wrote three or four letters, and received for answer, that he would write for the young fellow; but still, nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myself.

Your books shall be sent as directed: they have been printed above a month; but I cannot get my subscribers names \*. I will make over all my profits to you for the property of *Gulliver's* travels; which, I believe, will have as great a run as *John Bunyan*. *Gulliver* is a happy man, that, at his age, can write such a merry book.

I made my lord archbishop's † compliments to her royal highness, who returns his grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. *Howard* read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid ‡ for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her, she was reading *Gulliver*, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince; which she laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projector is the least brilliant. *Lewis* || grumbles a little as it, and says, he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like *Barneveld* § in time. I gave your service to lady Har-

\* 'To a work, in 4to, intitled, *Tables of ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, explained and exemplified in several Dissertations.*'

† 'Probably, archbishop King of Dublin.'

‡ The Dean sent a present of some silk plaids from Ireland, for the princess of Wales, and the young princesses.

|| 'Erasmus Lewis, Esq;'

§ This refers to pamphlet, intitled, *A Key to the Lock: Or, a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late poem, intitled, The rape of the Lock, to government and Reli-*

vey. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad, that was wrote on her, to the tune of *Molly Mog*, and sent to her, in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres; which the authors, Mr. *Pultney* and lord *Chesterfield*, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

There has been a comical paper about quadrille\*, describing it in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy, and two of a swarthy complexion, talking of their a——es, &c. The riddle is carried on in pretty strong terms: it was not found out a long time. The ladies, imagining it to be a real thing, began to guess who were of the party. A great minister was for hanging the author. In short, it has made very good sport.

*Gay* has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered: so is Mr. *Pope*. We shall meet at lord *Bolingbroke's* on *Thursday*, in town, at dinner, and remember you. *Gulliver* is in every body's hands. Lord *Scarborough*, who is no inventor of stories, told me, that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him, that he was very well acquainted with *Gulliver*; but that the printer had mistaken, that he

gion. By *Esdras Barneveldt*, Apothecary. The second edition of this piece was published 1715, 8vo.

\* Written by Mr. *Congreve*.

lived



lived in *Wapping*, and not at *Rotherhithe*. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to search for *Lilliput*.

We expect war here. The city of *London* are all crying out for it, that they shall be undone without it, there being now a total stoppage of all trade. I think one of the best courses will be, to rig out a privateer for the *West Indies*. Will you be concerned? We will build her at *Bermudas*, and get Mr. dean *Berkeley* \* to be our manager.

I had the honour to see lord *Oxford*, who asked kindly for you, and said he would write to you. If the project goes on of printing some papers, he has promised to give copies of some things, which I believe cannot be found elsewhere. My brother *Robert* has been very ill of a rheumatism. Wishing you all health and happiness, and not daring to write my paper on the other side, I must remain, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

\* He formed a design of fixing an university in the *Bermudas*. See note on *Bolingbroke's* letter, dated *July 24, 1725*.

## LETTER CCXXXIII.

Mrs. HOWARD to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 1726.

I Did not expect, that the sight of my ring would produce the effects it has. I was in such a hurry to shew your plaid to the princess, that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design; but as this is not proper for the public, you are desired to send over, for the same princess's use, the height of the *Brobdingnag* dwarf multiplied by  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . The young princesses must be taken care of; theirs must be in three shares: for a short method, you may draw a line of 20 feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle; then measuring each side, you will find the proper quantity and proper division. If you want a more particular or better rule, I refer you to the academy of *Legado* \*. I am of opinion many of this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary, that care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow and white silks; and though the greens are for the princesses, the officers are very vigilant; so take care they are not seized. Don't forget to be observant how you dispose of the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest.

\* See *Gulliver's travels*.

I think



I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the chequer might be best managed.

The princess will take care, that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to *England*; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appears in heels\*, and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive. Here are several *Lilliputian* mathematicians, so that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Don't forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here, whether the *Big-Endians* and *Lesser-Endians* ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached? Or whether this part of cookery was ever known in *Lilliput*? I cannot conclude without telling you, that our Island is in great joy; one of our yahoos has been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black † rabbits. May we not hope, and, with some probability, expect, that, in time, our female yahoos will produce a race of *Houyhnhnms*? I am, Sir, your humble servant,

SIEVE YAHOO ‡

\* See *Gulliver's travels*, where high and low heels are made the distinction of political parties.

† This alludes to a famous impostor, *Mary Tofts*, of *Godalmin*, in *Surry*, called the rabbit-woman, who, in Nov. 1726, pretended to be delivered of living rabbits, and imposed, among others, upon *St. Andree*, a physician, who was her advocate, I think, in print.

‡ *Sieve Yahoo* is a name given by *Swift*, in his *Gulliver's travels*, to a court lady.

## L E T T E R    CCXXXIV.

The Earl of P E T E R B O R O W to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Novemb. 29, 1726.

I Was endeavouring to give an answer to yours in a new dialect, which most of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady, who had a good ear, and a pliant tongue, in hopes she might have taught me to draw sounds out of consonants. But she, being a professed friend to the *Italian* speech and vowels, would give me no assistance, and so I am forced to write to you in the *Yahoo* language.

The new one in fashion is much studied, and great pains taken about the pronunciation. Every body (since a new turn) approves of it ; but the women seem most satisfied, who declare for few words and horse-performance. It suffices to let you know, that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange distempers rage in the nation, which your friend the \* doctor takes no care of. In some, the imagination is struck with the apprehension of swelling to a giant, or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration equal to any of Cicero's from an eloquent barb, and some take the braying of an ass for the emperor's speech in favour of the *Vienna* alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no use ; men have lost their titles ; continents and islands have got new names, just upon the appearance

\* Probably *Arbuthnot*.



of a certain book \*. Women bring forth rabbits † and every man whose wife has conceived, expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded not long ago, that such confusion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the spells of a notorious scribbling ‡ magician, who was generally suspected, and was to be recommended to the mercy of the inquisition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of forcery preparing, and *Merlin's* friends were afraid, that the exasperated pettifoggers would persuade the jury to bring in *billa vera*. For they pretended to bring in certain proofs of his appearance in several shapes, at one time a drapier ||; at another a *Wapping* surgeon §, sometimes a nardac, sometimes a reverend divine. Nay more, that he could raise the dead; that he had brought philosophers, heroes, and poets in the same caravan from the other world; and, after a few questions, had sent them all to play at quadrille in a flying island of his own.

This was the scene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizard. But what mutations amongst the *Lilliputians*! The greatest lady in the nation resolves to send a pair of shoes without heels to captain *Gulliver*: she takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was sent to, which is soon to appear upon her royal person; and now, who but

\* *Gulliver's* travels.

† ‘*Mary Tofts* pretended to do this; but being brought up to town, and well watched, the imposture was detected.’

‡ The Dean.

|| In the drapier's letters against *Wood's* halfpence.

§ *Lemuel Gulliver*.

captain *Gulliver*? The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to see him a bishop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in such imminent danger of preferment. Sir, your affectionate tar.

## L E T T E R   C C X X X V .

Earl of PETERBOROW to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

ONE of your *Irish* heroes, that, from the extremity of our *English* land, came to destroy the wicked brazen project \*, desires to meet you on *Monday* next at *Parson's-Green*. If you are not engaged, I will send my coach for you.

Sir *Robert Walpole*, any morning, except *Tuesday* and *Thursday* (which are his public days) about nine o'clock, will be glad to see you at his *London* house. On *Monday*, if I see you, I will give you a fuller account. Your affectionate servant,

PETERBOROW.

*Saturday Evening.*

\* *Wood's* halfpence.



## L E T T E R CCXXXVI

Lady BOLINGBROKE \* to Dr. SWIFT.

de Dawleo, ce premier Fevrier, 1726-7.

ON m'a dit, monsieur, que vous vous plaignes de n'avoir point reçu de mes lettres. Vous avez tort : je vous traite comme les divinités, qui tiennent compte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans, que j'ai celle de vous écrire ; avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoître, l'idée, que je me faisois de votre gravité, me retenoit : depuis que j'ai eu celui de voir votre reverence, je ne me suis pas trouvée assés d'imagination pour l'hazarder. Un certain monsieur de *Gulliver* avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination si éteinte par l'air de *Londres*, & par des conversations dont je n'entend que le bruit, je voulû me saisir de ce moment pour vous écrire, mais je tomboit malade, & je l'ai toujours été depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, monsieur, de premier retour de ma santé de vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je suis très flattée, & pour vous dire un mot de mon ami monsieur *Gulliver*. J'apprend avec une grande satisfaction, qu'il vient d'être traduit en *François*, & comme mon séjour en *Angleterre* a beaucoup redoublé mon amitié pour mon pays & pour mes com-

\* ' Second wife of lord viscount *Bolingbroke*, born in *France*. She had been second wife to the marquis de *Villette*, chef d'escadre, nephew or cousin to madame de *Maintenon*. See *Voltaire's Siecle de Lewis XIV.* tom. II. She died *March 18, 1749*. Lord *Bolingbroke* survived her, dying *December 15, 1751*, aged 78.'

patriotes, je suis ravi qu'ils puissent participer au plaisir, que m'a fait ce bon monsieur, & profiter de ses decouvertes. Je ne désespère pas que 12 vaisseaux que la *France* vient d'armer ne puissent être destiné a une ambassade ches messieurs les *Houyhnhnms*. En ce cas je vous proposerai, que nous fassions ce voyage. En attendant je fais bon gré a un ouvrier de votre nation, qui pour instruire lesdames, lesquelles comme vous scavies, monsieur, (font ici un grand usage) de leurs éventails, en a fait faire ou toutes les aventures de notre veridique voyageur sont depeintes. Vouz juges bien quelle part il va avoir dans leurs conversation. Cela fera a la verité beaucoup de tort a la pluye & au beau tems, qui en remplissoient une partie, & en mon particulier je serai privée des very cold & very warm, qui sont les peu mots que j'entende. Je conte de vous envoyer des ces éventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un mérite avec les dames d'*Irelande*, si tant est que vous en ayes besoin; ce que je ne croi pas, du moins si elles pensent comme les *Françoises*. Le Seigneur de *Dawley*, Mr. *Pope*, & moi sommes ici occupés a boire, manger, dormir, ou ne ainsaire priant Dieu qu'a rien si soit de vous. Revenes ce printems nous revoir, monsieur, attend votre retour avec impatience pour tuer le bœuf le plus pesant, & le cochon le plus gros, qui soit dans ma ferme; l'un & l'autre seront servis en entier sur la table de votre reverence, craint qu'elle n'aucun mon cufinier deguisement. Vous brillieres parmi nous du moins autant que parmi vos Chanoins, & nous ne serons pas moins empressé a vous plaire. Je le disputeraï



terai a tout autre, étant plus que personne du monde  
votre très humble & très obeissante servante.

## L E T T E R CCXXXVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 17, 1726-7.

**T**His opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I would have less to say to you than I should have by another conveyance. Mr. *Stopford* being fully informed of all that passes in this boisterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions. You will find anger on one side, and rage on the other; satire on one side, and defamation on the other. Ah! *ou est Grillon?* You suffer much where you are, as you tell me, in an old letter of yours, which I have before me; but you suffer with the hopes of passing next summer between *Dawley* and *Twickenham*; and these hopes, you flatter us, are enough to support your spirits. Remember this solemn renewal of your engagements. Remember, that though you are a dean, you are not great enough to despise the reproach of breaking your word. Your deafness must not be a hackney excuse to you, as it was to *Oxford*. What matter, if you are deaf? what matter, if you cannot hear what we say? You are not dumb, and we shall hear you, and that's enough. My wife writes to you herself, and sends you some fans just arrived from *Lilliput*, which you will dispose of to the present *Stella*, whoever she be.

Adieu,

Adieu, dear friend; I cannot in conscience keep you any longer from enjoying Mr. *Stopford*'s conversation. I am hurrying myself here, that I may get a day or two for *Dawley*, where I hope, that you will find me established at your return. There I hope to finish my days in ease, without sloth; and believe I shall seldom visit *London*, unless it be to divert myself now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more adieu; no man loves you better than your faithful.

## L E T T E R CCXXXVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Whitehall, Feb. 18, 1726-7.

I Believe it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr. *Pope* hath taken all I have to say, and put it into a long letter, which is sent too by Mr. *Stopford*: but however, I could not omit this occasion for thanking you for his acquaintance. I don't know whether I ought to thank you or not, considering I have lost him so soon, though he hath given me some hopes of seeing him in the summer. He will give you an account of our negotiations together; and I may now glory in my success, since I could contribute to his. We dined together to-day at the doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr. *Stopford* gave us, that we are like to see you soon. My fables are printed; but I cannot get my plates finished, which hinders the publication. I expect nothing.



nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needless to write, for Mr. *Stopford* can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs. *Howard* desires me to make her compliments; she hath been in an ill state of health all this winter, but I hope is some what better. I have been very much out of order myself for the most part of the winter: upon my being let blood last week, my cough and head-ach are much better. Mrs. *Blount* always asks after you. I refused supping at *Burlington* house, in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the park. The contempt of the world grows upon me, and I now begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with less than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I shall bring myself into that state, which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with too little, lest my good friends should censure me for indolence, and the want of a laudable ambition. So that it will be absolutely necessary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How solicitous is mankind to please others? Pray give my sincere service to Mr. *Ford*. Dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

J. G A Y.

L E T.

## LETTER CCXXXIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

May 18, 1727.

I Lived on *Tuesday* with you and *Pope*. Yesterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat \*, and I shall pass this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the same manner; two thirds to friendship, one third to myself, and not a moment of it to the world.

In the epistle, a part of which you shewed me, mention is made of the author of three *Occasional Letters* †, a person intirely unknown. I would have you insinuate there, that the only reason *Walpole* can have had to ascribe them to a particular person, is I had the authority of one of his spies, who wriggles himself into the company of those, who neither love, esteem, nor fear the minister, that he may report, not what he hears (since no man speaks with any freedom before him) but what he guesses.

I was interrupted yesterday when I least expected it; and I am going to day to *London*, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how *Mrs. Pope* does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have slipped out of my memory. Do not forget the sixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min—character

\* ‘*Dawley*.’† Printed in his lordship’s works. They were first published in *Feb.* 1726.



transferred into the administration. Adieu, I am very faithfully yours, my dear and reverend Dean. I embrace *Pope*.

Friday morning.

## L E T T E R CCXL.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Saturday, at *Pope's*, June 24, 1727.

I Am going to *London*, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you, if I see you, and leave for you, if I do not see you.

There would not be common sense in your going into *France* at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting *Ireland* for *England* is, I believe, fairly before you\*. To hanker after a court is fit for men with blue ribbands, pompous titles, and overgrown estates. It is below either you or me; one of whom never made his fortune; and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe. But, without hankering, without assuming a suppliant dependent's air, you may spend in *England* all the time you can be absent from *Ireland*, & faire la guerre à l'oeil. There has not been so much inactivity as you imagine; but I cannot answer for contingencies. Adieu.

\* See a letter from Dr. *Swift* to Dr. *Sheridan*, dated 24. June, 1727. vol. xii. p. 213. edit. 8vo, 1755.

If you can call on me to-morrow morning, in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me just returning to *Cranford* from the *Pall-mall*.

I shall return again to *London* on *Monday* evening.

## L E T T E R    CCXLI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

*Cranford*, Tuesday.

I Have so severe a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly stir abroad. You will be ready to say, Physician, cure thyself; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yesterday fourteen ounces of blood; and such an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than steel, bitters, waters and drops. I wish *John Gay* success in his pursuit; but I think he has some qualities, which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man? polished, civilized, learned man! A liberal education fits him for slavery; and the pains he has taken gives him the noble pretention of dangle away life in an antichamber, or of employing real talents to serve those, who have none; or, which is worse than all the rest, of making his reason and his knowledge serve all the purposes of other mens follies and vices. You say not a word to me about the public, of whom I think as seldom as possible. I consider myself as a man with some little satisfaction, and with some use; but I have no pleasure in thinking I am an *Englishman*; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpose



purpose to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum semel cæpit, labitur. Plures enim discunt quemadmodum hæc fiant, quam quemadmodum his resistatur.* Adieu.

Let me know how you do. If your landlord \* is returned, my kindest services to him.

## L E T T E R CCXLII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Sunday. Indorsed "On going to *France*, about June, 1727."

YOU may be sure of letters from me to people, who will receive you with all the honours due to so great a traveller, and so exact an author. I am obliged to stay in the country to-morrow, by some business relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich one; and for which purpose a person is with me, who comes from *Suffolk* on my summons.

On *Tuesday*, by seven in the evening, I will certainly be in the *Pall-mall*, and there you shall have, if you meet me, and not otherwise, both my letters and instructions, which will be of use to you.

Raillery apart; since you do go into *France*, I shall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fancy you would not leave *England* without embracing the man in *England*, who loves you best. Adieu. My best services attend all with you.

\* Mr. Pope, the Dean being at *Twickenham*.

## L E T T E R CCXLIII.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

Tuesday.

**I** Return you the papers, which I have read twice over since you was here. They are extremely well; but the *Craftsman* has not only advertised the public, that he intended to turn news-writer, he has begun, and for some weeks continued to appear under that new character. This consideration inclines me to think, that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the *Occasional Writer*, to account for his silence, to prosecute your argument, to state the present disputes about political affairs; and, in short, to revive and animate the paper war. When we meet next, I will explain myself better than I can do by a letter writ in haste, with mowers and hay-makers about me. Adieu. Let *Pope* share my embraces with you.

## L E T T E R CCXLIV.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

Thursday.

**L**ORD B. is so ill, and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power, that I have not left him one day since my return from *London*. Let me know how you are. Say something very kind from me to *Pope*. Toss *John Gay* over the water to *Richmond*, if he is with you. Adieu.

L E T-



## L E T T E R CCXLV.

Mr. PULTENEY to Mr. POPE.

I Am obliged to you all for your compliments, and, when the Dean is well enough, I hope to see you in town. You will probably find me a much happier man than when you saw me last; for I flatter myself, that in an hour or two I shall be once more blessed with a son. Mrs *Pulteney* is now in labour: if she does well, and brings me a boy, I shall not care one sixpence how much longer Sir *Robert*\* governs *England*, or *Horace*† governs *France*. I am ever yours. W. P.

Eleven o'clock, *Tuesday* morning.

## L E T T E R CCXLVI.

Mrs. HOWARD ‡ to Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 1727.

I Write to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy because you have a bad head, and deaf

\* Sir *Robert Walpole*.

† *Horace Walpole*, Brother to Sir *Robert*, ambassador in *France*.

‡ This lady, who was sister to *John*, late earl of *Buckinghamshire*, went, in the prime of her youth, to the court of *Hanover*, with her husband, the hon. *Charles Howard*, and became of the bedchamber to the electoral princess, afterwards princess of *Wales*, and then queen *Caroline*. Upon the death of queen *Anne*, she came over with her mistress, and was reckoned the greatest favourite at *Leicester-house*. Some time after the accession of *George II.* her

ears. These are two misfortunes I have laboured under these many years, and yet was never peevish with myself or the world. Have I more philosophy and resolution than you? Or am I so stupid I don't feel the evil? Is this meant in a good-natured view; Or do I mean, that I please myself, when I insult over you? Answer these queries in writing, if poison or other methods don't enable you soon to appear in person. Though I make use of your own word poison, give me leave to tell you, it is nonsense; and I desire you will take more care, for the time to come, how you endeavour to impose upon my understanding, by making no use of your own. I am, &c.

## L E T T E R CCXLVII.

MRS. HOWARD to Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 1727.

**I** Did desire you to write me a love letter; but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I had rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your head-ach, or any other complaint you

husband became earl of *Suffolk*, by the death of his elder brother *Edward*, earl of *Suffolk*; and in a few years she retired from court. She survived her first husband (by whom she had one son *Henry*, who succeeded his father, and died without issue) and being countess dowager of *Suffolk*, married the hon. Mr. *George Berkeley*, brother to lady *Betty Germain*, in the year 1735. See lady B. G.'s letter, dated *July 12, 1735*.

have,



have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave *England* till I see you; which must be here, for the most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking: I dare not go to you. Believe nobody, that talks to you of the queen, without you are sure the person likes both the queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years, without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleasure, once in my life, of absolute power; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given them.

## L E T T E R    CCXLVIII.

Chevalier RAMSAY \* to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Paris, Aug. 1, 1727. N. S.

MR. *Hooke* having acquainted me with what goodness and patience you have been pleased to examine a

\* \* *Andrew Michael Ramsay* knight of *St. Lazarus* in *France* and doctor of laws of the university of *Oxford*. He was born in *Scotland* 9th of *June*, 1686, and educated a Protestant, but converted to the church of *Rome* in 1709, by *Fenelon*, archbishop of *Cambray*, whose life he published. In 1724, he was sent for to *Rome* by the pretender, in order to be tutor to his two sons; but the divisions and jealousies of that court induced him to desire leave to return to *France*, where he was appointed governor of the duke of *Chateau-Thierry*, and afterwards to the prince of *Turenne*. He died 6 *May*, 1743, at *St. Germain-en-laie*, at the age of fifty

performance of mine \*, I take this occasion to make my acknowledgements. Nothing could flatter me more sensibly than your approbation. To acquire the esteem of persons of your merit is the principal advantage I could wish for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myself with. I should be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way useful to you in this part of the world, where, I assure you, your reputation is as well established as in your own country. I am with the utmost regard and esteem, reverend Sir, your most humble, and most obliged, obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

## LETTER CCXLIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

London, Sept. 12, 1727.

I Have not wrote to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not necessary. By Dr. *Sheridan's* frequent letters, I am every post expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years, that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. *Brent*, that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minimé decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim malignos, qui sinistré hoc interpretabuntur, si*

seven. He is well known for his *Travels of Cyrus*, his *Life of Marshall Turenne*, &c.

\* The travels of *Cyrus*.

eveniat



*eveniat (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur.* I am in such a condition of health, that I cannot possibly travel. Dr. *Sheridan*, to whom I wrote this last post, will be more particular, and spare my weak disordered head. Pray, answer all calls of money in your power to Mrs. *Dingley*, and desire her to ask it. I cannot come back at the time of my licence, I am afraid. Therefore the second or third day before it expires, which will be the beginning of *October*, (you will find by the date of the last) take out a new one for another half year; and let the same clause be in (of leave to go to *Great-Britain*, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health) for very probably, if this unfortunate event should happen of the loss of our friend (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better) I will go to *France*, if my health will permit me to forget myself \*. I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr. *Deacon*, or alderman *Pearson*, come to pay rent, take it on account, unless they bring you their last acquittance to direct you. But *Deacon* owes me seventy-five pounds, and interest, upon his bond; so that you are to take care, of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs. *Worrall* have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am sincerely yours.

You need not trouble yourself to write, till you have business; for it is uncertain where I shall be.

\* Soon after the date of this letter the Dean went to *Ireland*; and Mrs. *Johnson*, after languishing about two months, died on the 28th of *January*, 1727, in the 44th year of her age.

## L E T T E R CCL.

Dr. S W I F T to Mrs. H O W A R D.

M A D A M,

Sept. 1727.

**T**HIS cruel disorder of deafness, attended with giddiness, still confines me. I have been debating with myself, that having a home in *Dublin* not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my sickness will allow me to travel. I am therefore setting out for *Ireland*; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troublesome companion.

I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me so far, as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow, that my disorder was of such a nature, as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours \*. I am, &c.

\* His opinion of this lady, and sense of her majesty's favours, are expressed very differently in other places: it is therefore to be presumed, they were changed by some events subsequent to this letter, though I think he was never afterwards in *England*. See verses on his own death, and the letters of lady B. G. in this collection, *Nov. 7*, and *Feb. 1732*.



## L E T T E R CCLI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 30, 1727.

I Have heard, dear Sir, with great pleasure, of your safe arrival; and which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the best expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the inclosed comes from; and, I hope, will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myself. Either you have not done me justice, or they have not done you: for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curiosity wanted only to be gratified, I don't stand in need of a letter from yourself, to inform me what you are doing; for there are people about court, who can tell me every thing, that you do or say; so that you had best take care of your conduct. You see of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aside, I must ask you, if you have any interest? Or, do you think, that I could have, or procure any with my lord lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one captain *Innes*, I think in colonel *Wilson's* regiment, and now in *Limerick*? He is an exceeding worthy man, but has stuck long in a low post, for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I shall proceed in this matter.

I was yesterday with all your friends at *St. James's*. There is certainly a fatality upon poor *Gay*. As for  
hope

hope of preferment there by favour, he has laid it aside. He has made a pretty good bargain (that is, a *Smithfield* one) for a little place in the custom-house, which was to bring him in about an hundred a year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to *Gay*. When every thing was concluded, the man repented, and said, he would not part with his place. I have begged *Gay* not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am sure I should not live a week. I long to hear of the safe arrival of *Dr. Delany*. Pray, give my humble service to him.

As for news, it was wrote from *Spain*, to me, from my brother in *France*, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the ministry know nothing of it. Nay, some told me, that the answer was rather surly. Lord *Townshend* is very ill; but I think, by the description of his case, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back-stairs yesterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, &c. The first part of the discourse was about you, Mr. *Pope*, *Curle*, and myself. My family are well: they, and my brother in *France*, and one that is here, all give their service to you. If you had been so lucky as to have gone to *Paris* last summer, you would have had health, honour, and diversion in abundance; for I will promise, you would have recovered of the spleen. I shall add no more, but my kindest wishes, and that I am, with the greatest affection and respect, yours, &c.



## L E T T E R CCLII.

Monsieur VOLTAIRE to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

In London, at the White Peruke,  
Covent-Garden, 14th Dec. 1727.

YOU will be surprized in receiving an \* *English* essay from a *French* traveller. Pray, forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the rash attempt of writing in *English*.

You will see by the advertisement, that I have some designs upon you, and that I must mention you, for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name. Let me indulge the satisfaction of talking of you, as posterity will do.

In the mean time, can I make bold to entreat you to make some use of your interest in *Ireland*, about some subscriptions for the *Henriade*; which is almost ready, and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The subscriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the highest esteem, and the utmost gratitude, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

\* An essay on the civil wars of *France*, which he made the foundation of his *Henriade*, an heroic poem, since well known. He had been imprisoned in the *Bastille*, in *Paris*, but being released about the year 1725, he came to *England*, and solicited subscriptions for his poem. In about a year and an half, he had made himself master of our language; and, in 1727, when this letter was written, he published the essay here mentioned, with an essay on the epic poetry of the *European* nations, from *Homer* to *Milton*.

L E T

## L E T T E R CCLIII.

Monfieur VOLTAIRE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

I Sent the other day a cargo of *French* dulness to my lord lieutenant. My lady *Bolingbroke* has taken upon herself to send you one copy of the *Henriade*. She is desirous to do that honour to my book; and, I hope, the merit of being presented to you by her hands will be a commendation to it. However, if she has not done it already, I desire you to take one of the cargo, which is now at my lord lieutenant's. I wish you a good hearing; if you have got it, you want nothing. I have not seen Mr. *Pope* this winter; but I have seen the third volume of the *Miscellanea*; and the more I read your works, the more I am ashamed of mine. I am, with respect, esteem, and gratitude, Sir, your most humble obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

## L E T T E R CCLIV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Whitehall, Feb. 15, 1727-8.

I Have deferred writing to you from time to time, till I could give you an account of the *Beggar's Opera*. It is acted at the play-house in *Lincoln's Inn-Fields* with such success, that the play-house hath been crouded every night. To-night is the fifteenth time  
of



of acting; and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I have ordered *Motte* \* to send the play to you the first opportunity. I made no interest, either for approbation, or money; nor hath any body been pressed to take tickets for my benefit: notwithstanding which, I think, I shall make an addition to my fortune of between six and seven hundred pounds. I know this account will give you pleasure, as I have pushed through this precarious affair without servility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the same state you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have no expectations. The duchess of *Queensberry* hath signalized her friendship to me upon this occasion, in such a conspicuous manner, that I hope (for her sake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths †. Lord *Cobham* says, that I should have printed it in *Italian* over-against the *English*, that the ladies might have understood what they read. The outlandish (as they now call it) opera hath been so thin of late, that some have called that the *Beggar's Opera*; and, if the run continues, I fear, I shall have remonstrances drawn up against me by the royal academy of music. As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health: I beg we may hear from you soon. By my constant attendance on this affair, I

\* ‘*Benjamin*, the bookseller.’

† See the letter of *November 9, 1729*.

have almost worried myself into an ill state of health; but I intend in five or six days to go to our country-seat at *Twickenham*, for a little air. Mr. *Pope* is very seldom in town. Mrs. *Howard* frequently asks after you, and desires her compliments to you. Mr. *George Arbuthnot*, the doctor's brother is married to Mrs. *Peggy Robinson*.

I would write more, but as to-night is for my benefit, I am in a hurry to go out about business. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant,

J. G A Y.

## LETTER CCLV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

March 20, 1727-8.

I Am extremely sorry, that your disorder is returned; but as you have a medicine, which hath twice removed it, I hope by this time you have again found the good effects of it. I have seen Dr. *Delany* at my lodgings; but as I have been for a few days with Mr. *Pulteney* at *Cashioberry*, I have not yet returned his visit. I went with him to wait upon lord *Bathurst*, and lord *Bolingbroke*; both of whom desire me to make you their compliments. Lady *Bolingbroke* was very much out of order, and with my lord is now at *Dawley*: she expects a letter from you. Mrs. *Howard* would gladly have the receipt you have found so much benefit by: she is happier than I have seen her, ever since you have left us, for she is free as to her conjugal affairs,



affairs, by articles of agreement. The *Beggar's Opera* hath been acted now thirty-six times, and was as full the last night as the first; and as yet, there is not the least probability of a thin audience: though there is a discourse about the town, that the doctors of the royal academy of music design to solicit against its being played on the outlandish opera days, as it is now called. On the benefit-day of one of the actresses last week, one of the players falling sick, they were obliged to give out another play, or dismiss the audience. A play was given out, but the audience called out for the *Beggar's Opera*; and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have staid.

I have got by all this success, between seven and eight hundred pounds; and *Rich*, deducting the whole charge of the house, hath cleared already near four thousand pounds. In about a month I am going to *Bath* with the duchess of *Marlborough*, and Mr. *Congreve*; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The duchess of *Queensberry* is in *Wiltshire*, where she hath had the small-pox, in so favourable a way, that she had not above seven or eight on her face; she is now perfectly recovered. There is a metzotinto print published to-day of *Polly*, the heroine of the *Beggar's Opera* \*; who was before unknown, and is now in so high vogue, that I am in doubt, whether her fame does not surpass that of the opera itself. I would not have talked so much on this subject, or upon any thing that regards myself, but to you: as I know you interest yourself so sincerely

\* Miss Fenton.

in every thing that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me, if I had said less.

I saw Dr. *Arbuthnot* last night with Mr. *Lewis*, at Sir *William Wyndham's*, who, if he had not the gout, would have answered your letter you sent him a year and a half ago. He said this to me a week since, but he is now pretty well again, and so may forget to write; for which reason, I ought to do him justice, and tell you, that I think him a sincere well-wisher of yours. I have not seen Mr. *Pope* lately, but have heard, that both he and Mrs. \* *Pope* are very well. I intend to see him at *Twickenham* on Sunday next. I have not drank out the *Gatheridge* cyder yet; but I have not so much as a single pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of sheets against your coming to town, so that we need not send any more to *Jervais* upon that account. I really miss you every day; and I would be content, that you should have a whole window to yourself, and half another, to have you again. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately. You have half a years interest due at *Lady-day*, and now it is *March* the 20th, 1727-8.

## LETTER CCLVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

Market-Hill, Jan. 4, 1727-8.

I Had your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf

\* Mr. *Pope's* mother.



and giddy ; but however, I would certainly come to town not only for my visitation, but because in these circumstances, and in winter, I had rather be at home. But it is now *Saturday* night, and that beast *Sheridan* is not yet come, although it has been thawing since *Monday*. If I do not come, you know what to do.

My humble service to our friends, as usual.

## L E T T E R CCLVII.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. W O R R A L L.

Market-Hill, Jan. 13, 1727-8.

I Just received your letter, and should never have done if I returned you thanks so often as I ought for your care and kindness ; both my disorders still continue : however, I desire that Mrs. *Brent* may make things ready, for my raggedness will soon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are so kind to speak loud enough for me to hear them ; and my deafness is not so extream as you have known, when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only-relieved by Mrs. *Worrall*.

I send you inclosed the fruit of my illness, to make an *Intelligencer* ; I desire you will inclose it in a letter to Mrs. *Harding*, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and desire her to shew it to the author of the *Intelligencer*, and to print it, if she thinks fit. There is a letter, you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verses, which letter is grounded on a report ; and

if that report be false, the former part of the letter will be unseasonable, but the latter will not, and therefore the *Intelligencer* must be desired to alter it accordingly.

It should be sent soon, to come time enough for the next *Intelligencer*.

Pray, in your letter to Mrs. *Harding*, desire her to make her people be more correct, and that the *Intelligencer* himself may look over it, for that every body who reads those papers, are very much offended with the continual nonsense made by her printers.

I am yours.

J. SWIFT.

## LETTER CCLVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

Market-Hill, Jan. 18. 1728-9.

I Have yours of the 14 instant, but you had not then received my last, in which was inclosed a paper for the *Intelligencer*, which I hope you have disposed of as desired. My disorder still continues the same for this fortnight past, and am neither better nor worse. However, I resolve to return on the first mending of the weather; these three last days there being as violent a storm as I have known, which still continues: we have been told my lord *Martcassell* is dead at *Drogheda*, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is so tender, and affects so much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had



I had a letter two days ago, which cost me six shillings and four-pence ; it consisted of the probate of a will in *Leicestershire*, and of two inclosed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her ; but when I went to *London*, she married an inn-keeper in *Loughborow*, in that county, by whom she had several children. The old mother died, and left all that she had to her daughter aforesaid, separate from her husband. This woman (my mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, *Ann* by name. This *Ann*, for it must be she, about seven years ago writ to me from *London*, to tell me she was daughter of *Betty Jones*, for that was my mistress's name, till she was married to one *Perkins*, inn-keeper, at the *George* in *Loughborow*, as I said before. The subject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an *Irishman*, who pretended to be barrack-master-general of *Ireland*, and desired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother, *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, to enquire about this *Irishman*. I answered, that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat ; I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, to let me know, that her daughter *Ann Giles*, married an *Irishman*, one *Giles*, and was now come over to *Ireland* to pick up some debts due to her husband, which she could not get ; that the young widow (for her husband

*Giles* is dead) hath a mind to settle in *Ireland*, and to desire I would lend her daughter *Giles* three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in *England*, and Mrs. *Giles* writes me a letter to that purpose. She intends to take a shop, and will borrow the money from Mrs. *Brent* (whose name she hath learned) and pay me as others do. I was at first determined to desire you would, from me, make her a present of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother used to call cousin. She hath sent me an attested copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, cost me six shillings and fourpence. But I am in much doubt; for by her mother's letters, she is her heiress, and the grandmother left *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, the mother of this woman in *Dublin* all she had, as a separate maintenance from her husband (who proved a rogue) to the value of five hundred pounds. Now, I cannot conceive why she would let her only daughter and heiress come to *Ireland*, without giving her money to bear her charges here, and put her in some way. The woman's name is *Ann Giles*, she lodges at one Mrs. *Wilmot's*, the first house in *Molesworth-court*, on the right hand, in *Fishamble-street*. I have told you this long story, to desire you will send for the woman, this *Ann Giles*, and examine her strictly, to find if she be the real daughter of *Elizabeth Jones*, alias *Perkins*, or no, and how her mother, who is so well able, came to send her in so miserable a condition to *Ireland*. The errand is so romantic, that I know not what to say to it. I would be ready to sacrifice five pounds, on old acquaintance, to help  
the



the woman ; I suspect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember she spells like a kitchen maid. And so I end this worthy business.

My bookseller, Mr. *Motte*, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. *Hyde* ; there are some accounts between them, and *Hyde* is in his debt. He hath desired me to speak to Mr. *Hyde*'s executors to state the account, that Mr. *Motte* may be in a way to recover the balance. I wish you would step to Mr. *Hyde*'s house, and enquire how that matter stands, and how Mr. *Motte* is to be paid. I suppose Mr. *Hyde* died in good circumstances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors suffering by his death.

I inclose a letter to Mr. *Motte*, which you will be so kind to send to the post office.

I desire likewise that you will make Mrs. *Brent* buy a bottle of usquebaugh, and leave it with the woman who keeps Sir *Arthur Acheson*'s house in *Capel-street*, and desire her to deliver it to captain *Creighton*, who lodges at the *Pyed Horse*, in *Capel-street*, and is to bring down other things to my lady *Acheson*.

My most humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, Mrs. *Dingley*, and love to Mrs. *Brent*.

I wish you all a happy new year.

## L E T T E R CCLIX.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Bath. May 16, 1728.

I Have been at the *Bath* about ten days, and I have played at no game but once, and that at backgammon with Mr. *Lewis*, who is very much your humble servant. Lord and lady *Bolingbroke* are here; I think she is better: they stay, as I guess, about a fortnight longer. They both desired me to make their compliments; as does Mr. *Congreve* \*, who is in a very ill state of health, but somewhat better since he came here. I do not know how long I shall stay here, because I am now, as I have been all my life, at the disposal of others. I drink the waters, and am in hopes to lay in a stock of health; some of which I wish to communicate to you. Dr. *Delaney* told me you had been upon a journey, and I really fancy, taking horse is as good as taking the waters: I hope you have found benefit by it. The *Beggar's Opera* is acted here; but our *Polly* hath got no fame, though the actors have got money. I have sent by Dr. *Delaney* the opera, *Polly Peachum* and captain *Macheath*. I would have sent you my own head (which is now engraving) to make up the gang, but it is not yet finished. I suppose you must have heard, that I had the honour to have had a sermon preached against

\* ' He died 19 January, 1728-9.'

my



my works by a court chaplain \*, which I look upon as no small addition to my fame. Direct to me here when you write; and the sooner that is, the sooner you'll make me happy.

## L E T T E R CCLX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Bath, July 6, 1728.

THE last news I have heard of you, was from Mr. *Lancelot*, who was at this place with lord *Suffex*, who gave me hopes of seeing you the latter end of this summer. I wish you may keep that resolution, and take the *Bath* in your way to town. You in all probability will find here some, or most of those you like to see. Dr. *Arbuthnot* wrote to me to-day from *Tunbridge*, where he is now for the recovery of his health, having had several relapses of a fever; he tells me he is much better, and that in *August* he intends to come hither. Mr. *Congreve* and I often talk of you, and wish you health, and every good thing; but often, out of self-interest, we wish you with us. In five or six days, I set out upon an excursion to *Herefordshire*, to lady *Scudamore's*, but shall return here the beginning of *August*. I wish you could meet me at *Guthridge*. The *Bath* did not agree with lady *Bolingbroke*. Since

\* ' Dr. *Thomas Herring*, then preacher to the society of *Lincoln's Inn*, and afterwards archbishop of *Canterbury*. Dr. *Swift*, in the *Intelligencer*, N<sup>o</sup> III. published in *Ireland*, speaks with great asperity of Dr. *Herring*, on account of his sermon against the *Beggar's Opera*.'

she went to *Dawley*, by her own inclination, without the advice of physicians, she hath taken to a milk-diet, and writes me an account of prodigious good effects in the recovery of her appetite and spirits. The weather is extremely hot, the place is very empty. I have an inclination to study, but the heat makes it impossible. The d — of — — \* I hear hath run away with *Polly Peachum*, having settled 400*l.* a year upon her during pleasure; and, upon disagreement, 200*l.* a year. Mr. *Pope* is in a state of persecution for the *Dunciad*: I wish to be witness of his fortitude, but he writes but seldom. It would be a consolation to me to hear from you. My portrait metzotinto is published from Mr. *Howard*'s painting; I wish to send you one, but I fancy I could get a better impression at *London*. I have ten thousand things to talk to you, but few to write; yet defer writing to you no longer, knowing you interest yourself in every thing that concerns me so much, that I make you happy, as you will me, if you can tell me you are in good health; which I wish to hear every morning as soon as I awake. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately.

\* The duke of *Bolton*, who afterwards married her: her real name was *Beswick*, but when she went upon the stage, she assumed that of *Fenton*; she was called *Beswick* when she was kept by the Duke.



## L E T T E R CCLXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WORRALL.

Sep. 28, 1728.

I Had all the letters given me by my servant: so tell Mrs. *Brent*\* and Dr. *Sheridan*; and I thank you for the great care you had in the commissions I troubled you with. We have a design upon *Sheridan*. He sent us in print a ballad upon *Ballyspellin*, in which he has employed all the rhimes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abusing his ballad, and *Ballyspellin* too. I here send you a copy, and desire you will get it printed privately, and published †. I am ever yours. &c.

## L E T T E R CCLXII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Dec. 2, 1728.

I Think this is my fourth letter; I am sure it is the third, without any answer. If I had any assurance of your health, I should have been more easy. I should have wrote to you upon this subject above a month ago, had it not been for a report, that you were upon the road in your way to *England*; which I fear now was without foundation. Lord and lady

\* His housekeeper.

† The verses are printed in vol. xiv. *Swift's works*, 8vo. edit. *Boling-*

*Bolingbroke* are in town: she hath been lately very ill but is now somewhat better. I have had a very severe attack of a fever, which, by the care of our friend *Dr. Arbuthnot*, hath, I hope, almost left me. I have been confined about ten days, but never to my bed, so that I hope soon to get abroad about my business; that is, the care of the second part of the *Beggar's Opera*, which was almost ready for rehearsal; but *Rich* received the duke of *Grafton's* commands (upon an information, that he was rehearsing a play improper to be represented) not to rehearse any new play whatever, till his grace hath seen it. What will become of it, I know not; but I am sure, I have written nothing, that can be legally suppressed, unless the setting vice in general in an odious light, and virtue in an amiable one, may give offence. I passed five or six months this year at the *Bath* with the duchess of *Marlborough*; and then, in the view of taking care of myself, writ this piece. If it goes on, in case of success, I have taken care to make better bargains for myself: I tell you this, because I know you are so good as to interest yourself so warmly in my affairs, that it is what you would want to know. I saw *Mr. Pope* on *Friday*, who, as to his health, is just as you left him. *Dr. Arbuthnot* particularly desires his compliments; and *Mrs. Howard* often asks after you. *Prince Frederick\** is expected over this week. I hope to go abroad in two or three days. I wish I could meet you either abroad, or at home.

\* *Frederick* prince of *Wales*, father of king *George III.*



## L E T T E R CCLXIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

March 18, 1728-9.

I Have writ to you several times; and having heard nothing from you makes me fear my letters are miscarried. Mr. *Pope's* letter hath taken off my concern in some degree; but I hope good weather will intirely re-establish you in your health. I am but just recovered from the severest fit of sickness, that ever any body had, who escaped death. I was several times given up by the physicians, and every body that attended me; and, upon my recovery, was judged to be in so ill a condition, that I should be miserable for the remainder of my life: but, contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder of the distempers that attacked me, which were at the same time, fever, asthma, and pleurisy. I am now in the duke of *Queensberry's* house, and have been so ever since I left *Hamstead*; where I was carried at a time, that it was thought I could not live a day. Since my coming to town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has been so severe.

I must acquaint you, (because I know it will please you) that during my sickness I had many of the kindest proofs of friendship, particularly from the duke and duchess of *Queensberry*, who, if I had been their nearest relation, and nearest friend, could not have treated me with more constant attendance then; and they continue the same to me now.

You

You must undoubtedly have heard, that the duchess took up my defence with the king and queen, in the cause of my play \*, and that she hath been forbid the court for interesting herself to increase my fortune, by the publication of it, without being acted. The duke too hath given up his employments (which he would have done, if the duchess had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill usage from the ministers; but this hastened him in what he had determined. The play is now almost printed, with the music, words, and bases, engraved on thirty-one copper plates, which, by my friends assistance, hath a probability to turn greatly to my advantage. The duchess of *Marlborough* hath given me a hundred pound for one copy; and others have contributed very handsomely; but, as my account is not yet settled, I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cause of virtue, and against the fashionable vices, I am looked upon at present as the most obnoxious person almost in *England*. Mr. *Pulteney* tells me, I have got the start of him. Mr. *Pope* tells me, that I am dead, and that this obnoxiousness is the reward for my inoffensiveness in my former life. I wish I had a book ready to send you; but, I believe, I shall not be able to compleat the work till the latter end of next week. Your money is still in lord *Bathurst*'s hands; but, I believe, I shall receive it soon. I wish to receive your orders how to dispose of it. I am impatient to finish my work, for I want the country air; not that I am ill, but to recover my strength; and

\* *Polly*, an Opera.



I cannot leave the work till it is finished. While I am writing this, I am in the room next to our dining-room with sheets all round it, and two people from the binder folding sheets. I print the book at my own expence, in quarto, which is to be sold for fix shillings, with the music. You see I do not want industry; and, I hope you will allow, that I have not the worst oeconomy. Mrs. *Howard* hath declared herself strongly, both to the king and queen, as my advocate. The duchess of *Queensberry* is allowed to have shewn more spirit, more honour, and more goodness, than was thought possible in our times; I should have added too, more understanding and good sense. You see my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increases by oppression. I go to no courts; I drink no wine; and am calumniated, even by ministers of state, and yet am in good spirits. Most of the courtiers, though otherwise my friends, refused to contribute to my undertaking. But the city and the people of *England* take my part very warmly; and, I am told, the best of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I am afraid I shall write too much for you, and for myself. I have not writ so much together since my sickness. I cannot omit telling you, that Dr. *Arbuthnot's* attendance and care of me shewed him the best of friends. Dr. *Hollings*, though intirely a stranger to me, was joined with him, and used me in the kindest and most handsome manner. Mr. and Mrs. *Pulteney* were  
greatly

greatly concerned for me, visited me, and shewed me the strongest proofs of friendship. When I see you I will tell you of others, as of Mr. *Pope*, Mrs. *Blount*, Mr. and Mrs. *Rollinson*, lord and lady *Bolingbroke*, &c. I think they are all your friends and well-wishers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget Mr. *Lewis*, nor lord *Bathurst*, Sir *William Wyndham*, and lord *Gower*, and lord *Oxford* among the number.

## L E T T E R CCLXIV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, March 19, 1728-9.

THIS is the second or third time, dear Sir, that I have wrote to you, without hearing a word of you, or from you; only, in general, that you are very much out of order; sometimes of your two old complaints, the vertigo and deafness, which I am very sorry for. The gentleman, who carries this, hath come better off than I did imagine: I used my little interest as far as it would go, in his affair. He will be able to give you some account of your friends, many of whom have been in great distress this winter for *John Gay*. I may say, without vanity, his life, under God, is due to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant; for a physician, who had not been passionately his friend, could not have saved him. I had, besides my personal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a public person, a little *Sacheverell*; and I took the same pleasure

in



In saving him, as *Radcliffe* did in preserving my lord chief justice *Holt's* wife, whom he attended out of spite to the husband, who wished her dead.

The inoffensive *John Gay* is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of *Europe*, the terror of the ministers, the chief author of the *Craftsman*, and all the seditious pamphlets, which have been published against the government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the court banished from it for his sake; another great lady in danger of being *Chassé* likewise; about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the ancient *circumcelliones* in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him, since he became so conspicuous. *Will. Pulteney* hangs his head, to see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play; but, I really believe, he would get more by shewing his person: and, I can assure you, this is the very identical *John Gay*, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in *Whitehall* two years ago. I have been diverting myself with making an extract out of a history, which will be printed in the year 1948. I wish I had your assistance to go through with it; for I can assure you, it riseth to a very solemn piece of burlesque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine; for Mr. *Pope* is as high in favour, as I am afraid the rest are

out of it. The king, upon the perusal of the last edition of his *Dunciad*, declared he was a very honest man. I did not know till this moment, that I had so good an opportunity to send you a letter ; and now I know it, am called away, and am obliged to end with my best wishes and respects, being most sincerely yours, &c.

## L E T T E R   CCLXV.

Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, April 10, 1729.

ONE of the greatest pleasures I proposed to myself in a journey to *England*, was that of seeing you at *London* ; and it is a very sensible mortification to me to find myself disappointed in so agreeable an expectation. It is now many years since I had the highest esteem of your genius and writings ; and when I was very young, I found, in some of them, certain ideas, that prepared me for relishing those principles of universal religion, which I have since endeavoured to unfold in *Cyrus*. I could not let our common friend Mr. *Lesley* \* go back to *Ireland*, without seizing the opportunity of acknowledging the obliging zeal you have shewn to make my work esteemed. Such marks of friendship do me a great deal of honour, as well as pleasure, and I hope I have a thorough sense of them. As I have much enlarged my book, I am going to publish a new edition by subscription. I have given an

\* Son of the reverend Mr. *Charles Lesley*, the famous Nonjuror.  
hundred



hundred copies of the propofals to our friend, and flatter myself, that I may count upon the continuation of your friendship. I am, with great refpect, Sir, your moft obliged and moft obedient humble fervant,

A. RAMSAY.

## L E T T E R CCLXVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, May 8, 1729.

I Have wrote three times to Mr. Dean of *St. Patrick's*, without receiving fomuch as an acknowledgement of the receipt of my letters. At the fame time I hear of other letters, which his acquaintances receive from him. I believe I fhould hardly have brought myself to have written this, were it not to ferve you, and a friend at the fame time.

I recommended one Mr. *Mason*, fon of *Mason*, gentleman of the queen's chapel, a bary-tone voice, for the vacancy of a finger in your cathedral. This letter was wrote from *Bath* laft *September*. The fame *Mason* informs me, that there is another vacancy: therefore I renew my request. I believe you will hardly get a better: he has a pleafant mellow voice, and has fung feveral times in the king's chapel this winter, to the fatisfaction of the audience. I beg at leaft your answer to this. Your friends in town, fuch as I know, are well. Mr. *Pope* is happy again, in having his mother recovered. Mr. *Gay* is gone to *Scotland* with the duke of *Queensberry*. He has about twenty law-

suits with booksellers for pirating his book. The king goes soon to *Hanover*. These are all the news I know. I hope you don't imagine I am so little concerned about your health, as not to desire to be informed of the state of it from yourself. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother *Robin* is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This, with my best wishes and respects,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

## LETTER CCLXVII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, June 9, 1729.

THIS is given you by Mr. *Mason*, whom I believe you will find answering the character I gave of him, which really was not partial; for I am not so much as acquainted with his father or himself. I explained every thing to him according to the tenor of the letter which I received from you some time ago, and for which I most heartily thank you. Let him now speak for himself. I have been enquiring about a counter-tenor; but have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am really sensibly touched with the account you give of *Ireland*. It is not quite so bad here; but really bad enough; at the same time we are told, that we are in great plenty and happiness.

Your friends, whom you mention in yours, are well. Mr. *Gay* is returned from *Scotland*, and has recovered

his



his strength by his journey. Mr. *Pope* is well; he had got an injunction in chancery against the printers, who had pirated his *Dunciad*: it was dissolved again, because the printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr. *Gay*'s case; for he has owned his book. Mr. *Pulteney* gives you his service. They are all better than myself; for I am now so bad of a constant convulsion in my heart, that I am like to expire sometimes. We have no news, that I know of. I am apt to believe, that in a little time, this matter of the provisional treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I shall trouble you no more at present, but remain, with my best wishes, and most sincere affection, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

## LETTER CCLXVIII.

Lady CATHERINE JONES\* to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Chelsea, June 11, 1729.

I Received the favour of your letter of the 22d of May and own my obligation to Mr. Dean for the in-

\* 'Daughter of Richard earl of Ranelagh, who had been paymaster-general and governor of Chelsea hospital, and great-niece to Mr. Boyle, being one of the grand daughters of his sister Catherine countess of Ranelagh.'

formation of the decay of my grandfather's \* monument in the cathedral church of *St Patrick*.

Mr. *French*, the present receiver of my father's estate, will be, some time next month, in that kingdom, whom I have ordered to wait upon you for your direction in that affair: in which, when he has informed me of the expence, I shall immediately give directions to have it done, agreeably to the desire of the dean and chapter, as well as the duty due to the memory of my grandfather, without adding further trouble to Mr. Dean, from his most humble and obedient servant,

CATHERINE JONES.

## LETTER CCLXIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Aug. 30, 1729, N. S.

I Took a letter of yours from *Pope*, and brought it with me to this place, that I might answer at least a part of it. I begin to-day: when I shall finish I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been persuaded to drink, and those, which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are spent in airings or visits, and we go to bed with the chicken †.

\* A monument erected to the memory of archbishop *Jones*, and his son lord viscount *Ranelagh*. It was then in a ruinous condition; but repaired by the order of this lady.

† The remainder of this letter, dated Brussels, Sep. 27, is printed in Mr. *Pope's* works, Vol. IX.

LET-



## LETTER CCLXX.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Middleton Stoney, Nov. 9, 1729.

I Have long known you to be my friend upon several occasions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing, which you have often put me in mind of, the over-running you with an answer before you had spoken. You find I am not a bit the better for it; for I still write and write on, without having a word of an answer. I have heard of you once by Mr. *Pope*; let Mr. *Pope* hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me, I mean, by your not letting me know, that you remember me, you are very partial to me, I should have said, very just to me. You seem to think, that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true; for I think of you very often, and as often wish to be with you. I have been in *Oxfordshire* with the duke of *Queensberry* for these three months, and have had very little correspondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new-writing a damned play, which I wrote several years ago, called *The wife of Bath* \*. As it is approved or disapproved of by

\* This comedy was the first he wrote, and was unsuccessfully performed at the theatre in *Drury Lane*, in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived several years after [1729-30] at the theatre in *Lincoln's-inn-fields*, and damned a second time, although the author's reputation was then at its height, from the uncommon success of his *Beggar's Opera*.

my friends, when I come to town, I shall either have it acted, or let it lone, if my \* \* brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon superstition, and I have avoided the very words bribery and corruption. Folly indeed is a word, that I have ventured to make use of; but that is a term, that never gave fools offence. It is a common saying, that he is wise, that knows himself. What hath happened of late, I think, is a proof that it is not limited to the wise.

My lord *Bathurst* is still our cashier: when I see him, I intend to settle our accounts, and repay myself the five pounds of the two hundred I owe you. Next week I believe I shall be in town; not at *Whitehall*, for those lodgings were judged not convenient for me, and were disposed of. Direct to me to the duke of *Queensberry's*, in *Burlington-gardens*, near *Piccadilly*. You have often twitted me in the teeth for hankering after the court. In that you mistook me; for I know by experience, that there is no dependance, that can be sure, but a dependance upon one's self. I will take care of the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this resolution kindly, and you see my inclinations will make me write to you, whether you will write to me or no. I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely and most affectionately,

J. GAY,

P. S. To the lady I live with I owe my life and fortune: think of her with respect; value and esteem



her as I do ; and never more despise a fork with three prongs. I wish too you would not eat from the point of your knife \*. She hath so much goodness, virtue, and generosity, that if you knew her, you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do. She often wishes she had known you.

## L E T T E R CCLXXI.

Lord B——— to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR DEAN,

Febr. 12, 1729-30.

I Have this moment received a letter from you ; but it is the first I can call a letter : the other scraps were only to direct me to convey your correspondence to others, and I thought I answered them best by obeying your commands. But now you have deigned to send me one in form, with a proper beginning and ending, I will not wait even for a post-day ; but I have taken pen and ink immediately to tell you, how much I think myself obliged to you, and how sincerely I am.—

Well, I might end here, if I would ; but I can't part with you so soon ; and I must let you know, that as to your money affairs, though I have paid off *John Gay*, I still keep the 200*l.* for which I have given him a note. I have paid him interest to this time for it, which he must account to you for. Now you must imagine, that a man, who has nine children to feed, can't long afford *alienos pascere nummos* ; but I have

\* See the letter of Feb. 15, 1727-8.

four or five, that are very fit for the table\*. I only wait for the lord mayor's day to dispose of the largest; and I shall be sure of getting off the youngest, whenever a certain great man † makes another entertainment at *Chelsea*. Now you see, though I am your debtor, I am not without my proper ways and means to raise a supply answerable to your demand. I must own to you, that I should not have thought of this method of raising money; but that you seemed to point it out to me. For just at the time that scheme came out, which pretended to be calculated only for *Ireland*, you gave me a hint in one of the envelopes [*anglice covers*] that you wished I might provide for my numerous family; and in this last you harp upon the same string. I did immediately propose it to lady *Bathurst* as your advice, particularly for her last boy, which was born the plumpest, finest thing, that could be seen: but she fell in a passion, and bid me send you word, that she would not follow your direction, but that she would breed him up to be a parson, and he should live upon the fat of the land; or a lawyer, and then, instead of being eat himself, he should devour others. You know women in passion never mind

\* This alludes to a tract of the Dean's, intituled, "A modest proposal for preventing the children of poor people in *Ireland* from being a burden to their parents or country, and for making them beneficial to the public." The Dean had proposed many useful schemes, which having been neglected, he satirically and humourously proposes to fatten and eat the children of the poor, as the only remaining expedient to prevent misery to themselves, and render them of some benefit to the public.

† 'Sir Robert, *Walpole*.'

what



what they say ; but, as she is a very reasonable woman, I have almost brought her over now to your opinion ; and having convinced her, that as matters stood, we could not possibly maintain all the nine, she does begin to think it reasonable the youngest should raise fortunes for the eldest. And upon that foot a man may perform family duty with more courage and zeal ; for if he should happen to get twins, the selling of one might provide for the other. Or if, by any accident, whilst his wife lies-in with one child, he should get a second upon the body of another woman, he might dispose of the fattest of the two, and that would help to breed up the other. The more I think upon this scheme, the more reasonable it appears to me ; and it ought by no means to be confined to *Ireland* ; for in all probability we shall, in a very little time, be altogether as poor here as you are there. I believe indeed we shall carry it farther, and not confine our luxury only to the eating of children ; for I happened to peep the other day into a large assembly \* not far from *Westminster-hall*, and I found them roasting a great fat fellow †. For my own part, I had not the least inclination to a slice of him ; but, if I guessed it right, four in five of the company had a devilish mind to be at him. You begin now to wish I had ended, when I might have done it so conveniently. Well, Adieu.

\* 'The House of Commons.'

† 'Sir Robert Walpole.'

## L E T T E R CCLXXII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

London, March 3, 1729-30.

I Find you are determined not to write to me, according to our old stipulation. Had I not been every post for some time in expectation to have heard from you, I should have wrote to you before, to let you know the present state of your affairs. Let me know what I shall do with the interest-money I have received. What I have done for you, I did for myself, which will be always the way of my transacting any thing for you. My old vamped play got me no money; for it had no success. I am going very soon into *Wiltshire* with the duke of *Queensberry*, with intention to stay there till the winter. Since I had that severe fit of sickness, I find my health requires it; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly. I hope another summer's air, and exercise, will reinstate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, so that you can't require any poetry from me. I have been very seldom abroad since I came to town, and not once at court. This is no restraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wish for retirement. I saw Mr. *Pope* a day or two ago in good spirits, and with good wishes for you. We always talk of you; the doctor does the same. I have left off all great folks but our own family. Perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us, in our present situation. I don't hate the world, but I laugh at it; for none  
but



but fools can be in earnest about a trifle. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately.

Direct for me at the D—— of Q——, in *Burlington-gardens*.

## L E T T E R .CCLXXIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

March 31, 1730.

I Expect, in about a fortnight, to set out for *Wiltshire*, and am as impatient as you seem to be to have me get on horseback. I thought proper to give you this intelligence, because Mr. *Lewis* told me last *Sunday*, that he was, within a day or two, to set out for the *Bath*; so that very soon you are like to have neither of your cashiers in town. Continue to direct for me at this house: the letters will be sent to me, where-ever I am. My ambition, at present, is levelled to the same point, that you direct me to; for I am every day building villakins, and have given over that of castles. If I were to undertake it in my present circumstance, I should, in the most thrifty scheme, soon be straitened; and I hate to be in debt; for I can't bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a taylor or a butcher. I grant you, this is not having the true spirit of modern nobility; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education. I have made your compliments to Mr. P——; who is very much your humble servant. I have not seen the doctor, and am not like to see his *Rouen* brother very soon; for he is  
gone

gone to *China*. Mr. *Pope* told me, he had acquainted the doctor with the misfortune of the four hermitage. My lord *Oxford* told me, he at present could match yours, and from the same person. The doctor was touched with your disappointment, and hath promised to represent this affair to his brother, at his return from *China*. I assure you, for all your gibes, that I wish you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myself. When lord *Bolingbroke* is in town, he lodges at Mr. *Chetwynd's*, in *Dover-street*. I do not know how to direct to him in the country. I have been extremely taken up of late in settling a steward's account. I am endeavouring to do all the justice and service I can to a friend; so I am sure you will think I am well employed upon this occasion. I now and then have seen *Jo. Taylor*, who says he hath a demand upon you for rent, you having taken his house in the country, and he being determined not to let it to any body else; and he thinks it but reasonable, that you should either come and live in it, or pay your rent. I neither ride nor walk; but I design to do both this month, and to become a laudable practitioner.

The duchess wishes she had seen you, and thinks you were in the wrong to hide yourself, and peep through the window, that day she came to Mr. *Pope's*. The duke too is obliged to you for your good opinion, and is your humble servant. If I were to write, I am afraid I should incur the displeasure of my superiors. I can't for my life think so well of them, as they themselves think they deserve. If you  
have



have a very great mind to please the duchess, and at the same time to please me, I wish you would write a letter to her, to send to her brother, lord *Cornbury*, to advise him in his travels; for, she says, she would take your advice rather than mine; and she remembers, that you told her in the Park, that you loved and honoured her family. You always insisted upon a lady's making advances to you; I do not know whether you will think this declaration sufficient. Then too, when you were in *England*, she writ a letter to you, and I have been often blamed since for not delivering it.

The day the pension bill was thrown out of the house of lords, lord *Bathurst* spoke with great applause. I have not time to go to Mr. *Pope's*: in a day or two very probably I shall see him, and acquaint him about the usquebaugh, I will not imbezzle your interest-money; though, by looking over your accounts, I see how money may be imbezzled. As to my being engaged in an affair of this kind, I say nothing for myself, but that I will do all I can: for the rest I leave *Jo. Taylor* to speak for me. To-day I dine with alderman *Barber*, the present sheriff, who holds his feast in the city. Does not *Charteris's* misfortunes \* grieve you? For that great man is like to save his life, and lose some of his money. A very hard case!

P. S. I am just now come from the alderman's feast, who had a very fine dinner, and a very fine appearance of company.

The post is just going away.

\* He was condemned at the *Old Bailey*, Feb. 27, 1729-30, for a rape.

## LETTER CCLXXIV.

Lord B—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN,

June 30, 1730.

I Received a letter from you some time ago, which gave me infinite pleasure; and I was going to return you an answer immediately: but when I sat down to write, I found my thoughts rolled upon the trifles, which fill the scene of life in that busy, senseless place, where I then was \*; and though I had nothing to do there, at least nothing worth doing, and time lay upon my hands, I was resolved to defer writing to you, till I could clear my head from that rubbish, which every one must contract in that place. I cannot but fancy, if one of our heads were dissected after passing a winter's campaign there, it would appear just like a pamphlet shop; you'd see a collection of treaties, a bundle of farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of satires, speeches, novels, sermons, bawdy songs, addresses, epigrams, proclamations, poems, divinity, lectures, quackbills, historical accounts, tables, and God knows what.

The moment I got down here, I found myself quite clear from all those affairs: but really, the hurry of business, which came upon me after a state of idleness for six months, must excuse me to you. Here I am absolute monarch of a circle of above a mile round, at least one hundred acres of ground, which (to speak in the stile of one of your countrymen) is very populous in cattle, fish, and fowl.

\* London.

To



To enjoy this power, which I relish extremely, and regulate this dominion, which I prefer to any other, has taken up my time from morning to night. There are *Yahoos* in the neighbourhood; but having read in history, that the southern part of *Britain* was long defended against the *Picts* by a wall, I have fortified my territories all round. That wise people the *Chinese*, you know, did the same thing to defend themselves against the *Tartars*. Now, I think on it, as this letter is to be sent to you, it will certainly be opened; and I shall have some observations made upon it, because I am within three miles of a certain castle. Therefore, I do hereby declare, that nothing herein contained shall extend or be construed to extend, so far: and furthermore, I think myself in honour bound to acknowledge, that under our present just and prudent ministry, I do not fear the least molestation from that quarter. Neither are the fortifications afore-mentioned in any-wise designed to keep them out; for I am well satisfied they can break through much stronger fences than these, if they should have a mind to it. Observe how naturally power and dominion are attended with fear and precaution. When I am in the herd, I have as little of it about me as any body; but now that I am in the midst of my own dominions, I think of nothing but preserving them, and grow fearful, lest a certain great man should take a fancy to them, and transport them into *Norfolk*\*, to place them in an island in one of his new-made fish-ponds. Or, if you take this for too proud a thought,

\* 'To *Houghton*, the seat of Sir Robert *Walpole*.'

I will only suppose it to be hung out under a great bow-window.

In either case I must confess to you, that I don't like it. In the first place, I am not sure his new-made ground may hold good : in the latter case, I have some reason to doubt the foundations of his house are not so solid, as he may imagine. Now, therefore, I am not so much in the wrong, as you may conceive, to desire, that my territory may remain where it is : for, though I know you could urge many arguments to shew the advantages I might reap by being so near him, yet I hold it as a maxim, that he who is contented with what he has, ought not to risque that, even though he should have a chance to augment it in any proportion. I learned this from our friend *Erasmus* : and the corrupt notions, that money is power, and therefore every man ought to get as much as he can, in order to create more power to himself, have no weight with me.

But now, to begin my letter to you, I have received four bottles of usquebaugh, and sent three of them to Mr. *Pope* ; so that I have detained only one for myself. I don't believe, such an instance of honesty punctuality, disinterestedness, and self-denial, can be given in this age. The whole being in my power, I have with-held but the quarter part. I expect, if ever I come to be a great man, you will write a vindication of me, whether I am aspersed or not. Till then, I remain your most faithful and most obedient servant.

L E T-



LETTER CCLXXV.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, July 4, 1730.

YOU tell me, that I have put myself out of the way of all my old acquaintance, so that unless I hear from you, I can know nothing of you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me so long without writing one word to me? If you can't write to me for my sake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money? If you had drawn upon me, when I expected it, you might have had your money, for I was then in town; but I am now at *Amesbury*, at the duke of *Queensberry's*. The duchess sends you her services. I wish you were here: I fancy you would like her and the place. You might fancy yourself at home; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a bishop of the same name\*. You might ride upon the downs, and write conjectures upon *Stonehenge*. We are but five and twenty miles from the *Bath*; and I was told this very evening by general *Dormer*, (who is here) that he heard somewhere or other, that you had some intentions of coming there the latter season. I wish any thing would bring us together, but your want of health. I have left off wine and writing; for I really think, that man must be a bold writer, who trusts to wit without it. I took your advice; and some time

\* 'Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, bishop of *Salisbury*, whose brother, Dr. *John Hoadly*, succeeded archbishop *King* in the see of *Dublin*, Jan. 19. 1729-30.'

ago took to love, and made some advances to the lady, you sent me to in *Soho*, but I met no return; so I have given up all thoughts of it, and have now no pursuit or amusement. A state of indolence is what I don't like; 'tis what I would not chuse. I am not thinking of a court, or preferment; for I think the lady I live with is my friend, so that I am at the height of my ambition. You have often told me, there is a time of life, that every one wishes for some settlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot; so that I will endeavour to pass away life as agreeably as I can, the way I am in. I often wish to be with you, or you with me; and I believe you think I say true. I am determined to write to you, though those dirty fellows of the post-office do read my letters; for since I saw you, I am grown of that consequence to be obnoxious to the men I despise; so that it is very probable in their hearts they think me an honest man. I have heard from Mr. *Pope* but once since I left *London*: I was sorry I saw him so seldom, but I had business, that kept me from him. I often wish we were together again. If you will not write, come. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately.

# LETTER CCLXXVI.

Lord B———— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cirencester, Sep. 9, 1730.

YOU have taken all the precaution, which a reasonable man could possibly take, to break off an impertinent correspondence, and yet it will not do. One must



must be more stupid than a *Dutch* burgomaster, not to see through the design of the last letter. " I shew all your letters to our *Irish* wits. One of them is going to write a treatise of *English* bulls and blunders." And for further security, you add at last, I am going to take a progress, God knows where, and shan't be back again God knows when. I have given you a reasonable breathing-time; and now, I must at you again. I receive so much pleasure in reading your letters, that, according to the usual good-nature and justice of mankind, I can dispense with the trouble I give you in reading mine; but if you grow obstinate, and won't answer, I'll plague and pester you, and do all I can to vex you. I'll take your works to pieces, and shew you, that it is all borrowed or stole. Have not you stolen the sweetest of your numbers from *Dryden* and *Waller*? Have not you borrowed thoughts from *Virgil* and *Horace*? At least, I am sure I have seen something like them in those books. - As to your prose writings, which they make such a noise about, they are only some little improvements upon the humour you have stole from *Miguel de Cervantes* and *Rabelais*. Well, but the stile,—— a great matter indeed, for an *Englishman* to value himself upon, that he can write *English*: why, I write *English* too, but it is in another stile.

But I won't forget your political tracts. You may say, that you have ventured your ears at one time, and your neck at another, for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in another manner, upon less occasions, and are not at all proud  
of

of it. You have overturned and supported ministers; you have set kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray, what is there in that, but having the knack of hitting the passions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern history, and seeing a little further into the inside of things than the generality of men, you have made this bustle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and don't remember any of those pretty flowers, those just antitheses, which one meets with so frequently in the *French* writers. None of those clever turns upon words, nor those apt quotations out of *Latin* authors, which the writers of the last age amongst us abounded in. None of those pretty similes, which some of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like the thing they would illustrate, but are also like twenty other things. In short, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been so tired with them, that I have never been easy till I got to the end of them. I have found my brain heated, my imagination fired just as if I was drunk. A pretty thing indeed for one of your gown to value himself upon, that with sitting still an hour in his study, he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil, and good-natured, and will send me a long, a very long letter, in answer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had a better pen, I can tell you, that I should not have concluded so soon.

L E T-



## LETTER CCLXXVII.

Lady B — G — \* to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Sept. 19, 1730.

HAD I not been retired into the country, yours should have been answered long ago. As to your poetess, I am her obliged servant, and must confess the fact is just as you state it. It is very true I was gaming; and upon the dapper youth's delivering me a paper, which I just opened, found they were verses; so slunk them into my pocket, and there truly they were kept exceeding private; for I cannot accuse myself of shewing them to a mortal. But let me assure you, it was not out of modesty, but in great hopes, that the author would have divulged them; which, you know, would have looked decenter than trumpeting my own fame. But it seems unhappily we were both bit, and judged wrong of each other. However, since you desire it, you may be very sure she shall not fail of my entreaties to his grace the duke of *Dorset* for her, though you have not yet let me into

\* This lady was daughter of the earl of *Berkeley*, one of the lord justices of *Ireland* in 1699, with whom Dr. *Swift* went over as chaplain, and private secretary. He lived in his lordship's family at the castle of *Dublin*; and lady *Betty Berkeley* finding a ballad on the game of traffic unfinished upon *Swift's* table, added a stanza of raillery upon him, and left the paper where she found it. This occasioned another ballad of *Swift's*, to the tune of *The Cutpurse*. The ballad on traffic is found among the posthumous Pieces in vol. vii. and that to the tune of *The Cutpurse* in vol. vi. 1754, 8vo. Lady *Betty Berkeley* married Sir *John Germain* baronet, of *Drayton*, in *Northamptonshire*.

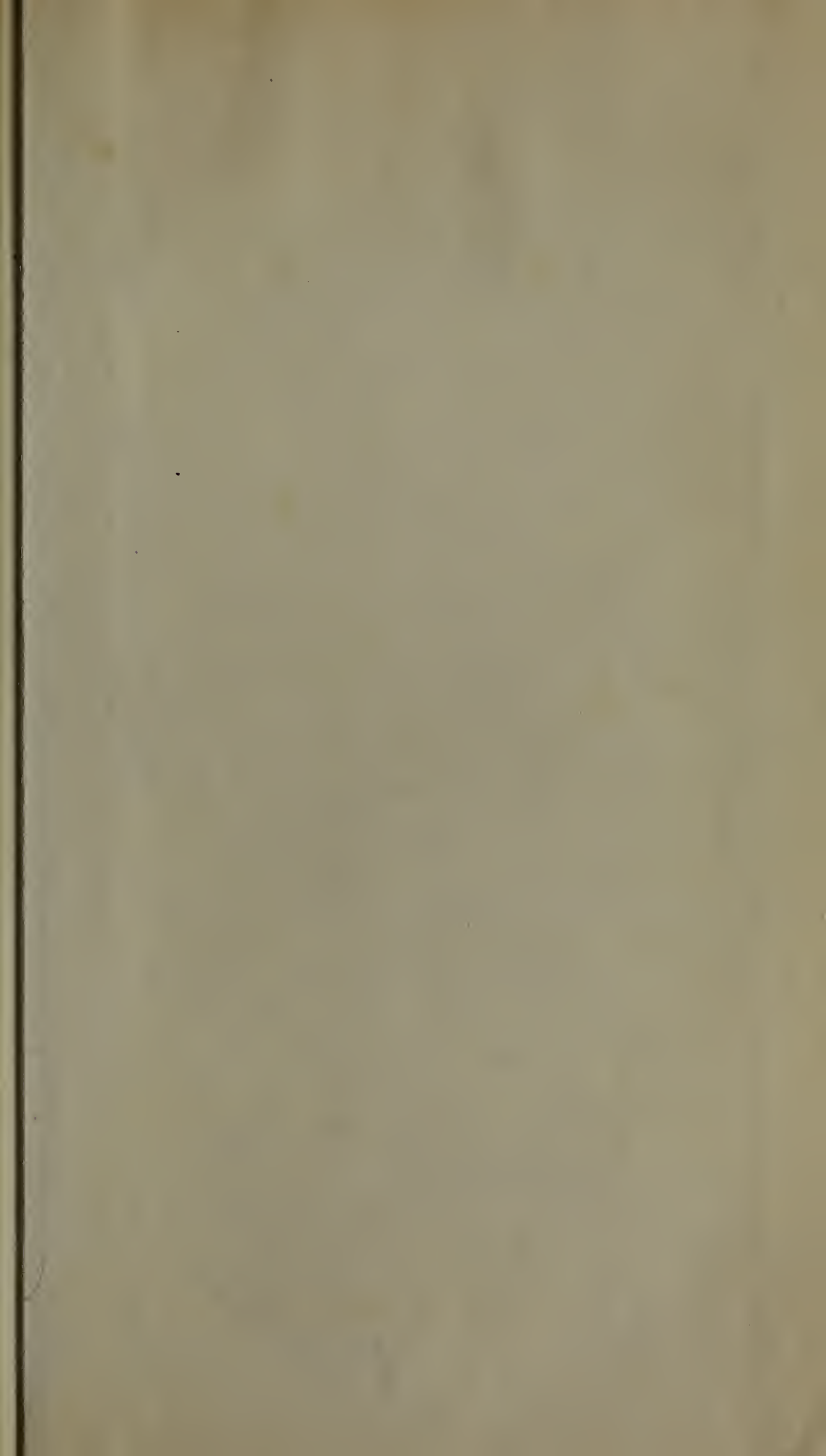
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the secret what her request is : so till my lord *Carteret* does his part, or that I hear from you again, it will be but a blind sort of a petition. I have not seen his grace this great while, and he is now at *Windsor*; and I chuse rather to speak to him on all accounts, having not so fine a talent at writing. But as you are commonly esteemed by those, who pretend to know you, to have a tolerable share of honesty and brains, I do not question your doing what is right by him; nor his paying you all the civility and kindness you can desire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwise, though he has the unfashionable quality of esteeming his old friends; but however partial to them, yet not to be biaſſed against his own sense and judgment. The consequence of this, I hope, will be your coming to *England*; and meeting often with him, (in lady *Betty's* chamber\*) where the happy composition † shall exert her skill in ordering dinner; and I won't mistake oil of amber for the spirit of it; but continue as I ever was, your sincere friend, as well as faithful humble servant.

\* Alluding to the first line of *Frances Harris's* petition. See vol. vi. of *Swift's* works, edit. 1754, 8vo.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*. This expression alludes to the last verse of a little poem of *Swift's*, intitled; a receipt to form a beauty, "And call'd the happy composition *Floyd*." This lady is mentioned in the ballad on the game of traffic, as being one of the party at lord *Berkeley's*, and at this time lived with lady *Betty*.





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